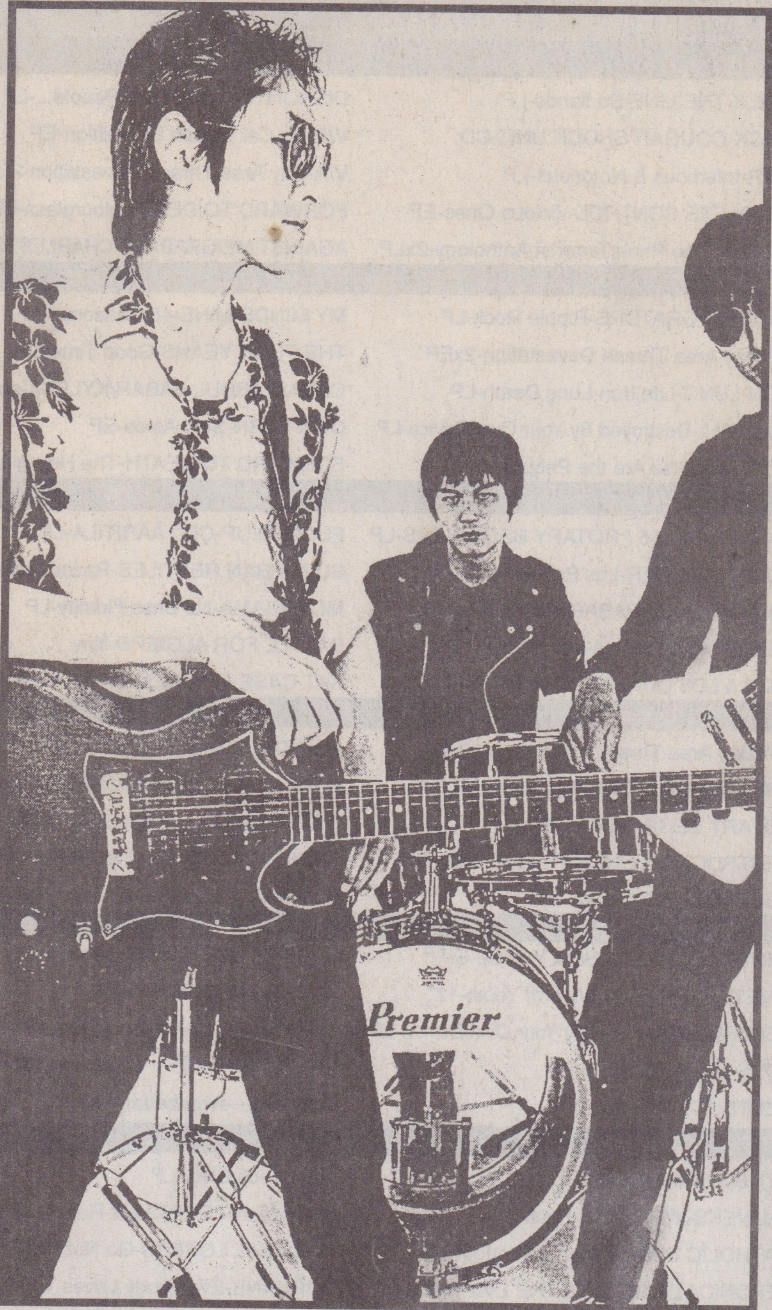
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

MAY 2004 · #252 · $4

FIRESTARTER
FUCKED UP
LAUKAUS · INEPSY
GREAT CLEARING OFF
RADIO REELERS
EXTREME NOISE RECORDS
46 SHORT · THE STATE



MAXIMUMROCKNROLL TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...)

TIM BROOKS

- I WALK THE LINE-Badlands-LP
- BLACK COUGAR SHOCK UNIT-CD
- R'N'R-Infamous & Notorious-LP
- COMPLETE CONTROL-Vicious Ones-EP
- NAUSEA-The Punk Terrorist Anthology-2xLP
- DISKONTO-We Are the People...-LP
- V/A-So Cal Thrash Demolition-EP
- V/A-Bay Area Thrash Devastation-2xEP
- FORWARD TO DEATH-Hourglass-EP
- AGAINST ME/GRABASS CHARLESTONS-live

ROB COONS

- THE EVAPORATORS-Ripple Rock-LP
- V/A-Bay Area Thrash Devastation-2xEP
- IRON LUNG-Life,Iron Lung,Death-LP
- DEADFALL-Destroyed By Your Own Device-LP
- DISKONTO-We Are the People-LP
- MY MINDS MINE-48 Reasons-CD
- THE FUCK YEAHS-Good Time-EP
- CREAM ABDUL BABAR/KYLESA-split LP
- OUR TURN-Step Aside-EP
- FORWARD TO DEATH-The Hourglass-EP

ARWEN CURRY

- BONA ROBA -45 / ROTARY BEGINNERS-LP
- DEUSENJAEGER-Las Palmas O.K.-LP
- CREAM ABDUL BABAR/KYLESA-split LP
- DEATH OR EL DONA-Photograph-EP
- SUZY & LOS QUATTRO/TV SMITH-45
- FUCKED UP-CD / ÄÄRITILA-LP
- SUBURBAN REPTILES-Razor Smile-EP
- MOTORAMA-No Bass Fidelity-LP
- BATTLE FOR ALGIERS-film
- KAT CASE / MICHELLE TEA-book reading

PAUL CURRAN

- V/A-Bay Area Thrash Devastation-2xEP
- THE EVAPORATORS-Ripple Rock-LP
- ROTARY BEGINNERS-LP
- DESTRUCTION UNIT-LP / OUR TURN-EP
- THE KA-NIVES-Weasel-45
- RIVETHEAD-12" / I WALK THE LINE-LP
- PEKATRALATAK/URBAN BLIGHT-split LP
- ORPHANS-CD / ZUMM ZUMM-CD
- TERROR FIRMA-live / SCHIFOSI-live
- HUE & CRY-live debut! (Fuck yeah!)

JONATHAN FLOYD

- THE RADIO BEATS-Blow You Up-EP
- RIVETHEAD-Cheap Wine of Youth-12"
- DEADFALL-Destroyed By Your Own Device-LP
- TOYS THAT KILL-Flys-EP
- DESTRUCTION UNIT-LP
- BROKEN BOTTLES-Not Pretty-12"
- ROTARY BEGINNERS-LP
- THE FUCK YEAHS-Good Time-EP
- DEADLY SNAKES-I Cant Sleep at Night-2x45
- Punk live—even better than vinyl!

JEFF HEERMANN

- JET BOYS-Jet Patrol! CD
- SHAVEKS-It's Not Our Fault CD
- CATHOLIC BOYS-Psychic Voodoo-CD
- VERONICA LIPGLOSS & THE EVIL EYES-CD
- BONA ROBA -Cunningham Park-45
- V/A-Beach Blvd.-LP
- SUBURBAN REPTILES-Razor Smile-EP
- THE REAL LOSERS-Go Nutzoid-EP
- ORPHANS-Everybody Loves You-CD
- MONSTERS - Youth Against Nature-CD

KENNY KAOS

- SUZY & LOS QUATTRO/TV SMITH-45
- THE REAL LOSERS-Go Nutzoid-EP
- THE PERVS-Pieces of You-EP
- THE RADIO BEATS-Blow You Up-EP
- V/A-Beach Blvd.-LP
- DEUSENJAEGER-Las Palmas O.K.-LP
- THE KA-NIVES-Weasel-45
- TOYS THAT KILL-Flys-EP
- THE VAPIDS-We Can't Do It-45
- THE CYRIL LORDS-No More Good Times-45

CAROLYN KEDDY

- THE HUSBANDS-Daniel-45 & live
- MONSTERS-Youth Against Nature-CD
- MISS ALEX WHITE & CHRIS PLAYBOY-EP
- KA-NIVES-Weasel-7" / ORPHANS-CD
- THE FUCK YEAHS-EP / RADIO BEATS-EP
- KILLERS KISS-Gotta Lotta Love-EP
- REAL LOSERS-Go Nutzoid!-EP
- SUBURBAN REPTILES-Razor Smile-EP
- V/A-Hodge Podge & Barrage Vol.4-CD
- BATTLE FOR ALGIERS-film

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•US Rate: $4 each. 6 issue sub for $22. 12 issue sub for $36. In California, send $4.34 for single copies, $23.87 for 6 months, or $39.06 for 12 months (tax).
•Canada & Mexico: $5 each (air) or $4 (surface, to Canada only). 6 issue sub for $30 (air). 12 issue sub for $55 (air).
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#148, 150-151, 153-154, 156 pts. 1 & 2, 159-163, 166, 168-172, 174-175, 178-181, 184-210, 213-227, 229-251 are as stated above in subscription info.

See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.

Ad Copy In (with payment):
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1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $30
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1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $150
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We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps that include major label bands. We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time. Send ads on paper, properly sized, or as TIFFs at 300 dpi—payment by mail.

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COVER: Mike Thorn

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See page 5 for foreign distribution info.

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(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

RAY LUJAN

PINK SPIDERS-Are Taking Over-CD	I.F.G.-Hellhound-CD
WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES-CD	THE HUSBANDS-Daniel/You Need Hands-45
TWENTY FOUR HOUR HELL-CD	ADOLESCENTS-live DVD
DAY AT THE FAIR-The Prelude-CD	FITH HOUR HERO-live
THE FAITHFULL-Our Own Heroes-CD	STRIKE ANYWHERE-live / LUCERO-live

BOBBY MANIC	WILL RISK
KEVIN K & THE REAL KOOL KATS-CD	L'AMICO DI MARTUCCI/CEMENTERIO SHOW-split EP
RAINY DAY SAINTS-Saturday's Haze-CD	CIRCLE TAKES THE SQUARE-EP
THE RADIO BEATS-Blow You Up-EP	V/A-SoCal Thrash-EP / IRON LUNG-LP
SUZY & LOS QUATTRO/TV SMITH-45	MACHINE GUN ROMANTICS-EP
Fistfights & BBQs	MELVINS-live / AGAINST ME!-live

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

ON TOUR!!!

DONNA POOLE

BONA ROBA-Cunningham Park/The Slip-45	THE RADIO BEATS-EP / ZUMM ZUMM-CD
COCK SPARRER-Back Home-2xLP	ROTARY BEGINNERS-LP
CULPRITS/NO HEROES-split EP	SUZY & LOS QUATTRO/TV SMITH-45
DESTRUCTION UNIT-LP	BANANAS / CLOROX GIRLS--live
THE FUCK YEAHS-Good Time-EP	BOTTLES & SKULLS / FLESHIES-live

BRUCE ROEHRS

HAMMERLOCK-Compromise-CD	UK SUBS-Another Kind Of Blues-LP
HAIRCUT-EP / DEADFALL-LP	BROKEN HEROES/TOUGHSKINS-split EP
BONECRUSHER-12" / LANCASTERS-CD	FUCKED UP-CD / ÄÄRITILA-LP
BEFORE I HANG/HELLSTOMPER-split EP	ROUGH-CD / COMPLETE CONTROL-EP
WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES-CD	R'N'R-LP / COCK SPARRER-2xLP

MIKE THORN

FUCKED UP-CD / ÄÄRITILA-LP	KOLOKOL-EP / DEUSENJAEGER.-LP
DEADFALL-LP / DISKONTO-LP	L'AMICO DI MARTUCCI/CEMENTERIO SHOW-split EP
DESTRUCTION UNIT-LP / RIVETHEAD-12"	V/A-Bay Area Thrash Devastation-2xEP
SUBURBAN REPTILES-Razor Smile-EP	LOOK BACK & LAUGH / SIGNAL LOST-live
EXIT HIPPIES/TANTRUM-split 12"	HUE & CRY / THE FUSE-live

RYAN WELLS

V/A-Hodge Podge & Barrage Vol.4-CD	SUBURBAN REPTILES-Razor Smile-EP
V/A-Ride the Rockin' Rocket-CD	MISS ALEX WHITE-Young Monsters-EP
COKES-First Album-CD	REAL LOSERS-Go Nutzoid!-EP
THE KA-NIVES-Weasel/Dear Dad-45	DESTRUCTION UNIT-LP
COMPLETE CONTROL-Vicious Ones-EP	THE FUCK YEAHS-Good Time-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Chinmusic #6	Scenery #17
Don't Have A Cow #2	Songs About Ghosts #2
Media Whore #3	Straight Sob #6
Mishap #16	Voices Wake Us #9
Punk Shocker #11	We're Gonna Fight #6

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#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Too Many Records, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Fun People, Fat, Drunk & Stupid, BrandNewUnit, Death Wish Kids.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, Distemper, Enewetak, UK Subs, Luxo Champ, Jake Sayless, "Pioneers of Punk."

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Violent Society, Strychnine, Idiots, Knuckle Heads, Race Traitor, Patrick Grindstaff, Misanthropists.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pekers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb '03. Top Ten Records of 2002, "Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime," Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola and San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04 The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah

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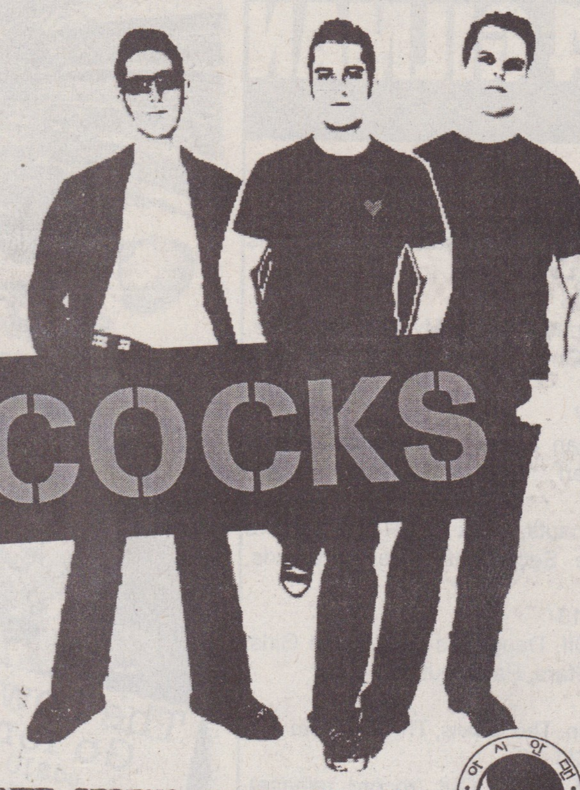

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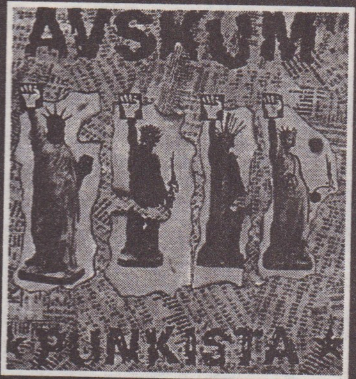

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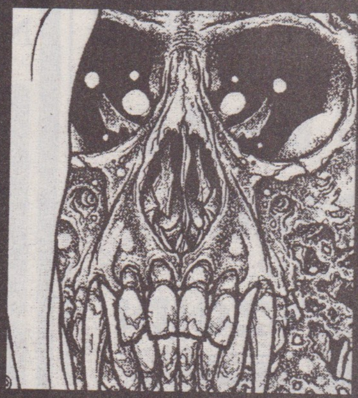

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Saturday 13
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Friday 19
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Saturday 20
Allegiance, Lights Out (record release), The Answer (Wa), Dead In Hollywood, Worn Thin (DC)
Friday 26
Fleshies, The Restarts (UK), Born/Dead Monster Squad
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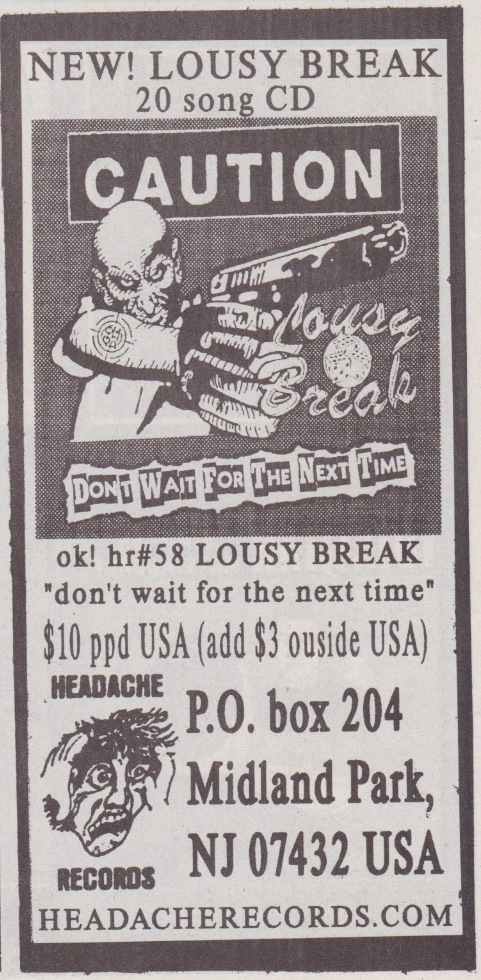

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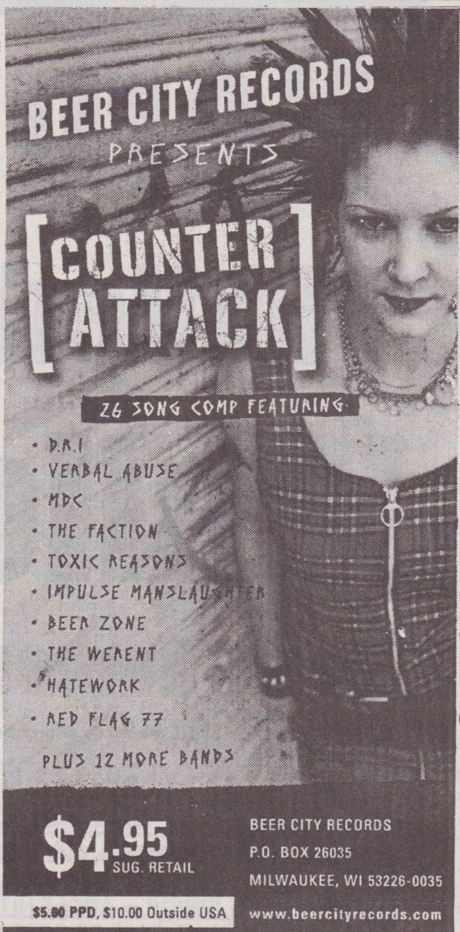

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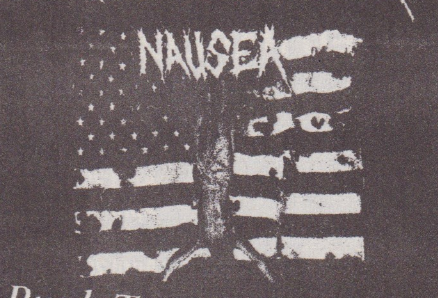

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Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Hey there TJ—

I ran across your little South Dakota scene report in *Maximumrocknroll* and while I'll spare all the shit talk and going off, I am going to tell you how irresponsible and ridiculous it was of you to write the shit you did. I don't know you at all or, nor do I really care to...and nor do you have a clue about me and my personal life. I'm sure you have your opinions, and whether you like me or not, but I would think you would have a little more responsibility than to write in a major publication such as *MRR* a bunch of fabrications and lies.

Do you understand the meaning of the word libel? I don't need to explain anything to you because I could really care less what you think about certain situations and things you think you know...but I will tell you that what you wrote about me in there is complete unfounded bullshit. Maybe you thought you were being funny and cute but I really prefer to try and keep my life free from the rumor mill, as I can't stand it. I am copying this to *MRR* because I am just as unhappy with them for being careless about the things they are printing from contributors without question. I wonder if they understand the meaning of the word libel, because I sure as fuck do. I expect some sort of reply from both of you on this matter because this situation isn't done with simply a pissed off letter from me. Have a nice day.

Tanner

MRR *Readers—*

I doubt this will salve any of the careless and harmful things that I have written in MRR *#249 Scene Report, which was authored in Sept of '03.*

I apologize to Tanner for the ridiculous remarks and negative commentary, which was meant to be nothing more than "funny and cute" as Tanner has pointed out to me in personal correspondence. These unfounded rumors where simply related to me by other people who also have no knowledge of any of the supposed events that had probably never taken place.

I am wrong and will forever be, there is no denying that truth. —TJ

Tanner—

MRR *is a contributor-based magazine. We do not have the resources to fact check every comment in every scene report. Usually this does not present a problem; this is the rare occasion when it has. I would hope it could be solved through dialogue and public apology (see above) and that none of our readers feel the need to take us to court, as the only result would be to financially ruin a punk rock institution. —Anandi*

Oi *Maximumrocknroll—*

I sit here extremely pissed off with your magazine.

You reviewed my single Accumulative Poison/ Four Minute Warning split 7" and gave it a half decent review. What is it with your magazine? This single is shit and should never be played or liked. This review may help sell the last 275 copies we have of the 300 pressed and that will not help my bed be stable as my mattress is on top of the singles

No wonder your magazine is going to the dogs if you have reviewers who like this kind of stuff. Please cancel my subscription

Sean

Cheddington Punx 83

roughtradeshop@yahoo.co.uk

Hi *MRR—*

I have subscribed to your magazine for a while and I love it. The news, the columns, the bands, the reviews, the whole thing is really, really great. The only thing is, I read it and I see so many great bands that deserve a bigger audience. You know what I mean? I think maybe its time for punk rockers to swallow our pride an admit that rock and roll really sucks right now and that mostly people only know about really shitty bands that are using their fans for money. We can change this, but let's face it, for a punk band to play for punk rockers it's preaching to the choir. The drummer for the band I'm in had some friends over who aren't familiar with Punk Rock really, more like mainstream hip hop, but they loved it a lot. People are waiting for good music to happen, they just don't know where to look. I don't advocate selling out or getting rich off of art or anything like that, and I know that you guys at *MRR* probably think I'm a moron, but I hate to see all these great bands that only a hand full of people are enjoying. They should be the ones making rock and roll history.

—comicboym@aol.com

Hi *MRR—*

I don't know if it's common knowledge yet, but I'd imagine by now that just about everyone has heard of or seen parts of From Ashes Rise songs on the MTV show Viva La Bam. There have been three episodes by my count of the show where in some scenes, the background music is an intro to a FAR song.

I guess I can't really complain since I'm guilty of watching MTV in the first place (even if it is just for one show), but it definitely left a weird taste in my mouth and could potentially lend credence to the whole "Jadetree = sellout" argument we've all heard.

Don't get me wrong though, I had the privilege to see FAR in Minneapolis recently (the first show of the Nightmares tour) and was completely blown away by this amazing band...not to mention the fact that Nightmares and the split with the Victims are easily two of the best records of 2003.

Anyways if anyone is interested, MTV.com lists the songs played and the episodes on which they're played on their website.

Love, Huggies

Arwen—

How much longer can this dialogue with Rich Mackin go on? Is it really even a dialogue at all with him constantly trying to intellectualize what he has done and how the community has dealt with it? He and along with Sean Carswell have shown that they "know" sexual politics—in the form of reading books since they seem to quote manuscripts more than really addressing it in their own words—but they both are really missing the whole fucking point here. Maybe they should stop crying about how their egos are hurt and how "nobody likes them anymore because we have it all wrong," and step back and really

examine why their approach is rubbing people all over the wrong way.

They sound like jocks here in Gainesville when they come to harass protestors at anti-war functions—saying ridiculous retorts to pretty well phrased arguments that basically are saying, "think motherfucker!"

I don't mean to be so brash and really the focus here is indeed Mackin, but overall this mentality that they have both demonstrated throughout the course of the past couple of months indicates that they are caught up in something that they have made worse than better. Instead of stopping the inane columns and stepping back from the limelight of a well circulated magazine like *Razorcake* (or even *MRR* since Rich sends in letters), instead, every month we all get a dose of a bullshit argument that has been run into the ground. I have met them both and right before the release of *Razorcake* #16, I did a zine reading here with Sean in which I asked him what was up with a certain column in a previous issue. We got into a conversation in which he kept on stating that he stands by his writers and that he has the utmost faith in them. This seemed weird because I had just asked him one question and I received this speech but in retrospect, it was the beginning of this controversy as #16 certainly must have already been sent to the printer. Indeed he has shown that he invests a lot into Rich because he is becoming synonymous with him through his actions, which is unfortunate for him because he really isn't the instigator or abuser in this case.

They both need to put themselves in check and realize that they are both using the power of the press in a manner that is inappropriate. Come on, like you can write a column beginning with: "But, if you're going to ask Todd, Felizon and me to stop publication on a book that has already been printed, the least you could do is point to the spot on the doll where the bad man touched you" (Sean's column) and not get angry responses. I couldn't believe what I was reading—that blatantly condescending introduction almost made me cry but at least it prepped me for the mentality, which was about to unfold for four long-winded pages. In Mackin's case: "...I have been accused of sexual assault. Not legally..." who cares about legality? Does it take George Bush Jr. going to jail for all of us to recognize what he has done? Does it really make a difference in what happened if Rich had gone to court? What about the reasons why none of us, myself included, have taken that direction? Oh, possibly because who wants to further the already heavily burdened feeling of abuse that you'll feel your whole fucking life or maybe because people like Rich or Sean will get up and talk about how certain things aren't rape or you know, that's that gray area stuff that you know, is really okay? Which I have to say, none of it is okay and especially how they've handled this. They have attempted to turn the tables and present themselves as the "victims" here and have continually ignored what everyone has been trying to communicate- internalize your actions, stop being a jerk and realize that you have fucked up but not in that, "pity me, I may have done something wrong here" kind of way.

A big question for them and the readers—why do I and other ladies continually question our involvement in punk? Ladies and gentlemen, here is a big reason why. Everyday is a challenge to make it through all of this semantical garbage. I'm not looking to invoke the same kind of pity here myself. I know where I stand on this issue and will fight this because I know that this is bullshit. I know that if we are trying to supposedly change things than this kind of behavior cannot be tolerated. I'm not necessarily in the camp of using violence and have resolved issues like this in my life through open, non-authoritarian dialogue, but this is past the limits in this situation because we have people that absolutely refuse to acknowledge what has happened and how they might be handling it all wrong.

I'm not even saying that they have to be silent and be ostracized from the community, I'm saying that sometimes you can't argue a point when you have indeed fucked up and aren't truly understanding this.

—Caroline Paquita
P.O. BOX 13105
Gainesville, FL. 32604

P.S. Arwen, you have been so on point in this situation and I know that besides myself, many people have admired your patience and ability to eloquently phrase your responses. You are a badass for putting up with this "anti-pc-feminist-anarchist-anyone who has an oppositional voice because there is no way we ever did anything wrong" attitude in form of major "punk" publication columns.

MRR—

Hey, first off I love this zine, and everything about it. Now onto the purpose of me writing this—

I really don't see why everyone got really worked up about Felix's column about touring Europe, I've read it numerous times and don't really see anything offensive in it.

I can understand the part about the women, but the rest just seems informative. If someone wrote that exact article but instead of it taking place in Europe it took place here, I know that I would not be offended by it, maybe its because I don't know the European scene, but seriously people, lighten up.

Keep on keepin on *MRR*.
Morgan Browne
skankinpickle@sbcglobal.net

Hi *MRR*—

Felix said some stupid stuff in his column but it's ridiculous for him to feel he should take a hiatus. Over the years a lot of dumb shit has been said by a lot of dumbshits in this mag. Cripes, this has been the main forum for Mykel Board for how many years?! You can dwell on it like it's Janet Jackson's nipple or make your apology and move forward.

I do however feel that Felix should be severely reprimanded for the Damage Deposit 7". It's such a calculated attempt to sound like other bands that it's like listening to the musical equivalent of Jud Jud. Those vocals were pretty hilarious though.

Peace,
Johnny B.
thefrogman7@hotmail.com

Dear *MRR* / news section—

I'm writing about an item in the news section about the "morning after pill." I totally support the cause described in the letter—activists' attempts to make the pill available without a prescription—it is absolutely necessary in the times of disappearing clinics and abortion access. However, I think that some of the rhetoric that activists use out of necessity about the pill's safety could maybe be given more examination in a sympathetic forum like *MRR*. In fact, the morning after pill most certainly has not been proven to be "safer than aspirin!" Furthermore, referring to "20 years of scientific data" implies that there have been studies done which would show long-term effects, which is absolutely untrue as well. The article claims that the M.A.P. is "much safer" than birth control pills (which increase womens' risk of cancer) and that nausea is the only common side effect (both unsubstantiated, and my own experience is enough for me to tell you that the nausea claim is absolutely untrue).

I know that it is important to talk about the fact that the pill is essentially safe, which is probably true, but the fact is that it is a lesser of two evils kind of thing; if we can't get women access to safe affordable abortion, we need to at least let them access to this. But it is also important to educate people about the risks. A lot of young women (myself included) read *MRR* and this kind of article makes it seem as though using the morning after pill freely is an okay idea, when in fact it should be considered a last resort option. What we're talking about is untested medical technology from the same people who brought us D.E.S., Thalidomide, the copper I.U.D., the still extremely questionable Norplant, and a million other ways to die of cancer as a reward for trying to take care of ourselves by trusting the medical establishment.

Condoms are safe, effective, and widely available, not only without a prescription, but often for free, and protect against disease as well as pregnancy. The morning after pill should be considered only when other forms of birth control have failed. I realize that the article nowhere says otherwise, but the idea of using these technologies as birth control will always appeal to someone (for obvious reasons—if it was really safer than aspirin I'd use it instead of fucking around with condoms too!) and it's important for people to know both sides of the story.
—A Reader

Dear *Maximum Rock n' Roll*—
An anonymous letter to my friends while the rest of you are at your screws.

I apologize for my absence of readership. What a weird year it has been. Someone remind me that there's a war going on, or is it the spectacular image of the American Behavioral Control Unit I've glued my glued my eyes to like Jimmy Jet and his TV set. What ever happened to people smashing computer monitors and televangizing vehicles on the floors of venues at punk shows worldwide? Instead, our lives are compressed by little boxes that trickle our nerves and eat our money. I'm suggesting concentrated acts of reckless vandalism against the television as an 'alternative' to TV. What's your idea, more uplinks so that the airwaves our first wave commandos took in the 1970's can be smeared into gigabytes and pasted on the mirage of an over informed society – when we know who's really in charge of that, don't we? I wonder, punks, I wonder. My zine, my personal voice was misprinted as the name of a Hollywood movie in MRR #225, and I am deeply offended that I would be so cheapened, my voice is fucking commodified. Clerical error? As Eric Eyce snarled in the definitive critique of impressions circa 1985 on the corrosion of conformity masterpiece "L.S." – "Preconceived picture of someone like me, you think you know my type". Where do these pictures generate? Toob addiction as a means of societal carnage to enhance the Nazi plans Hitler created, televised visual propaganda broadcasting for.
Learn you lesson yet?
Kill your machine and let us retake the airwaves.
Lotsa love, always, especially to the shitworkers.

Dear *MRR*—
2004 is well under way and I am still amazed at how much shit the American people can swallow without getting full. In fact, their appetite as a whole is insatiable. King George Junior, asshole extraordinaire isn't a leader, he's a fucking hypnotist! He has our country in a trance and there's no snapping them out of it. Patriotism is just a nicer way of saying you are prejudiced. For the first time in 400 years, the African Americans are getting a break because the new nigger has Arabian blood coursing through his veins. Hate crimes are all too common on US soil in this post 9-11 world. Lovers of the red, white and blue are gunning down anyone of Middle Eastern descent all in the name of patriotism. Fuck that! It sickens me to no end how this mindset has spread to every city and town in Amerikkka.

And it's no surprise that this has caused the skinhead scene to come roaring back to life. Not just the Nazi skins. Oh no, not just them, but a completely separate (are they really any different?) group of skins. A-political skins who wave the stars and strips instead of a swastika emblazoned flags.

In recent months I've read several accounts of these skins making their presence felt in our scene. Eerily similar to the late 80s and early 90s when Nazi skins were at the height of their reign of terror. Most of them ended up in prison. This diffused their movement in Arizona for the most part. All these years later a lot of those skins are out of the joint and back to their old ways. Some went right back to being blatant racists while others decided to be more subtle and ride on the a-political wagon. In Phoenix, they are all in bed with each other. The distinction between both factions is totally blurred. And like the days of old, they are turning up at punk shows as patrons and on stage. One obvious difference is that the punks aren't rolling over and playing dead when these goons start their shit. Which leads me to relate a story to you that is both inspirational and funny as fuck. Don't get me wrong, standing up to these troublemakers nowadays could very easily leave you with a bullet in your head instead of a black eye. The sad irony is that this has happened twice in Phoenix over the last two weeks and the victims of these Nazi skins were both white! These a-political skins are no less dangerous and run in the same circles as the Nazis.

I am all for standing my ground against Nazis and patriotic skins. There's no room for any of them in our close-knit community. And there shouldn't be any room for them in any community.
Peace, No Hand Dan
a.k.a. Dan Norris
140770 6.B.20
A.S.P.C-Lewis/Barchey
PO Box 3200
Buckeye, AZ 85326

And now I present…"The Fine Art of Politics and Drunkenness" by B.D.

There's a new crop of skinhead these days. Some are a-political (bullshit!), some are Celtic Pride. They claim to be non-Nazi, but the only difference I see is that their swastika is old glory and they don't do the stiff-arm salute. Other than that, it's just a playback of the old days with the hammerskins. Except now we deal with that shit the way those fools understand.

I've been hanging out at shows even if I can't get in. Defiance and Icons of Filth were playing at the Mason Jar, so I said, "Fuck it". A band called B.Y.O.W. (Bring Your Own Weapon) was having problems with the crowd. I'm outside and I hear this dude going off. "Fuck you, this is fucking America!" The crowd is heckling this dude mercilessly. I mean, these Oi! skins are the opening act for these totally political, anarcho-punk bands and they're up there supporting the war and using old glory as their backdrop! The crowd is 90% hardcore looking punks and they verbally assault these guys between all their songs. The band leaves the stage complaining about the un-patriotic, communist, junkie losers that don't love America…or skins.

They do stay for the rest of the show, however. Doing the usual, you know. Icons of Filth are playing and these jerks are being violent in the pit, jumping on folks up front, etc…Try as I might, I couldn't get one to jump on me or bump into me. That was my only disappointment. These Oi! boys are causing shit and the promoter doesn't do a damned thing. It's Saturday night at the Jar and it's just him, the sound guy, the bartender, and the dude taking money.

I noticed the promoter talking to these boneheads before the show, so I figured he was down with 'em. I was right. His name is Tyler King, so warn others. I told King, "If you don't do something about these skins there's going to be a huge riot here." The victims of the skins were the ones getting tossed, see?

Anyways, it's time for Defiance to do their thing and shit is coming apart quick. Everybody's drunk and Defiance is enraging the (non-Nazi) skins by talking mad shit about the war. The singer dedicates a song to the skins called, "Fuck Off!" and invites the crowd on stage to sing the chorus. The singer of B.Y.O.W. comes inside, stands in the pit and holds up old glory. A look of shock spreads across his face as the flames (courtesy of J. L.) from the flag rise in front of him!

Shit gets hairy now. The skins are freaked! The music is stopped and there's people grabbing the mic on stage. "You're not Nazis?! But what if you're gay?! What if you're a woman?! Why do you freak out when we complain about the government?!" This dude next to me and C. B. screams, "Fuck America, I hate this fucking place!" That's when the fists start flyin'!

Anyhow, those fucks, all nine or ten of them, ended up running for their lives as the inside of the Jar came pouring out. As King was clearing the bar he was screaming, "Pay your bar tab and get the fuck out!" So C. B. screams back, "Fuck you, all bets are off!"

and then the both of us start slamming every loose drink on the bar as we leave.

Finally, I told this story so that if any bands who plan to play Phoenix will know not to deal with Tyler King or allow B.Y.O.W. to play with you. Beware and take care. (As of January '04, B.Y.O.W. is still getting on board with big name punk bands. Just last week they opened for Fear, Agent Orange, and D. .... I doubt I will hear what went on if anything did because most of my friends don't support these has-been reunion tours. This whole letter is directed toward anarcho-punk scene and the bands that represent anti-government, anti-patriotism, and so on. These skins have no right to come to our gigs, spewing their bullshit and antagonizing our friends. So let's do our best to shut them out!

Dave

MRR—

Hi my names Danny. I'm a punk and I live in Tennessee. There are only about three or six of us. There is me, a punk girl, my drummer, my bassist, and then we have a few skinheads that really are kind of.. skinheads. Down here there is no scene, or at least in my town, and all the bands besides my band undermine, and this pop punk band the action figures support punk music. The rest of the bands are screamo garbage, basically corporate sounding bands.

My band will be recording soon, and it is a mix of crust, street punk and 80s styled punk like Bad Religion. If we can, I'll send a copy sometime and you can review us.

Well I'm here to say:

To me punk is about being one of the discarded youngsters who has a bad reputation and has no one to turn to, so this youngster turns to a huge community and culture of people just like him or her. A huge network of people and friends fighting for their rights and being non-conformists. Punk rock n roll to me is about just being yourself and doing what you want and being true to what you feel in your heart and if anyone has a problem about what you feel or do or what you look like, fuck them.

I just would like to say as well:

To all these whiney little shits that complain all the time about what's punk and what isn't punk, you're just as bad as the selfish emo kids. You're very discouraging to people getting interested in punk and its community. I say, no one gives a fuck if you're the punkest motherfucker or whatever. I just give a fuck about the music and having fun with it, while at the same time learning more and more about how we can solve a lot of problems and try to help people instead of being little stuck up bastards just because you have punk rock hair. You all really piss me off...I am glad I don't live in a town where a bunch of snobby assholes like yourselves live.

Just have fun and stay united. It's all about the music.

Danny.

fenriz_goat@yahoo.com

Murfreesboro, TN

vocals for Undermine.

Dear *MRR*—

I have to admit that I hadn't read an issue of *MRR* for quite a while, but a friend told me that my band, the Knights of the New Crusade were interviewed in the latest issue.

You can imagine how surprised I was to hear this, since nobody in the band had mentioned talking to anyone from *MRR*. Surprise became disappointment when I picked up a copy and found that the "interview" was just a copy of a secretly recorded conversation used to make fun of us. That's cool: like we often say, we're not afraid to look ridiculous. The ridiculousness of mortals only magnifies the perfection of the God who created us.

But your writer did seem to take several statements out of context (I can't say for certain, since I haven't heard the so-called "tape" of the conversation, but his transcript seems garbled in several spots).

Anyone who wants to see (and hear) what we're really about is invited to check out www.crusadenow.com.

Speaking of ridiculousness, don't you think that it's funny that the "punk community" is supposed to be so anti-authority but usually winds up going along with the values dictated by our secular humanist society? You want anti-authority? The authorities of His time tried to kill Jesus, but He just rose right back up: "When mankind was lost, He put Himself on the cross, because He loved you so well. He went to the land of the dead, kicked in Satan's head and grabbed the keys to hell." ("Sympathy For Jesus")

At any rate, our album, "My God Is Alive! Sorry About Yours" (Gabriel's Trumpet Records) should be out in April. I'll send you a copy for review. You're welcome to take the easy way out and make fun of it, but I'll be praying for you to open your hearts and minds to the Truth.

Yours truly,

Mike Andrews

Emeryville, Ca

crusadenow@yahoo.com

P.S. Given the tone of the "interview," you may have used the drawing of Jesus Christ to illustrate the quote about us being "as dumb as anyone else, probably dumber" in "these outfits" as a way of making fun of our belief in Jesus as Savior. But taken out of context like that, it's also possible that "the outfits" can mean the mortal bodies that we will in futurity shed with the Holy Light of Jesus illuminating our human stupidity and frailty, making us wise. Think about that!

Dear Millions of Radical Reactionaries—

I hate to be a whiner, but...your review of my rag "*Artcore*" in your March '04 issue (#250) stated $1 as the price. Now, you've got stuff wrong in the past, but this is the last straw! How the hell am I supposed to keep up the installments on my Jaguar when some bunch of illiterate gutter punks can't read the info that I dutifully send in with every issue for review?! So here we go, take another slug of Olde English and try to focus, cuz here's the correct postage paid prices for *Artcore Fanzine*; $5.00 (world, yeah that means America, cuz it IS the world, right!), 3 Euros (Europe, where they all live in mud huts by candlelight chomping on squirrel), and £1.50 post paid (U.K: If they can afford it once they've scraped together their glue money shouting "Oi!" for West Ham). Now the worldwide price is usually $4.00 post paid, but whoever you've got running your economy has sent your currency into a tailspin (yes, there are other types of money!), so you're gonna have to make do with this for the time being. Now I know I'm being presumptuous, I mean why the hell would you want to order some shoddy Limey zine when you've got all the "Punk Rock" you need at the mall and the computer at your fingertips? But I thought I'd mention just in case there is anyone left out there who's still living in the eighties like myself. Again, sorry for all the moaning, but I've got shareholders to keep happy.

Keep the faith,

Welly

Artcore Fanzine / Four Letter Word

c/o 1 Aberdulais Road, Gabalfa, Cardiff, CF14 2PH, Wales, U.K.

www.fourletterword.cjb.net

Dear *MRRollers*—

I was very happy to see what a great positive review my band Setiembreonce (from Uruguay) got for our Demo (thanx Erin for the nice words). Unfortunately, the contact address wasn't correctly printed. There was an error on the street number. The correct address is:

Setiembreonce

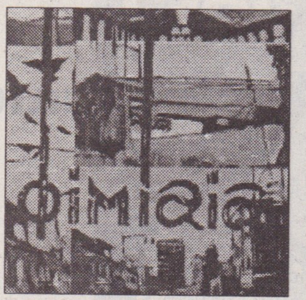
c/o Diego Irigoyen

13302 Oxnard St.

Van Nuys, CA 91401

Bandanathrash11@hotmail.com

xnietzschethrashx@yahoo.com



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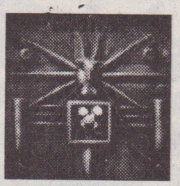

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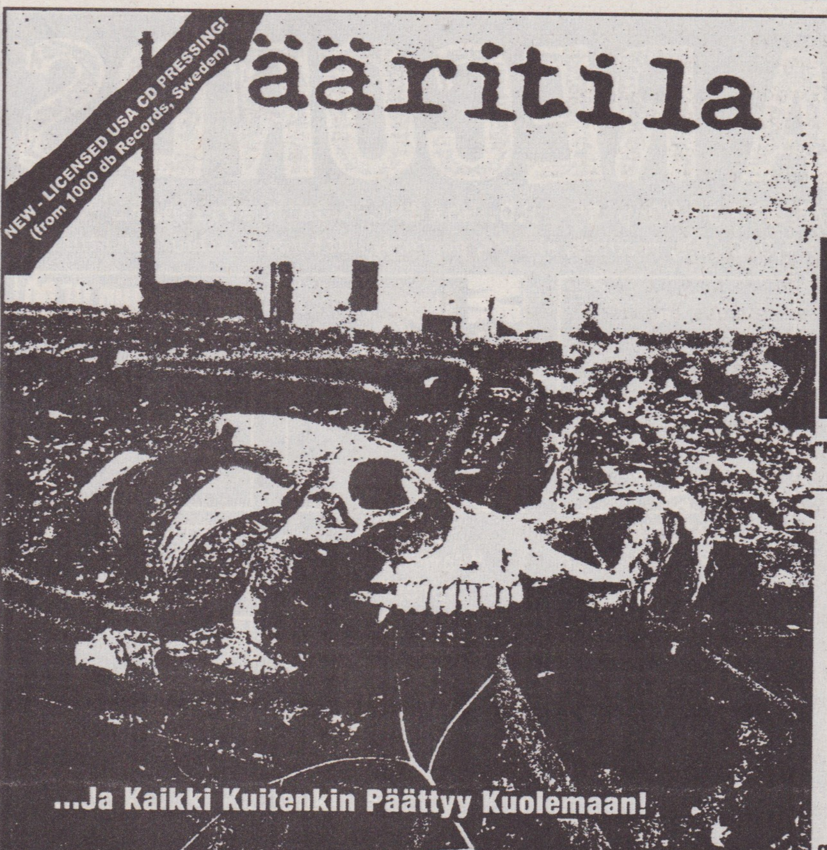

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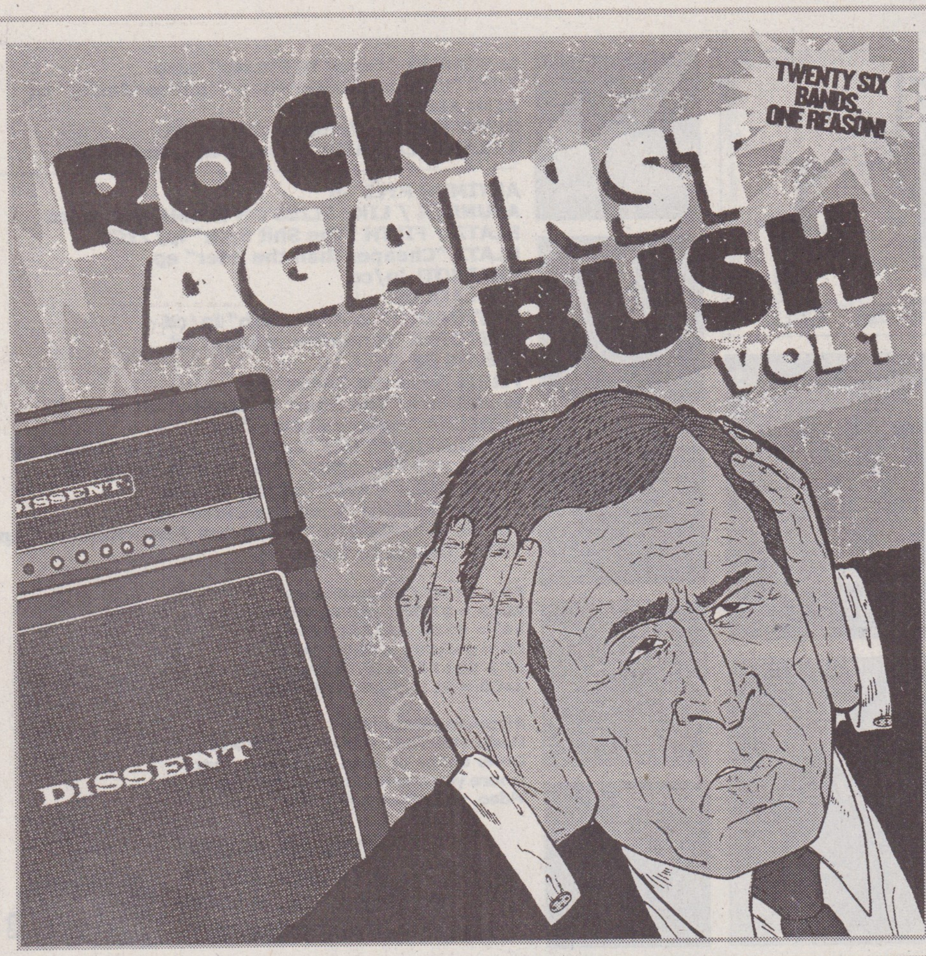

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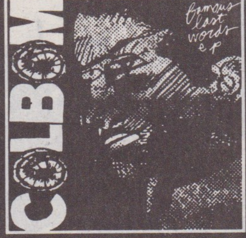

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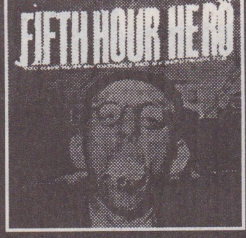

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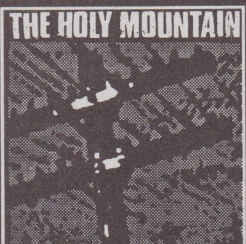

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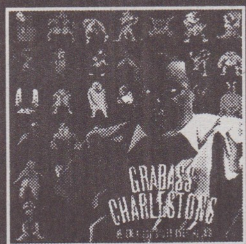

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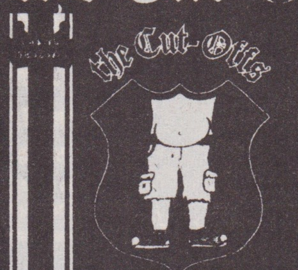

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COLUMNS

Here Come The Bastards

Hola, MaximumRockNRollers! As you may have noticed a few months back, one of the lesser-read columnists in this magazine launched a besmirchment upon my good name and more importantly my homeland of Long Island, New York. Now, that's just fucked up. Besides being in direct violation of the rules as they were relayed to me by the mighty Arwen Curry, it's just plain not really that nice. What's more, it wasn't even well written.

So, I will not stoop to naming his name, as he named mine. I will confine my rebuttal to the facts. Well, maybe if I run out of shit towards the end, I'll do some personal attacks too. But, we'll see.

History Lesson, Part III

Anyway, Billy Crystal. This was the sort of half-hearted attack against Long Island with which he started. The writer says something along the lines of, "Hey man, there's no good writers or artist from Long Island, unless you like Billy Crystal." Boo.

Billy Crystal is a limp-dick comic asshole. But, dude, you threw down the gauntlet, and you probably shouldn't have. The sandbar east of Queens brought the world people like Lenny Bruce from Mineola, Rodney Dangerfield from Babylon, Andy Kaufman from Great Neck, Eddie Murphy from Roosevelt, and Jerry Seinfeld from Massepequa. What the fuck, man? That's some of the funniest people of the last 50 years. Sure Rosie O'Donnell is from here, too, but fuck you.

Who's from New York City? Sarah Jessica Parker and the girls from *Sex and the City*? Boo. Motherfucking Telly Savalas is from Long Island! Who would win in that fight?

Sure, we dominate at comedy and Telly Savalas is fucking awesomer than Sarah Jessica Parker. But that's easy, what else? Well I'll tell you. In 1982, Carlton Ridenhour, William Drayton, Norman Lee Rogers and Richard Griff all got together to invent the most awesome rap group ever, Public Enemy. If that's not enough, Rick Rubin is from here, along with EPMD. And while New York City lays claim to the Teacher, KRS-ONE, there never would have been a KRS with out MC Shan. And where does MC Shan live? Queensbridge? Nope. Long Island. De La Soul is from here too. And before LL Cool J was licking his lips and fighting sharks in movies, ladies loved cool James over in Bayshore.

And who else is from Bayshore? THE TEMPLARS. Widely hailed as the worlds best Oi! band, THE TEMPLARS do most of their thinking about how to keep America free of immigrants overlooking the Great South Bay of Long Island. Which I guess brings me to the next point weakly outlined by that dude's column. There are no good bands from Long Island.

Dude. Come on. I don't think I'm even going to fucking respond to that shit. While Long Island in the 2000s may or may not be lacking sweet punk bands, the 1990s were undeniably fucking mint. Instead of list the parade of awesome punk and hardcore bands that are from here, I'm going to use two as examples. Not just as examples of how Long Island is awesome, but also as examples of why New York City fucking sucks.

I present to the world MILHOUSE and GARDEN VARIETY. Both MILHOUSE and GARDEN VARIETY were pretty fucking mint in their day. And both were from Long Island. I'll do GARDEN VARIETY first since it's easier.

As a Long Island band GARDEN VARIETY put out a few singles and I think two full lengths. They were a good band. They were well liked both here and elsewhere. At some point after the band broke up the dude from Garden Variety moved to *your* New York City. He promptly started a band called RADIO 4 that wrote jingles for car commercials. That's your fault, man.

Next is the particularly interesting case of Artie Philly and MILHOUSE. Dudes now might know Artie better as being the hunky singer for New York City's THE SHEMPS. But back a few years Artie was better known as the man-boy SCAPEGRACE impersonator from Long Island's awesome MILHOUSE and fascist booker of shows at Long Island's monolithic boy's club venue the PWAC.

I suspected Artie was a city kid traitor along. Actually living there now, and his recent stint in THE SHEMPS with a certain Long Island hating sub-par *MaximimRockNRoll* columnist only confirm it. His work at the PWAC can take a large percentage of the blame for inspiring a generation of human waste from Long Island to grow up and be in the crumby emo "rock" bands that you now see on television. So, while technically from Long Island, I blame the explosion of shitty bands from here on New York City.

What's more, when legendary New York City Hardcore label Wreck-Age Records ran out of good New York City bands like WARZONE to do records for, they hired Artie to bolster sagging sales by "signing" all the "coolest" Long Island bands. Boo. It's a classic case of New York City being whack and coming out to Long Island to find where the real shit is at.

It was the same shit when your famous *Village Voice* decided to come out to Long Island with the *Long Island Voice*. The only good to come out of that was when they gave me an award for best record label and published a letter to the editor about baseball by Kevin Egan.

Having Basements and Being Closer to France

Alright. I guess that's enough of that. This schooling is just getting embarrassing. I think I've thoroughly demonstrated that Long Island, despite Charlie who books shows at Saints and Sinners, is pretty fucking awesome. And I'm sure it's obvious now that New York City fucking blows. Long Island rules, New York City rules the cesspools. Which, I guess is weird because the city has sewers, and Long Island has the actual cesspools. But, fuck, I don't know. Whatever.

***

My Name Is Lubrano is fucking done and looking awesome. Actually, it's a lot like the real Lubrano in that regard: done and looking awesome. It's a collection of the first 15 columns I did for *MaximumRockNRoll*. It's like 75 pages long and has all the columns plus shitty punk

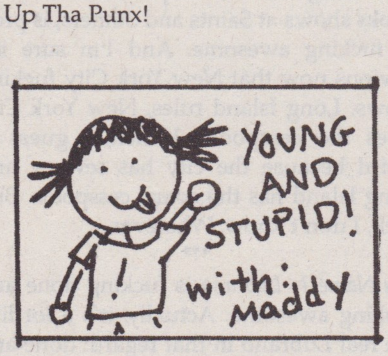
layouts and pictures of stuff like MANOWAR, Lubrano, Fran Dresher, Beaker, pills, MINUTEMEN, traffic, record pressing machinery, prosthetic forearms, and much more. It's available on a sliding scale price of $3-$6ppd. directly from me at Wells Tipley, PO Box 772, East Setauket, NY, 11733 USA.

***

I'm really crumby at responding to regular mail, so the quickest response is usually by e-mail at manowells@hotmail.com. Sorry, I'm a dick.

***

END NOTES:
1. I hope the guys in THE TEMPLARS don't get mad at me, as I really like them.
2. Charlie who books shows at Saints and Sinners is really nice. So is Danielle.
3. Also from Long Island are director Jonathan Demme, Christopher Lambert from *Highlander*, Larry Miller who was in *A Mighty Wind*, *Best in Show*, and more, Charlie Murphie form *Chappelle's Show*, Steve Buscemi, and just about everyone from *The Howard Stern Show*. James Caan went to college here, John Coltrane and gangster Frank Costello both lived here before they died, wimpy folkie Harry Chapin visited here and proceeded to get killed, and Mick Foley, the wrestler, was born here. Ralph Macchio lives a town over from me, Steve Guttenberg sucks but *is* from here, Billy Idol lived here as a kid, Ron Jeremy and rapper Nas were both born here, Charlie Rose prefers Long Island to his Manhattan place, and rockers Joe Satriani, Dream Theater, Brian Setzer, The Good Rats, and Twisted Sister, all call Long Island home.
4. That's it? Nope. Composer of the original score to *Star Wars*, John Williams and composers of sick metal, SUFFOCATION are both from Long Island.
5. Gene Simmons, most famous for being a schoolteacher, used to be in a band called THE LONG ISLAND SOUND.
6. Up Tha Punx!



Attention: I have been a victim of the PATRIOT Act! Yes, my ground-breaking article exposing drunken Thanksgiving guests and early BLIND MELON concerts have seriously endangered the System—and now they're trying to silence me! Yes, Ashcroft has attempted to strike down one of the most powerful advocates for free and accessible sour patch kids! His method? Strike me with a sickness so dismal, so debilitating, that I am forced to step aside from my work advocating for the inclusion of Twizzlers as a food group! Allow me to explain.

About two weeks ago, I noticed a small rash on my thigh. Since I a.) don't have health insurance, and b.) give all illnesses the one-week-wait-and-see rule (with the notable exceptions of gun shots and bites incurred while snake handling), I ignored it at first. A week went by, and it started to hurt. No itching, just pain. Then I noticed that the rash had started to spread to my lower back. Ack. To quote THE STRIKE, time to take action!

After discarding the free/low-cost clinic option—on the grounds that when my friend visited he was repeatedly asked, "Do you smoke marijuana?" and then denied sinus infection medication after replying in the affirmative—I decided that, what better use could there be for a credit card than to finance my $100 trip to the doctor? Not punk!

By the time I made the decision to seek medical attention, the pain was so bad I could barely walk. No, it did not feel like someone was repeatedly sticking knives into my back. It felt like, somehow, knives had already been implanted in my back, and were now attempting to fight their way to the surface. Seriously.

Now, I acknowledge that I may or may not have a high threshold for pain—my most serious injuries to date involve getting my finger stuck in a car door and a bug stuck in my ear (seriously!), but I can say with great certainty that I would rather listen to the OFFSPRING's "Pretty Fly For a White Guy" while getting pummeled with feces and force-fed gallons of ranch dressing than face this pain again. (Hopefully, I will never be confronted with these options.)

As I waited for the doctor, wearing one of those blue paper smocks that opens in the back, I contemplated my fate. Unlike the millions of insured Americans, I was vigorously hoping that I would have *something* wrong with me, because, if not, I had just wasted $100. The worst possible outcome? Not measles, mumps, or tapeworms! The worst diagnosis? An unidentifiable rash that would disappear on its own in the next several days. Unnecessary!

While hoping for the worst, the doctor came in. After looking at my rash for about 10 seconds, he delivered the verdict. "Shingles," he said. "Shingles?" I said. "Yep. Shingles."

Shingles? For a moment I became excited, thinking that shingles was some sort of pirate disease. Then I realized I was thinking of scurvy. Oh, the disappointment.

Punk medical lesson time! The doctor informed me that 50% of people who got chicken pox will one day get shingles because when you get the pox you're getting the herpes zoster virus. The virus leaves all of your body except for a group of nerves of its choosing. Your back? Your head? Your eyes? Your right arm? The virus gets to decide! And there it lurks, unknown, for years until, due to randomness, a damaged immune system or stress (like, perhaps, from moving halfway across the country, trying to write a thesis and still remember to listen to the DIMESTORE HALOES every now and then), it reappears!

So, in layman's terms, Ashcroft has been silently waiting this whole time, for the perfect moment to command the virus (via remote control, of course) to reactivate, attack my nerves and render me unable to do anything other than watch E! specials about Kirk Cameron's conversion to fundamentalist Christianity! The shame of it all!

The doctor, no doubt paid off by the Justice Department, did not delve into the true cause of my illness, and instead gave me some weak narcotics and sent me home.

Alack and alas! The painkillers did nothing! Plus, the shingles hurt so badly that…I could no longer comfortably wear pants! Thus began my degeneration, which included walking around my house wearing only an over-sized sweatshirt, chomping painkillers and reading my mom's old issues of Good Housekeeping. And it gets worse!

The pain kept getting more and more intense, until finally I broke down and called the doctor requesting more hardcore drugs. He called in a prescription of Vicodin to the pharmacy, but then I realized I was faced with a dilemma! To pick up the prescription, I had to put on pants. But to be able to stand the pain of wearing pants, I needed Vicodin. Stupid!

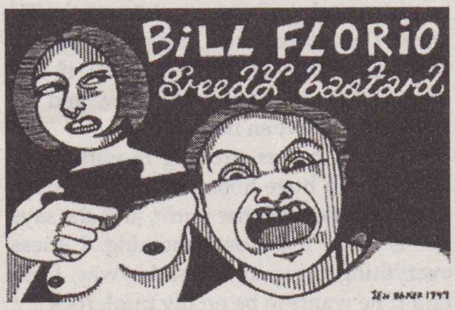
After spending a good hour in sheer amazement at the ridiculosity of my situation, I put on my baggiest pj bottoms and drove to the pharmacy. After slapping down $17, I got the Vicodin. About an

hour later, it started to kick in, and it did help. But, as an indication of how ridiculous the pain was—I could still feel pain! The last time I took Vicodin, I couldn't tell where my body ended and the couch began. This time, I just felt a little better—and I still couldn't wear pants!

The next few days were a blur of narcotics, pain, and self-pity! Punk? Punk! And now, a week later, although the rash is almost gone, I still have crazy pain in my back—and the doctor said it will take a month to go away. I'm still wearing pants as little as possible, especially tight pants, which, in my line of work, spells disaster! If this keeps up, I may have to change my zine's name to No Pants. D'oh!

Still, I will not be silenced! It takes more than nerve damage and narcotics-induced sedation to keep me from preaching my Lucky-Charms-based message of socialism! Ashcroft, you have met your match!

To help me in my fight against this brutal and oppressive government, please send d.i.y. shingles remedies, coloring books, candy and the JOHNNY CASH American Recordings box set to me at: PO Box 100882, Milwaukee, WI 53210. Thank you and good night!



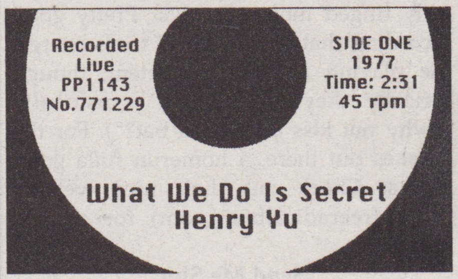
Hey I'm gonna try and write about politics. I'm going to keep it short and yes, I will probably have to use Dr Scholl's mouthwash, but here goes.

By the way, I'm watching *Encore,* and they announced an Amy Heckerling film tribute. *Look Who's Talking, European Vacation* and *Johnny Dangerously.* Who works at these TV channels? The only good movie she ever made was *Fast Times at Ridgemont High.* Why do we live in a world of morons?

Oh yeah, politics. A lot of people seem to think that The War is a big deal. If soldiers keep dying and more information comes out about what a liar George Bush is, people will be pissed off enough to not vote or vote for whatever other jerkoff is running against him. Big deal. You have to remember that all of these guys are in office because businesses or unions (which wouldn't exist without businesses) paid to advertise them. Since old Prescott Bush was around, the agenda of politicians has been to undo all the socialist-like programs that FDR put in to keep us from killing all of them.

The problem is how these campaigns are run in the first place. Politicians shouldn't be campaigning for money at all. They should be campaigning for votes. If the telemarketing industry can be destroyed in a day, public campaigns could happen too. No candidate could pay for anything. The government would give all candidates who got the signatures they needed what they needed to campaign. Airlines would be required to fly these guys around; television, radio, and newspaper advertising would be banned. And all candidates must get equal coverage. No dinners, no stays in the White House, no money changing hands. Oh yeah, and if you were a member of Congress or a president, cabinet member etc., you would be banned from any high level corporate position for ten years. If this could actually happen, you'd see a lot of things fall into place. Corporations would suddenly be paying taxes just like me and you have to, or at least like the average small business has to. You'd suddenly see a lot of these multinational corporations split back up into smaller companies when they didn't have any political advantage and suddenly couldn't hide the insane amounts of money they make. They might actually have to spend it on keeping their products worthwhile instead of focusing on destroying competition. When they have to pay for health care, they might actually try to keep their employees healthy. As far as I see it, when some large multinational corporation is allowed to buy another large multinational corporation, they are being allowed to make way too much money and are most likely sucking life out of our system.

So people get angry that Ralph Nader chose to run again. As much of a cold fish as the guy may seem, he has a good point. None of these major candidates is going to make any major change for the better as long as corporations wield more power than our government. Right now we have two candidates who were in the same fraternity in college together, yeah—that same one that dug up Geronimo's skull. Being president isn't a regents exam, it's an SAT. Being a politician has nothing to do with getting things done; it's just about knowing how to take the test properly. It's not a lot of hard work studying the facts, it's about having enough to pay for that Kaplan tutor to show you al the tricks. I'd just like to see someone have some balls and say hey, "Fuck it, I don't care I'm don't need to be a president for a second term. I'm gonna say how it is, sure maybe General Electric helped me get in office, but now they can fuck themselves. Anyone in Congress who doesn't want to raise corporate taxes and put in public federal campaigns is just a slime-eating shill." Unfortunately the vast majority of these people we're voting for are lawyers. A lawyer is a professional asshole. We're fucked.
Maybe we should just cross our fingers that all those nutcase militia types will suddenly take out some "jew bankers" instead of ATF agents. A bullet in the head of Ken Lay by a random pissed off redneck may send a much better message than a speech by Nader. So if I get labeled an enemy combatant you can write to me in jail. bill@candids.com



Gold Mining In No Cal

2Sacramento's oddball indie rock stylings hearken back to the days of $27 SNAP ON FACE, one of the lone monuments of early/mid-70s madness, followed by post-glam-proto-wave THE TWINKYEZ in the later part of that decade…fast forward way too many years of punk-cum-mass-media infiltration and I get a load o' surprise, a new voice from the same town, free from the usually-suspected influences, as fresh as anything I've heard in a while. Ladies and gentlemen, may I bring you, DUCHESS OF SAIGON.

A follow-up to a previous platter, their *Hootenanny* EP is also of the 7" vinyl only variety, thankfully, and despite the former reaching #2 on the Village Voice 2002 music poll, dares to evolve from any shtick or formula for success. The results are joyous wonderment. DUCHESS OF SAIGON just may be the best of the current rage of boy/girl-guitar/drum bands.

Combining a staccato-ed CHAIN GANG drum style with spastic guitar chunks, four short songs use Mary's ethereal backing vocals to counterpoint

Richard's grounded musings. "Hootenanny" uses BEACH BOYS harmonies a la "Ça Plan Pour Moi" era PLASTIC BERTRAND, while the mysteriously named "B.D. Wong" mines LILIPUT/KLEENEX's quirky wave warbling. "Giddy Up" channels Kate Pierson B-52's otherworldly thereminizing. Carefully captured ineptitude adds indie charm with BEAT HAPPENING/K Records undertones. This is Fi as in Lo-Fi minus the Lo. The hybridization results in something yet new. This band is poised for greatness or at least damned-goodness!

As the first release on Mario's Plastic Idol Records (yessir, named after the Texas punk-wave band of yore), this is promise of more great things to come. Only 500 copies on gray marble vinyl, so check out www.plasticidolrecords.com to dig it up.

Also hailing from Northern California (N. San Juan to be exact) is the band FREE RADICAL. Their six-song demo CD is shout-along punk of the old school, politically tinged mohawk rawk. Pretty good recording that captures this trio's energy, the playing is fully competent, though lyrically they hit bedrock occasionally ("why not kiss a baseball bat?"). For the crusties out there, a homerun fulla good hooks. Check out their nice website (www.freeradicalband.com) for all the details.

Send Me Shit

METAL URBAIN rolls into San Francisco for two dates at the Hemlock in March, that's the ticket. Good luck to eBay bidder Dozadog who bid a staggering $8000+ for a pile of 200 old British punk records, of which many have never been heard by the collectorscumiscenti. Hear all about it on the Killedbydeath newsgroup. As always, Henry 601 Fourth St., #114, San Francisco, CA 94107. terasearch @yahoo.com.

"I'll fucking stab you like GG Allin," says some little kid outside of The Mason Jar, here in Phoenix, "I'll shank you a new cunt!"

I'm stunned. I don't know what to say. A half hour earlier, the kid was telling me she's fourteen, which means GG died when she was around three. To her, he was just a myth. A legend.

"GG wasn't just about violence," I tell the pink-mohawked girl in the torn white Sex Pistols t-shirt, "he was about a lot more."

"Right," says the kid as she waves around a switchblade under my overly large nose, "like you knew him."

I tell her to get that sharp object away from the largest feature on my face, and that, yes, I did know him.

"Bullshit," she tells me, "GG would have never hung out with someone like you."

So I tell her.

*

He still looked the same, and definitely still smelled the same. That kinda urine/feces/sweat/whisky/blood sort of odor. Also with some floral aroma kinda mixing in. He was a bit bloated and bruised, but his "Eat Me" jock-strap and his leather jacket and converses still fit nicely. Over all, he looked okay. I touched his moist and bald head, and he felt cold. I tilted his head slightly forward, and saw all the stitches used to sew up the back of his head. They had removed his brain. Then my eyes wandered down to his crotch. I looked over at his brother, and he looked at me. I didn't wanna know, but sort of had to. Was it still as small? I mean, he was dead, sure, but he always was a master of the unexpected. He was, well, GG Allin.

But let me back up a bit.

*

I'd heard all about GG Allin from my pal Mykel Board. Here was a guy, a punk rock guy, who'd bleed, shit, piss, jerk off, beat people up, beat himself up, beat his band up, all in the name of punk rock. It was definitely worth the five dollar admission I was to pay that night to see him for the first time. I'd just paid more than that to see *Scarface* for the umpteenth time, and this show promised that and more. So what was five bucks? Anyway, he gets up on stage at the Lizmar Lounge in New York City, looking like a cross between Charles Manson, a Hell's Angel, and Harris from the band that can not be mentioned. Actually, he looked sorta like early Henry Rollins. Although GG was much more macho. Even in girlie underwear. Anyway, the first thing he does is piss on Gerard Cosloy's legs (an important figure in early indy labels). Mighty punk in my book. Then he gets through about one and a half songs, then passes out. They try to wake him up, he moans, kinda stands up, tries to sing the next song, and passes out again. This time the show is over. The audience starts to go nuts in this basement club, and I think there is gonna be a riot. I get safely outside, and see his band drag him up through the sidewalk metal doors. I introduce myself to the half conscious guy, and he says, "Pleased to meet ya," then passes out again. Always a polite individual.

*

The next time I met GG Allin was at the CBGB Pizza Boutique. What a strange name for a place. For those of you who haven't been there, it was a pizza/ex-record store/and a place with comfy couches and an alternative DJ/video game restaurant located next door to CBGB, punk rock heaven. Anyway, Merle, GG's brother, worked there selling records, and talking on the phone. When I first met Merle, I was shocked. He was polite, well spoken, very intelligent, and a super nice guy. Even though he was covered with tattoos, and was related to the king of scum-punk. So, one night, about two days after GG gets out of jail, he comes to visit his brother at work. We're all hanging out, and I figure, what the hell, I got my video camera with me because I am filming bands next door for my public access TV show, *Destroy Television*, maybe I'll get an interview with *him*. I ask Merle if GG would want to go on my show, and he says, ask him when he gets here.

So GG comes strolling in with some blonde with huge hooters. She is wearing like a complete leather outfit, and she says she is from Texas or something. I guess everything is big in Texas. Anyway, I ask him if he wants to be on my punk rock TV show, and he says, "Sure, hey, haven't I met you somewhere before?" I tell him outside the Lizmar Lounge. He says, "Oh yeah, I remember, you were in Letch Patrol." I tell him yeah, and we get to talking. Finally I set up the camera and start the interview. I ask him when he is gonna off himself, and what will happen then. He tells me, "After I die, I will become stronger, and in the life after that, and the life after that." Wow.

I began to wonder if this guy had met Ray Cappo from Youth Of Today. The whole time I am interviewing him, I am holding the microphone my stepfather had just given me from his old stereo system. The reason I am holding the mike, and not letting Mr. Allin touch it, is because I am really afraid of the "germs." He did smell kinda like urine/feces/sweat/whisky/blood and all. So I was kinda worried.

After the interview, I hung out with him some more. He was really nice, and funny. Also very intelligent, like his brother, Merle. Although he beat people up on stage, off stage he seemed like a real regular guy. We talked about books, movies, chicks, punk rock, shitting, pissing, Tim Yohannon, *Maximumrocknroll,* and the pizza at CBGBs. We agreed that the worst thing of the bunch was definitely the pizza at CBGBs. He told me he was staying at Merle's house, and to give him a call. He also told me he was playing a show at a club called Beowulf in a couple of days. He invited me, and ol' lady, Wendy, to the show. We went.

*

We got to Beowulf, another basement club in the East Village. The band starts to play, and I notice that on guitar is Chicken John from Letch Patrol. Wow! Anyway, they play, and GG comes out and takes off his underwear. Now, I gotta tell ya, if ya don't know, GG Allin has got the smallest pecker in show biz. I mean, it looks like a baby's pinkie. It is that small. I am amazed, as is Wendy. Anyway, these girls up front keep yelling for him, so he crouches down, and they actually perform oral sex on him. So do some guys! What a wild man! Then he takes a tin can, tears it in half, and cuts himself up. Then he yanks the hair out of some people's heads up front, then kicks them in the face. As if this wasn't enough, and by golly, I think it is, he jumps off the stage, and chases the audience around like a wild tiger at a circus. It was like being at a spook house or something. My heart was racing, I felt fear and excitement at the same time. Wendy kept asking me if we could leave, and I told her "No, keep filming, this is great!" And she did. We left the show that night feeling a bit shaky, kinda like we just went on the wildest of roller coaster rides.

*

After that tour GG went back to jail. When he got out again, it was just in time for his last tour. He called me when he got to New York, and asked if he could be on the show again. I said "sure," and set up the interview. I went to Merle's apartment with my two helpers, Merilee and Evan, the latter, GG's last roadie and videographer, and now a guy who wrote a book about it called *I Was A Murder Junkie: The Last Days Of GG Allin* (which you should buy). Actually, Evan asked me if I thought it was a good idea that he join GG on the road. I had introduced him to Merle, and Merle thought it was a good idea. I didn't. I thought he'd come home beaten and bloodstained, like Chicken John told me he would. But he didn't.

Anyway, where was I, oh yeah, so we get to the roof, and I interview GG and Merle. Again, they are both perfectly fine gentlemen, well spoken, and intelligent. Then I start to think, the scariest people in the world were well spoken and intelligent. Hitler, Manson, Kurt Loder. Oh well. So the interview finishes, and we go back down to Merle's apartment.

*

Merle's apartment deserves its own paragraph here. I figured, OK, this is Merle Allin, there is gonna be punk rock posters, broken furniture, and dirt all over the place. But I shoulda known from seeing the doorman as I entered Merle's building that this place was gonna be different. Merle's apartment was so clean that it was like an office or something. Nothing like *Maximumrocknroll,* a place that is so filthy that I'd never set food in that hellhole again. I mean, the place is disgusting. Roaches everywhere, empty booze bottles, and used works at every turn. The bathroom is covered with green and brown stuff that actually moves on its own. I went in there once and saw something so terrible, so absolutely horrifying, that I don't even want to think about it. My God!

So, where was I, oh yeah, Merle's place. The place is neat, and I mean organized. Every tape he's got is perfectly labeled. Everything is cleaned, spotless. His bed is made, the dishes are clean. Not what'd you'd expect from an Allin. No way. No how. Merle, is, dare I say, a bit "anal," ha-ha.

*

Anyway, so they go on their last tour with Evan being the roadie, video guy, piss drinker, and New York Jew. I get a call in the middle of the night from a strange voice claiming to be Evan. He says that the band has left him all alone in a cornfield in the middle of Nebraska. He says they stole his money and left him to die. I say, "Hi GG, yo baby, sup?" He tells me to stop quoting Bugout Society, and asks how I knew it was him. I tell him I recognize the smell of urine/feces/sweat/whisky/blood. He says, "oh."

Evan makes it through the whole tour pretty much okay. He tells me that one night GG took a piss next to his head. But he says, "The man was good to me." I say, "oh."

*

A short while later is GG Allin's last show at the Gas Station, a run down "art-project" in New York's East Village. Everything you have heard about it is true. And more. You really should buy Merle Allin's video, which Evan shot, of the thing. It is fucking amazing. GG does a couple of songs, beats the shit out of everyone, and himself, walks out into the street naked, with tons of people following him, kinda like the pied-piper of punk, climbs on a bus, causes a riot, then explains to his "followers" that he is not the messiah, and to leave him alone. I swear the whole thing looks like an edited-out scene from Monty Pythons' *Life Of Brian.*

*

The next morning I get a call from someone. Who it is, I am not quite sure. They tell me that GG is dead. I am like really groggy, and I think it is a joke as I hang up the phone and go back to sleep. Later that day Evan calls me and says "The Man is dead." I say, "oh." It turns out GG over-dosed and dropped dead. That is the official story, anyway.

Evan asks me and Wendy if we want to accompany him to the funeral. I tell him "sure," and we do. He doesn't tell me it is in fucking New Hampshire, like eight or nine fucking hours away. So we drive up in Evan's dad's car. We talk about GG all the way up, and what we expect at the funeral. Wendy says she has never seen a dead body before, then I remind her about Harris, our singer in Letch Patrol. She say, "oh yeah." Anyway, we get there right before sunset, and check into a motel, then make our way to the wake, at the local funeral parlor.

We arrive and see Merle and the rest of the band. We also see Liz, GG's living girlfriend, and some other friends of the late Mr. Allin. Everyone is really nice. I mean, really nice. Even the guy with the giant metal thing through his nose. Then we see the dead guy. There he is, laying quietly out in his coffin. He is covered with flowers, bruises, stitches, and a Lunachicks CD cover. We all gasp at his appearance. Then Merle breaks the ice by saying, "Well, I've seen him look better, and I've seen him look worse." We laugh. Then someone puts on the new Murder Junkies tape on a boombox, and the party starts. We all guzzle some whisky, and have a good old time. We talk about what a wild man that GG was, and how much *fun* he brought into our lives. Now this is important. GG Allin brought us *fun.* That is something that is kinda rare these days. I mean, we can go out, have a good time, get drunk, get laid, but have *fun*? GG provided that. He was that kinda guy. And more, I was soon to find out.

*

So the party goes on and on, and we get drunker and drunker. But the whole time, GG is kinda quiet. I guess he didn't have much to say. Then Merle asks him if he wants some whisky, and I help GG nod "yes." So Merle gives him some. Of course that isn't enough, now GG wants valium. So we give that to him. Then he asks that we unzip his jacket a bit, he is a little hot. We do. I see all the stitches holding his abdomen together. Then we drink some more, and so does GG. Finally GG is at that state just before when he is going to go on-stage. He is so drunk he says he needs help taking down his jock-strap. So we help. And to answer the question posed in the first paragraph of this column, his weenie was bigger. Wow, he had a death hard-on! One that would last for an eternity. And it wasn't a baby's pinkie, neither. Too bad he wouldn't get much of a chance to use it.

*

So the next morning is the funeral for the well hung dead guy. I arrive there with Wendy and Evan, and the local police are waiting for us. They say that we stole a pillow from the motel, and they are gonna lock us up. It turns out Wendy took the wrong pillow, and left ours at the motel by accident. So now we are gonna do hard time for pillow snatching. Wow. GG would have been so proud of us. Anyway, we explain that it was a mistake, and return the pillow. The cop tells us to "not let it happen again." Lots of crime in this small town. Really dangerous place.

Suddenly Merle comes running up to me. He says they need an extra pall-bearer, and would I be it? I tell him I'd be honored. So me, Merle, Evan, Dino, Bill, Joe, and whoever else carry the casket. For a dead guy, he was pretty fucking heavy. Also he moved around a lot for a stiff. Kept bonking his head on each side of the coffin. Kinda like he did with microphones. Anyway, a couple of times we had to stop and rest. But finally we got him to the grave site, and laid the coffin down next to a stone slab that read "Kevin 'GG' Allin". The reverend, priest, whatever he is, read some stuff, then had everyone talk about the Geege. Everyone said very nice stuff about him, and what a nice guy he was. Like I keep saying. Then they lowered him into the ground as Merle played "When I Die" by GG on a boombox. The whole thing was very moving, actually.

After the funeral we all went to a local VFW Hall for lunch, provided by Merle and GG's mother. And like her sons, she is nice, sweet, and intelligent, and a great cook. The food she made for us was fantastic. She told us what little "Kevin" was like when he was young, and how he and Merle played together. She introduced us to GG's first wife, who is a real sweetie. His wife told us about GG, and about "Kevin." She seemed to think that he became two different people, and I could definitely see that. One good guy, one bad guy. But hey, yin-yang, good vs. evil, the two halves make a whole, all that stuff. Kevin "GG" Allin was like a lot of us. We all have different sides to our personality, different faces we wear. GG was no different. On stage he was a monster. off-stage, a hell of a good guy. I don't want to ruin his image of "Evil Incarnate," but sorry, I just don't think he was.

*

GG Allin was important to a lot of people for a lot of reasons. For me, and lots of others, he represented true fun and freedom, as well as rebellion. Here was a guy who ate shit, and beat the hell out of his audience. Here was a guy no mother could like. I mean, your mom might hear Good Charlotte, Blink 182 or AFI, and like it, and might even think the guys in the bands are cute and all, but GG? No fucking way. His music was scary, as was he. No parent liked GG Allin. He was true rebellion for the kids. And let's not forget who these kids are. Most of 'em are products of the late 70s and 80s. There was no Vietnam. No reason to rebel. Nothing to rebel against. Whenever someone did rebel, MTV or some other fucking commercial thingamajigger would pick it up and make it cool. But nobody was gonna make shit eating and violence to that extreme cool. Yes. GG was a true rebel. For a generation who needed that. And he was also a really nice guy. And I miss him. The world misses him. Rest in Peace, GG You deserve it.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. As I mentioned above, Evan Cohen's book, *I Was A Murder Junkie* is out on Recess. Buy it. Like it. Give Evan some money!

2. Buy my book, *Playing Right Field: A Jew Grows In Greenwich* and give my dog some money. He wants to go vegan but can't afford it!

3. www.georgetabb.com

4. I must mention the best punk rock album I've heard in years. It's called *The Rocky Horror Punk Rock Show*, on Springman Records. Put together by my pal Eddie Migraine—I shoulda been on it but was too lazy to record a song. All the bands on this comp. do songs from *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*—and everyone is excellent. Bands I've never heard like Ruth's Hat and Tsunami Bomb, The Chubbies, and even Love Equals Death are fuckin' awesome. I'd could write pages about how great this CD is...but let's leave it at the best disc in the new millennium.

I'm Thirty, Fuck You!

I was born in 1974. The same year Nixon was impeached, a year after US troops left Vietnam, and a year before the World Trade Towers were built in NYC. The minimum wage was $2.00. And really big, I mean huge, sunglasses were in vogue. I've seen photos. In the punk world, CBGBs was just getting going, and the Ramones were getting their first album together. I came along in May, born under the sign of Gemini.

If you haven't figured it out by now, this is my dirty thirty column!

Ah, birthdays. They rule, and they suck. Sometimes at the same time. But I have a good feeling about this one, despite all the trappings of "getting old" nonsense with the big 3-0. Thirty has all the hoopla of 21, except people aren't cheering. It's more like, "Wow. You're *thirty*?" from amazed punks still living through high school hell, or "Wow. *Thirty*," from older punks in a tone like I'm just at the beginning of something. Thirty. Big deal. Just passing another age-mark on my way through life. So it goes!

First off, this birthday certainly promises to be better than last year, that's for damn sure. But things tend to go in cycles, and the year before had been utterly amazing.

On my 28th b-day all my friends in the universe threw me a surprise party. And it was actually a surprise! I thought we were going to Shangri La for scorpion bowls. We stopped by Chris and Jessie's apartment to pick them up, I walked in–and all my friends where there! Damn! It was awesome! Adam had a keg of Pabst chilling on ice out on the porch; people brought me crazy gifts like a studded driving wheel cover (Thanks Hank! Yes, the Profits van does have the necessary punk accessories...) and Jen baked me the best

birthday cake ever–it looked like a punk girl! It was actually a Barbie doll with bright pink hair, and her crazy dress was the cake with frosting! How amazing is that!?

I still have the doll with dyed pink hair, and she happily lives on top of my tall dresser. She wears clothes from stuff I found around the house: a cape made from blue wrapping paper, and a leopard print dress made of tissue paper tied with a string. The outfit is like *Sid and Nancy* meets *Bewitched.* But the lady had to wear something, as her sweet dress was eaten away!

The whole night was lots of fun hanging out with friends…but back to my tale of the 29th birthday from hell.

During the day I went to work, and then later off to band practice. Then out with friends to the bar. So far, nothing out of the ordinary.

We ended up at dirty, beaten down O'Brien's in Allston, watching the SPITZZ as whiskey and beer was sent my way. After several rounds the show ended, the bar closed, and we went next door to the Common Ground, in search of more beer. It seemed like the right thing to do, being that we were already smashed.

By this time, I was stinking drunk. Which leads me to my next subject.

Rage

n. 1.a. Violent anger. A. fit of anger. C. Furious intensity, as of a storm or disease. 3. Burning desire or passion.

There are many reasons why I'm into punk, why it has attracted me since I first heard "let's lynch the landlord" in '87. I was hooked on the sound, the strangeness of it all, and the subversive messages in every song. The zines came from another world, and the ideas were more radical than anything else in my small town in Tennessee. Punks had attitude. Punk was fucking awesome.

There was also something else that drew me in—a feeling. The people yelling and singing were sincerely *fucking pissed off* and the bands backed it up. A finger at the world.

I could relate.

I remember cranking my MINOR THREAT tape loud, trying to cope with some bullshit at the time, screaming at the top of my lungs, "I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT! NO, YOU'RE FULL OF SHIT!"

Right the fuck on.

Punk often speaks to my anger. My rage at the world. Yes, *rage!*

There are many dark emotions that polite people don't talk about. Depression, self-hatred, fear, anxiety, suicide and anger—just to name a few. These are not socially acceptable feelings. And this is especially true for women, people of color, and workers.

Women and girls, for the mainstay, are supposed to act submissive and satisfied. An angry woman is a bitch. Angry women are told, *"What are you complaining about?"* and asked, *"What's your problem?"*

But it is obvious what the problem is. This culture is toxic.

You cannot live in a white supremacist, patriarchal, capitalist system of exploitation and not feel its effects. It is like fish swimming in the Charles River, living in dark, stagnant water poisoned by years of human and industrial waste. The fish do not know they are swimming in poison, but their scales begin to rot.

The question isn't *"Why am I so angry?"* but rather how can this individualist culture built on greed *not* lead to illness? All Americans have gone insane. How else can you explain why we sit idly by and watch homes being bombed without intense sorrow, and not revolt against the businessmen, politicians, and generals?

During this assault on our senses and lives, women and girls are under constant attack. Girls are barraged by plastic, hurtful messages every day of their youth. It drags you down, tries to cage you in, whispers that you're no good, or not good enough. It's not just skinny models in every ad showing girls what's expected, but also teachers, friends, parents, media, the whole shee-bang that's often reeks of keeping girls in second place. Rather, keeping girls *in their place.*

Anger can be a form of resistance.

Andrea Juno's interview with bell hooks in *Angry Women* explains:

AJ: "…Beyond merely polarizing the men as 'victimizers' and leaving it at that, we have to recognize men are just as crippled as women. What's very liberating here is the whole notion of not identifying with victimization–that there could be an empowerment if you would just *feel* that rage, instead of merely shutting down and being victimized–

bh: In Toni Morrison's *The Bluest Eye* (one of my favorite novels), there's a moment when the little girl, a victim of rape/incest, says to another little girl whom she wants to be angry, 'Anger is *better*–there is a *presence* in anger.' I was always moved by that contrasting of victimization vs. being victimized; it's important to maintain the kind of rage that allows you to *resist.*"

My own rage started to swell as a child growing up in a violent family. Then, at ten years old I became very aware, and resentful and bitter, of the gender roles expected of me, and the box set aside for "girls." My anger simmered inside, and finally burst by the time I graduated high school. Added to that, in college studying economics and biology, I was constantly amazed by the evil done to others and the earth, just for a few more dollars in a rich man's pocket.

I started shouting lyrics made up on the way to class, walking down Commonwealth Avenue yelling into the wind over the Mass. Pike bridge. It was a release. And then I started singing in a punk band, where I can feel my anger explode and burn into the atmosphere. I scream out my anger at life, my anger at the sick reality of today. I love it.

My anger also propelled my activism. When I learned about the world, and the systems of exploitation, I couldn't help but feel outrage. Performance artist Karen Finley explained in *Angry Women,* "…I'm angry, but I feel like I'm doing something about it—so it feels good." Action is the key. Just being angry isn't enough. If you move to action, anger turns to energy.

People who take to the streets everywhere are angry. This is a given. Satisfied people stay at home. They are called the *status quo.*

Use your anger as energy.

Or beware of the consequences.

Hitting a Glass Wall

Anger unfocused is deadly. I turn inwards, hating myself, or attack those nearby. My rage explodes at the world like shrapnel. I hate it when this happens. Usually, the outcomes are not kind.

Should I continue with the terrible story of my 29th birthday?

I left the bar, totally smashed, and started walking home alone. I was pissed. Things are a bit hazy at this point, but Adam, who ran after me, helped fill in the details of my drunken rampage.

I began by cursing the world, and swung my bag into cars and the pavement, spilling my things everywhere. I started yelling at people, almost started fights with several guys…then for the grand finale, I tried to smash out a window with the back of my elbow. Brilliant! I was so drunk and angry that I didn't notice or didn't care that the glass wasn't a window—it was a glass wall, as hard as cement. I was hitting it with all my force, until Adam ran up and pulled me away. (I suppose that's what friends are for.)

I woke up in bed with ice on my elbow. Then I sat up, puked all over the sheets, and passed out. What a fucking

birthday.

The next day I felt like death warmed over. A hangover to end all hangovers. The bruise on my arm took a week to fully blossom, sick yellow, purple and red, about the size of a cantaloupe. The bone was sore and painful. More than the pain in my arm, I felt like an asshole, behaving like a maniac, drunk out of my mind. Damn, that's not who I want to be! How could I act like that?

Rage and alcohol—a dangerous combination. This is nothing new. And that time, I only hurt myself. I regret the pain I've caused other people, usually the people I love, lashing out during arguments that never needed to happen, when I let my temper run away from me.

That is the sad part about rage, bitterness, and hurt. It seems to be passed on like a virus. It was given to me, and I have shared it with others. Many people call this a "cycle of violence." And in this world, it is everywhere.

I'm sure many of you understand what I mean when I talk about rage, and the power it can have over us. I feel lucky that I got into punk.

But what do many people do? Stuff their anger and anxiety deep down inside over the years, until they explode. That seems to be the norm. Maybe they go jogging. Beat their wives and kids. Have road rage. Buy a nicer car to make them feel better. Try to fit in, get thinner, and find a salve for the unsettled feeling that eats away inside. That's the American way.

At thirty, I find myself still angry at the world—but more than ever, with every passing year, I own the power of my rage.

Catch a Tiger By its Toe

I've been writing this column for a year and a half now. In the beginning, I wrote a manifesto, "In my column I try to expose the ways this white supremacist, patriarchal, capitalist system weaves itself into our lives and poisons our communities, our minds and our earth…" Recently, that's meant writing more about my own life, speaking from personal experience. It has been challenging, but worthwhile. Thanks to Arwen for the support, I really appreciate it. *MRR* is losing one of its best coordinators ever!!

In other writing, I have lots of stories about playing tons of shows recently, like how The Profits, like morons, didn't look at a map and we drove over a mountain, at night, during a snowstorm, through a national park, while our van's transmission was dying, to play to a few punks in Littleton, New Hampshire. Crazy, almost death-defying, punk rock times! Those notes are on THE PROFITS web site, www.theprofits.org in the "news" section. Also, a big hello to all of the Brewhenge punks in Baltimore for being so kickass!

OK, that's the end of my space for this month. Send me punk rock birthday cards, and good karma will be yours!!! Help give me good birthday mojo this year!! Erika Ransom, PO Box 391273, Cambridge, MA 02139.

No.

LIFE, THE UNIVERSE, AND MRR
Chapter One

Man, have you ever heard of this band called **THE SEX PISTOLS?**

Boy, that George Bush sure is stupid.

Ice cream rules.

—Johnny Mink, PO Box 3026, Oakland, CA 94609. johngeek@hotmail.com

Sarah Jacobson died on Feb. 13th 2004. Her maverick films were admired in underground film/punk rock circles. She wasn't only a filmmaker, but a TV writer, a video editor, musician, and magazine article writer. Some of you may recall movie reviews she wrote for *Punk Planet*. Many people admired and respected her. She probably knew more people than anyone I've ever known. Some knew her on a professional level. Others knew her personally. For me, it somehow feels "wrong" to write about Sarah. She was first and foremost about self-representation. So how can I dare to presume to represent her? But it's important for people to know something about who she was, so I'll write about my reactions to the girl I came to know.

The first time I heard the name Sarah Jacobson: My friend Anne told me that Beth of The Loudmouths was in a movie. This movie, *Mary Jane's Not a Virgin Anymore*, was written and directed by a girl named Sarah. It was a hit at the Sundance Film Festival and was going on tour. NYC was part of the tour, so Anne asked me if I'd agree to put up flyers to help promote it. Since Anne and I were both big fans of The Loudmouths, I was more than happy to oblige.

Meeting Sarah: When the movie came to town, my boyfriend Ron and I went to see it. We were both impressed. It was a smart little underground film. It had a sex-positive feminist empowerment message, a couple of positive queer characters, and a bunch of oddball types, (including a strange cameo appearance by Jello Biafra as a Christian conservative activist.) It was a nifty little story that sent out a message without feeling like *"a message film."* There was lots of sex in it, but unlike most…heck… *all* other "coming of age" flicks I'd seen, it had a girl's perspective. After the screening we met Sarah and her mother, who helped out as her business manager. Sarah was aggressively friendly, talkative, and exuberant. This was a surprise. You see, some filmmakers I've met have had a pose of artistic snobbery or an unapproachable aura. Not Sarah! She was more than happy to answer questions about her movie and hang out like a real person. The more we talked to her, the more swept up I became in her dynamic energy. She was intelligent and inquisitive. If she didn't know about something, the first words out of her mouth were, "teach me!" Although I really enjoyed meeting her, I figured since she lived in San Francisco I should probably expect to never see her again.

Chance meeting: As chance would have it, I did encounter her again at a big Lookout showcase show featuring The Mr. T Experience, Pansy Division, Ann Beretta, and The scAvengers. She told me she'd just happened to be in town, heard about the show and she came to check it out. We hung together as she filmed all kinds of crazy stuff with her little video camera. After the gig she headed off to some filmmaker's party. She invited us to tag along but I was never the sort of guy who felt comfortable just going to random parties thrown by people I didn't even know. Sarah wasn't like that. She was up for anything. When I said goodbye for the night she told me she was heading back home to

Frisco the next day. As before, I didn't expect to see her again.

We become neighbors: The very next time I saw was a month or two later. She was passing by the front of my apartment building. I was just coming home and there she was. "Sarah Jacobson?" I asked, unsure if it was really her or just someone who resembled her. "TONY!" she said, excitedly. "I live in New York now! I live right on this block! "

"Really? I live in *this building* right here!" I replied.

"Then we'll be neighbors! That's *so* cool!"

Yes, Sarah felt excited and lucky to move onto the same block as someone she knew, and relieved someone she'd been friendly with in NYC would be her neighbor. For me, it was one of those unbelievably odd coincidences where someone you'd until recently never even heard of, was now instantly in your life and becoming a close pal. She had a job at the Oxygen network, doing video segments for their youth program. Her job was a two-minute walk to work. Since I also lived nearby, it was easy for me to pop in whenever she called for a favor. I'll never forget how diligently I worked to put her complex desk together, (with some help from her friend from the band Wormhole) only to learn days later she'd eventually decided to remove all the really complicated shelving anyway and just kept it as a flat desk. I said, "Hey! I wish youd've figured out ya didn't want all that crap sooner! It would've saved me half the day!" We laughed about it together. She was so nice I didn't care that she'd often call me to borrow any little thing. A hammer, a can opener, skin lotion, aspirin, a cheese grater, I mean anything. But she was always grateful and would offer to make me vegetarian dinners for my trouble, which I sometimes accepted.

Subverting TV: Sarah's big thing was "Girl Power!" She was passionate about it. It was always a theme in her self-expression; whether she was doing paid video work for others or films for herself. Her proudest moment working for Oxygen was a segment about how girls can be safe in the "mosh pit." The rapes and sexual assaults of girls at the chaotic Woodstock III debacle had a profound impact on her. To her, rock'n'roll was a place for girls to be free, not sexually oppressed. It also infuriated her when she heard that the faux-punk band Blink 182 egged-on their male audiences to expose the breasts of any girl who happened to be in the crowd at some festival rock show. Sarah interviewed the opening band The Lunachicks to allow them to vent their outrage at Blink 182's behavior. This was something no other mainstream media outlet would do. Sarah even located a clip of Blink 182 themselves. They wouldn't admit they'd done anything wrong, but did sheepishly concede, "The Lunachicks didn't like our band." Sarah didn't want girls to feel rock shows were unsafe for females, nor did she decree mosh pits were off limits to girls. On the contrary, she instead included tactics and strategies on how to be safe in the pit. Simple, direct rules like wearing flat shoes or boots, and don't wear long dangling earrings. Look for where security guards are and if a guy sexually harasses you, don't fear to demand they throw the bum out. When I saw Sarah's segment it was my first inclination of what TV really *could* be. It didn't need to be only about mindless *girls gone wild* sexploitation for the gratification of horny males. It could also be a tool for change and could give truly wild girls a voice.

Immediately after this brilliant piece aired Sarah was fired. They said it wasn't for the content of her piece but because of "downsizing" and "restructuring." Maybe true, but I wasn't so certain. Sarah *did* tell me however, that someone once called to offer her old job back. Sarah felt she was treated shabbily over there so she declined, even though it was a high-profile position with a very good salary. It didn't matter to her. She had integrity. Multiple *on-and-off* jobs followed afterwards, many of them in TV on stations like Much Music and VH1. Even though they were commercial she always managed to inject some subversive punky stuff in when she could. She even shot covers from my record collection for many of her segments. She wanted to include the punk episode of *Quincy* in VH1's 100 Greatest Rock Moments on Television, and even shot some of my Quincy Punx records for it, but VH1 nixed the idea.

An eye for feelings: When 9/11 came crashing down on our heads, she was with us within an hour after my boyfriend Ron got home from being under the second tower of the WTC when the airplane hit it. Her phone wasn't working and she asked to use ours to call people to tell them she was safe. We said, "Sure, if you can get through!" Every time you wanted to make a call it took at least four times to get through. After she was with us a short time she looked at Ron and said, "I think you're in shock." He replied, "I think I am. I think you're right." Much later Ron told me he realized if she'd said to him, "I think you're a banana." he would have said, "Yes, I think I am." Ron's the most important person in my life and I think I know him better than anyone, but even I didn't see the extent he was in shock. But Sarah saw it. She was truly observant and perceptive to feelings. I'm sure that's what made her such a good director. It's a big regret of mine; I never had the chance to see her coax great performances from her actors. I think her sensitivity probably made her very good at it.

Encouragement: When Sarah wasn't working in high gear on her own creative projects, she'd encourage others. I gave her a copy of my animated film *Green Pubes* and she loved it. She told me she'd never seen animation like mine before and I should do more of it. So when an opportunity came to me from out of nowhere to work on an animation project for some big corporation, she was even more excited about it than I was! I was hesitant but she urged me to go for it. The first thing I asked was for her to edit it. Then I asked my friend Sam of the Nutley Brass to create a quirky punk soundtrack. Sarah meticulously perfectly synchronized my images to Sam's music. Of course *corporations* can't do anything without trying to fuck it up. A middleman advertising agency attempted to remove the soundtrack and slap on arbitrary commercial music in its place. The new music had nothing to do with my animation and worse…it wasn't synchronized to the images at all. They said since they weren't using our music they wouldn't pay me my full amount. Sam was used to these shenanigans from the corporate world but I wasn't. I threatened to sue until they put it back the way it was, not only for my sake and Sam's, and especially for Sarah's. Unlike me Sarah was a filmmaker with a fine reputation. Her film *I Was a Teenage Serial Killer* was a sensation in the underground, and *Mary Jane* played Sundance and was reviewed in *The New York Times.* What would happen if someone saw "Edited by Sarah Jacobson" on this hack job? People who knew Sarah's work would've said; "Oh no, she did this? Boy has she lost it!" I couldn't allow it. It nearly gave me a nervous breakdown, but I fought like a dog until they put it right again. Now more than ever, I'm glad I did.

The Jabs: My friend G.B. Jones asked me to contribute a song to her upcoming film *The Lollipop Generation,* so I asked Sarah and other friends to play on it. This mutated into Sarah and me starting a band together. On my friend David's recommendation, we called ourselves The Jabs,

using the first initial of each of our names. J for Justina, A for Anthony, B for Bunny and S for Sarah. From the start I should've seen it wouldn't work, but Sarah had an infectious optimism that could make any human being believe anything. The problem was that both of us wanted to write. My songs and lyrics were inspired by Urinals, Electric Eels, Plasmatics, The Fall, Ramones, and other groups who had primitive music and a comical edge. Sarah's songs were entirely different. They were more in the Babes In Toyland, Breeders, Hole, and Bangs mode. They tended to be sad, slow, somewhat depressing, and intensely personal. (She'd be the first to admit it.) This might seem at odds with her personality as bright as the sun, but I understood it as her way of venting the anger and disappointments of her life. Trying to blend our two contrasting styles didn't work well. I used to feel bad when we'd work on one of my songs, and if I looked over at Sarah strumming her guitar I'd see an unmistakable expression of impatient boredom. She just wanted to get that part of the rehearsal over with fast and get back to working on her own songs. Although she told me many times she loved my songs (and I believe it was true) it was clear her number one priority was working on her *own* creative ideas, not someone else's. She tried to direct the rehearsals so most of the time would be spent on her material. Now in retrospect, considering how short her life turned to be, this was exactly the right thing for her to do! But none of us could've known it at the time. Though the band had problems I felt we sounded great and were almost ready to do our first show. That's when our drummer Justina decided to quit. I was stunned but realized her reasons for leaving were correct. The band revolved around Sarah and wasn't democratic enough. Justina ended up joining the amazingly great band The Yams with my cousin Rick, formerly of The Lone Wolves, and my friend Dave The Spazz formerly of The Sea Monkeys. Sarah told me she wanted The Jabs to continue with a new drummer but I didn't agree, and now the worst part is feeling I'd let Sarah down. I'm going to have to somehow learn to live with that.

Up again: The failure of The Jabs wouldn't bring Sarah down for long, however. In a flash she was up again, working intensely on a script for a new movie called *Sleaze*, about a girl punk who starts her own band. It was a sort of homage to one of her all-time fave films *Ladies And Gentlemen The Fabulous Stains*, but in many ways *Sleaze* promised to surpass it. When I read her script I was floored. It was totally perfect. She'd given it to me to ask for my input, but I could barely make any recommendations at all. This genius had it all down on paper already. There was no need for revisions or alterations. Almost. There was one scene where an overly aggressive male character asked his girlfriend a question that I felt was out of character. I told Sarah; "Look, this arrogant guy wouldn't have self doubts like that—and even if he did, he'd never express it by asking an honest question like, *'Sweetheart, do you think I'm a jerk—?'* Instead, this guy would say something like, *'Yo! I'm not a jerk!!! Right?'*" If you made a suggestion to Sarah, and it sounded right to her, she'd immediately run with it. She thanked me profusely and said she sometimes had difficulty writing dialogue for "alpha males." To say something like that was *so* Sarah.

Getting sick: The first time I'd any idea she was sick was when she was diagnosed with a pulled muscle. The pain didn't stop her from going to the big punk show in Brooklyn featuring The Candy Snatchers, Shemps, Little Killers, Two Man Advantage, and Dean Dean & The Sex Machines. She used to dance at shows but now spent most of the time sitting on a bleacher in the back. Ron was back there with her when Two Man Advantage was about to go on. He said he'd like to move up front because he'd never seen the band but heard interesting things like they had cheerleaders on stage with them. They went to the front, but the audience consisted mostly of aggressive jocks thrashing and slamming. One of them careened towards Sarah, so Ron quickly jumped between them and took the blow for her. He later told me it hurt like hell for days afterwards, but again in retrospect he was even gladder he did it because it turned out Sarah was sick with something far worse than a pulled muscle. I found out when I was asked by Andy of The Little Killers to shoot a video for them, with the idea it might go onto an enhanced CD of their debut album. I shot the raw footage and planned to work with Sarah to edit it. By then Sarah was in excruciating agony and couldn't work on the project. Sarah said the doctors told her it was tendonitis and she should "take these pills and the pain will go away."

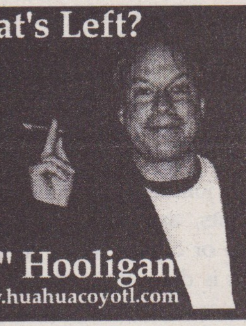
The pain got worse instead. Finally, after all the misdiagnoses, the problem turned out to be uterine cancer. It might've been easier to treat had doctors caught it earlier, but by now it spread. Even so, I was certain Sarah would beat it. She had exactly the right attitude. She wasn't afraid to educate herself, read up on her illness, and take control of her treatment choices. One of the first things I did when I heard about the cancer was give her a book on alternative cancer treatments, which she voraciously read as her boyfriend Aaron and I put in her new air conditioner. It was an oppressively hot summer but there was no feeling of doom in the room. Sarah was a fighter, and Aaron was by her side.

Love: I hadn't mentioned Sarah's boyfriend Aaron before, but she was head over heels in love with him. Ron remembers noticing how she really blossomed from the relationship she had with Aaron when he walked her down our block to her door. She said to him, "Ron, we don't see each other as much anymore." He replied, "Well you have a boyfriend now, so we expect we won't see you as much." Sarah looked sad and said she didn't want it to be that way, but Ron told her. "Look, that's *normal.* You've found someone you really love, so that's the way it *should* be." The fact that Sarah finally found love with Aaron is what makes her death all the more tragic…for both of them.

The last time I saw her was in the hospital. Her sister Lee and mother came to live with her to help out. She had to move from her apartment on my block to one with an elevator. It seems to me she told me the cancer had weakened her pelvis or hip bone, and she couldn't live in a place with stairs. Maybe it was denial, but I never believed she'd die from this. She was only 32. For as long as I'd known her she was a "take charge" person, but I guess there are some things we can't always take charge of. At the packed memorial service, Sarah's sister gave a moving tribute. When it was over, Ron and Bunny and I began walking home. I asked Ron; "Should we walk Sarah home?" They both turned to me and said… "You mean 'Bunny.'" I was very embarrassed. All I could say was, "I'm so sorry Bunny! I have Sarah on my mind." Bunny understood and was very kind about it.

Not enough words: I've found it hard to say goodbye to my friend. This column is far exceeds the word limit *MRR* has for columns, but there aren't enough words to express what Sarah's life really meant. I hope others will write about her and do better than I did. She believed in herself and knew she had something important to say. Read more about her at www.sarahjacobson.com

What's Left?



"Lefty" Hooligan
http://www.huahuacoyotl.com

Ah, San Francisco.

It is October 24, 2003. My girlfriend and I have been back from Paris for almost two months and we're jonesing for some good French food. Actually, Kay's the foodie, so she's the one jonesing. I'm happy to eat the finest gourmet cuisine, but I'm just as happy to chow down in a greasy spoon. Happier, because the food's cheaper and more plentiful. It's the main reason I have heart disease, that and some bad genes inherited from my dad.

So we're walking to La Scene, a semi-pricey French restaurant a couple blocks off Union Square, on Geary at Taylor. It's an easy walk from where we live south of Market, something I'll get back to in a moment. Kay happens to notice the big campaign fundraiser bash for Gavin Newsom on Mason off Geary as we cross the street. Newsom is the centrist Democratic candidate running for mayor with the endorsement of Willie Brown and his party machine, author of Care Not Cash to deal with San Francisco's homeless problem, whose eventual runoff opponent will be Green Party candidate Matt Gonzalez. I happen to notice we're in the middle of a small riot as we stroll the final block to our destination.

There's a lot of demonstrating going on outside Newsom's fundraiser, and some of it has spilled out onto the streets. Geary is filled with a raucous crowd, a sound system in a shopping cart is blaring out techno beats, smoke bombs are going off, and a line of cops is slowly moving from the Newsom fundraiser up Geary attempting to disperse the mob. I notice a couple of people I recognize from the Gay Shame contingent during the anti-war demos so I wave, but they're not paying attention. Kay and I have reached the entrance to La Scene by now. We're seated at our table and as we peruse the menu, the anti-Newsom riot takes control of the intersection at Geary and Taylor. Shouting and chanting, drumming and other noise-making invade the restaurant's genteel dining atmosphere.

It's your typical standoff. The police make several attempts to clear the intersection, but the only way they can do it successfully is to occupy the intersection, which does nothing to open the streets to traffic. When the cops vacate, the protesters step back into the streets and the game starts all over again. A couple of demonstrators are arrested in the back and forth. More police arrive and they start sweeping the sidewalks, pushing folks away from the action. By dessert, only litter remains in the intersection.

Gavin Newsom won that election, and as San Francisco's mayor he's shown up in person at murder scenes in Hunters Point to emphasize that the SFPD isn't doing enough to counter homicide in the city's black neighborhoods. He also made international news by insisting that the city clerk's office issue the nation's first marriage licenses to gay people wishing to get hitched, doing so he says in response to the Bush administration's use of gay marriage as a political wedge issue. Of course Newsom is consciously distancing himself from Willie Brown, making his own name and carving out his own political turf in the process. He's also a fair example of what it means to be a centrist Democrat in San Francisco politics.

When I moved to the Bay Area almost fifteen years ago, I really didn't like the city and instead chose to live in Oakland. Now that I live South of Market, I've come to appreciate San Francisco as well. Mind you, I still love Oaktown and I want to move back to East Bay some day. But San Francisco ain't half bad.

Politics—from shutting down the financial district in the first days of the Iraq war to almost having a Green elected mayor—is only part of the reason I've come to enjoy my new home. The big city politics of San Francisco contrast with Oakland's gritty industrial inner city realities, but give me either instead of the left-over Left buffoonery that is Berkeley.

The main reason for my growing approval of the city is liking where I live. I'm an urban person, and I haven't gotten tired of walking around my neighborhood yet. I'm always devising new routes to take in the varied commerce and architecture and people who live and work south of Market. I've even established a favorite hangout, always a sign I'm taking to a place. It's the Crossroads Café run by the Delancey Street ex-cons right off the Embarcadero in an area called South Beach, carved out of SOMA by the real estate trade during the first wave of gentrification in the early '90's, after the long blighted Embarcadero Freeway was finally torn down.

The pleasure of city living is having almost everything you need within a comfortable walking distance, with the rest a quick Muni or BART ride away. Being able to walk to Bi-Rite, Rainbow Grocers, Trader Joe's, Costco, a brand new Whole Foods, and the Ferry Building Farmers Market is the reason it's no problem to boycott the local Safeway. There are museums, galleries, bookstores, movies, theatre, opera and concert venues on the neighborhood's periphery. SOMA itself is still hipster central, known for its straight and gay club/bar scene and nightlife legal battles with the police. I'm two, two-and-a-half blocks from Brainwash and the End Up, and a block away from the Mars Café. Annie's Cocktail Lounge is just down the street.

Not that I drink and party and stay out to all hours anymore. My age has caught up with me in that regard. I'm more likely to patronize the local photo gallery 50 Crows, which was the storefront for the Mother Jones documentary photography archive and of which I was a member until it sadly, quite recently closed its doors. I'm also a member of the SFMOMA, attend open-air concerts at Yerba Buena Gardens and take the occasional class at the downtown branch of City College. My involvement in neighborhood activities and institutions, yet another sign I'm feeling at home here, extends to a general interest in neighborhood comings and goings.

For instance, local punk scene perennial Tommy Strange opened his much talked about anarcho bookstore/café/community center on 6th Street in the hood a little while ago. Unimaginatively called the 6th Street Bookstore and Café, he's had a few benefit shows in the space that I know of, and recently got the café part up and running. Tommy and I are not what you would call friends, and I think anarchism is a waste of time in general (more on that next column), but his bookstore and intentions are a welcome addition to the neighborhood.

A final sign that I'm taking root in the neighborhood is, in preparing to plant yet a third garden in the apartment's sun-challenged backyard, I unsuccessfully attempted to join the San Francisco League of Urban Gardeners. SLUG for short. I didn't want to be a member for the benefits, but because the organization and what it worked for made living in the city that much more pleasant and enjoyable. It's about what Percival and Paul Goodman talked about in their book *Communitas*, creating cities that are actual human com-

munities. Suffering from massive debts and budget cuts, political scandal and financial mismanagement, SLUG has all but ceased operations; a sad state of affairs. I joined the Friends of the Urban Forest instead, and found out I could donate my garden surpluses to the local Food Bank.

The first year I gardened was mostly a disaster, though I learned a lot. The second year I expanded and it was about half and half. There was lots of lettuce and carrots, a fair crop of peas and green beans, onions and tomatoes, and even a couple of green peppers. The herbs did well: parsley, oregano, basil and marjoram. The zucchini and squash rotted however, the beets were scrawny, the mutant broccoli/cauliflower hybrid survived insect assaults only to succumb to the limited seasonal sunlight window, the eggplant never did anything, and the corn was a fanciful joke.

This year I've got starts in crates on the roof for the early season sun and plans on the table drawn up from books like *Golden Gate Gardening* and *Square Foot Gardening*. I'm cutting down hedges gone to jungle in the sunniest corner of the yard to make room for a quarter wine barrel planter to bed this season's tomatoes. I'm going vertical with the squash and zucchini, and growing the herbs in pots on a corner étagère on the stairway balcony to open up more planting room on the ground. It's a three tiered garden this year; tomato plants in the clouds with a panoramic view of downtown San Francisco, fourteen different herbs on the balcony with flower boxes on the way, and the backyard with so much work left to be done before there's enough sun to plant. The lavender bushes need to be hedged and the calla lilies cut back, there's more soil that needs to be turned and mixed, and the Y-valve on the faucet needs to be replaced. Should I use sprinklers or a ground watering system? Should I put out the hummingbird feeder?

An interesting sidebar is that productive hobbies like gardening and creative pursuits like writing are excellent things to do to get you through the political low times as well as to sustain you for the long haul. Not that we're living in dull political times. Next column I'm going to hearken back to the early days of television cartoons and conjure up Tom Terrific and his wonder dog Mighty Manfred to ask you to put on your revolutionary thinking caps.

No doubt that reference dates me even though next month's subject—the dialectic between revolutionary organization and mass movement—is timeless.

Date to print: 3/15/04
For MRR #252 (5/04)

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... Still no progress on my website at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. If you can help me get things working again, or if you can recommend some software to automate the process, please contact me at the email address below. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

CrimethInc. Workers' Collective Bullet-in

Ahoy there, fellow *MRR* aficionados! This issue, we're back to our regular programming, bringing you a how-to guide for organizing street parties, concocted especially for your pleasure by a CrimethInc.-affiliated cell in DC. Enjoy it, and if you want more information, or a free copy or twenty of the brand new issue of our propaganda tabloid *Harbinger*, write to us at CrimethInc. Revelry and Revolt, PO Box 2133, Greensboro, NC 27402, USA (www.crimethinc.com). OK, now without further ado, here's how to...

Reclaim the Streets (RTS)!!

Recommended Materials/ Ingredients

- lots of fun people
- 2 junk cars
- tripods and experienced people to be on the tripods
- junk to create roadblocks with
- pre-determined and well scouted meeting spot, route and destination
- hundreds of flyers - varying in size from 1/4 page to 11 x 17 announcing the event
- flyers to pass out to passersby, inviting them to join.
- bullhorns
- banners and flags with messaging
- mobile sound system - this could range from a truck with a dj / sound system inside or just a bike cart with a boom box. (remember it could be confiscated by the cops).
- decorative props - (e.g. large paper machet suns, moons, animals etc., flags)
- games - e.g. twister, jump rope
- chalk, spray paint, stencils

Action: (about and how to)

Since 1995, Reclaim The Streets actions have been taking over streets, highways, and major intersections through "spontaneous actions" to reclaim "public" space. RTS actions were born from a joining of ravers, ecologists, radical activists, and anarchists. RTS is not a group or organization, there are no leaders, it is decentralized and non-hierarchical (anarchist). It is generally organized by a group of people deciding they would like to hold an RTS action, then forming some committees and calling for the RTS to take place, as happened in the account below. Despite, or maybe because of, it's decentralized nature RTS actions have happened around the world, beginning in London and later spreading to cities as far away as Tel Aviv and Sydney. Information of the actions is spread through the web, flyers (xerocracy), and word of mouth.

RTS has been used to protest the criminalization of rave culture, to protest capitalism and globalization, to set up squats, to protest gentrification, to stop the destruction of quiet streets for expressways and equally to celebrate and affirm the potential for full life and freedom. RTS actions demonstrate the possibilities of people coming together, defying rules, laws and norms and enjoying each other and life.

Public streets are the perfect place for this celebration. As the DC Reclaim the Streets website states, "Ultimately, it is in the streets that power must be dissolved: for the streets where daily life is endured, suffered and eroded, and where power is confronted and fought, must be turned into the domain where daily life is enjoyed, created, and nourished." Car-culture can be linked with the loss of communal space, walkable areas and an alienation from the space that one is in. By reclaiming the streets we protest the commodification and homogenization of the streets and culture. We defy the idea that money is needed to have fun and that rules are needed to give meaning to our lives.

In order to reclaim an area, an RTS relies on the confusion created by a roving street party quickly converging on an area. It also might use junk cars or tripods to block a road. Often a bike brigade (critical mass bike ride) will accompany the RTS to add to the confusion and fun or to scout ahead if people are walking in mass to the end point. On the day of, RTS participants generally meet at a public spot and go in mass to the actual RTS end-point (which only a few organizers know) or split up in

groups to get there. At some RTS actions each small group of people that arrives to the meeting point is given different directions to the end point so that the whole group cannot be followed by the police and stopped from ever arriving. When the party-people arrive the road is quickly blocked off, flags proclaiming "car free," "reclaim space," and the RTS flag, a lightening bolt on different colored backdrops, go up, the roving sound system turns on, stilt walkers perform, ravers dance, drum circles start up, community gardeners get to work, and the space is reclaimed in all the ways the participants can imagine.

Account:

In DC we have had two Reclaim the Streets Actions (and a few other actions that were not specifically billed as RTS's but fashioned similarly.) This is an account from the first DC Reclaim the Streets that took place on Saturday June 23, 2001.

A small group of us started planning for the action a couple months before the action date. During the first two meetings we talked about our vision for the event and how to organize it. In the second meeting we broke into working groups—outreach, tactical (and cars), art and fun and games, which met independently and shared information with the other groups on a need-to-know-basis. For example, even though I was in the core organizing group, since I was not in tactical I didn't know until the morning of the event what the final destination was (I needed to know that morning so that I could drop of some supplies in the vicinity of the end-point beforehand) and others in the core groups did not know the location until we arrived. This was very important because in order for our plan to function we were relying heavily on having the element of surprise over the police and being able to set up roadblocks without the police knowing what was happening.

The outreach group made hundreds of full color posters and flyers. The front of the flyers said "Street Party! Converge at Dupont Circle, 3 PM, Saturday, June 23, Featuring: DJs (and the names of our 5 DJs), Free! Reclaim the Streets!" and had our web address and a picture of people dancing. The back said, "Featuring live DJs, dancing, music, street theater & soccer. Bring chalk, toys (especially water toys and frisbees) boom boxes, banners, signs and costumes. Steeping off the sidewalks and into the streets bring us together and allows us to challenge the dehumanization of our lives. A street party is a liberated zone, where we can practice life as we'd like it to be—full of color, community, and mutual aid." We wanted the poster to be appealing to a broad range of people from rave kids and activists to parents and children. We also made 11x17 posters and hung them on lampposts all over town using wheatpaste.

The tactical group was in charge of deciding where to hold the RTS, the route we would take to get there and how to blockade the road so that we could hold the area we wanted for as long as possible. In our larger group we chose the meeting point for the action, Dupont Circle. This was our publicly announced point, which went on all the flyers. We chose Dupont because it is a public park where a large number of people could converge on a summer day without being too obvious, it is accessible by public transportation and there are a number of roads leading from the circle so it would be difficult for the police to block our exit from the circle.

A sub-group of tactical was cars. The three people in the car group were responsible for finding and getting junk cars that could run enough to get a few miles but were such junkers it would be no loss to leave them behind. They ended up paying a couple hundred dollars, in cash, for two cars. The previous owners signed over the titles to the cars to the fake names the buyers gave them. (For a future action we were able to get cars for free with a little more time and searching.) They were also the people who, on the morning of the action, drove the cars to the two ends of the street we would reclaim, pretended that the cars broke down in the middle of the street, and then while it seemed that they were looking to see what was wrong with the car actually disabled it (and later slashed the tires) so it would be hard to move. Only the tactical group knew who was in the cars group since the car people would be in a high-risk position.

The arts group spent the months leading up to the protest making beautiful banners and flags which were carried in the march to the RTS destination and hung over the broken-down cars and at the entrance to the party. They also made large papier-mâché props - including a huge sun, moon, and lightning bolt (the RTS symbol), which were carried in the parade and used to decorate the party.

The fun and games group gathered lots of games and props to be used during the party—including multiple games of twister, hundreds of water balloons, chalk, spray paint, jump ropes, and noisemakers. This group also spent some time dumpstering couches, chairs, road cones, and general junk to use for decorating the end point and helping to block the road.

We probably should have had a fundraising group since we did shell out a good deal of money and fundraising did not end up happening in a very organized way. We were able to collect quite a bit of money though by walking around the RTS with large trashcans and asking people to "throw their money away!"

A big problem with our organizing that we have tried to address since our first RTS is gender and experience divisions between the working groups. To illustrate, the tactical / cars group was made up entirely of men who were experienced activists and friends while the other groups were made up of women and many of the less activist-experienced men. This division where men do the "sexy" out-front work while women do the behind-the-scenes prep work was fairly common in some of DC's activist groups. Having experienced people, who know each other, do high-risk actions together can make sense but it can also be an excuse for not diffusing power, skill-sharing and taking on more thankless jobs. Each action should be an opportunity for new people to learn new skills and new challenges, and to challenge gender, racial and other barriers to taking on new roles.

On the day of the event about 100-200 people met at Dupont Circle and walked in mass to the end point. (During the walk one Starbucks had a window broken.) The end-point was a busy street with lots of pedestrian traffic in a moderate-income neighborhood with a pretty diverse population and people of our own demographic (so we weren't taking over someone else's neighborhood). The three block area we were in has lots of independent businesses and some corporate businesses and would be a great area to have as a pedestrian walkway - so that's what we created for one day. The ends of the street were blocked off with the cars, couches and some other "junk" but there was one ally which we could have used as an exit or to get the DJ equipment out if the police had come in and which cars who were "trapped" in the area could use to get out.

From most standpoints the RTS was a great success. Pirate radio people set up a simultaneous broadcast with the action to announce the events, encourage participation and provide music for the walk to the end-point. We had perfect weather, a mobile sound system and DJs, drums circles, free food from Food Not Bombs, twister games, chalk and spray paint art, stilt walkers, propagandists, literature inviting on-lookers to join, banners pro-

claiming "Free the City, Kill the Car, Reclaim the Streets," skateboarders who used the old cars as ramps, children playing double dutch, and more.

Of course, we also had some police nearby, but surprisingly, they did not break-up the RTS or come inside our temporary autonomous zone. Since this was the first RTS in DC the police were totally confused by what was happening. I overhead some cops discussing the situation saying, "They must have a permit. I mean, they wouldn't do this without a permit...would they?" It took them a couple hours to figure out; yes we would and did hold a street party without a permit. They then informed the crowd that we had to leave at 6 pm or they would arrest everyone. Since our purpose for this action was to have a day party and we were not prepared to hold the area longer than that we agreed but said that we would walk together (in the streets!) to a park about eight blocks away so people who wanted to could continue to hang out in the park. So, after four hours of reclaiming the space we went mobile again walked to the park and hung out and then dispersed at our leisure from the park.

For more info: http://rts-dc.mahost.org/ our flyers and such can be found on this site.

In the primaries Senator John Kerry was perceived as the most electable Democrat because he seems more moderate than his rivals. That worries Republicans. "Bush's strategists," reports *USA Today*, "want to negate Kerry's self-portrait of a moderate." Democrat or Republican, rich or poor, black or white, Americans tend to think of themselves as culturally and politically centrist. In a survey conducted every year since the end of Vietnam, the Harris Poll consistently finds that more Americans call themselves "moderate" than liberal or conservative. And both liberals and conservatives consider themselves less extreme than those on the other side of the ideological fence. E pluribus moderatus nihil.

The 2004 campaign is shaping up as a clash of the more-moderate-than-thous. Machiavellian consultant Dick Morris is urging GOP honchos to invest some of their $200 million campaign war chest in Willie Horton-style attack ads depicting Kerry as "an ultra liberal extremist." Kerry, hoping that his weaseling on Iraq and gay marriage will cause voters to perceive him as a moderate, accuses Bush of running "an extreme radical administration." Look for more of the same in the weeks and months to come.

In American politics style frequently trumps substance in the pursuit of a moderate image. "On paper [Kerry is] even more liberal than Dean," a top GOP strategist complained to the pro-Bush *New York Post*. A few days earlier, however, the paper contributed to the opposite perception, running side-by-side photos that declared Kerry's suits and shoes more "presidential"—i.e., moderate—than the cheapy threads favored by the Vermont doctor.

Americans love the crassest forms of mass entertainment the human mind can conjure up: wrestling, football, midget-dating reality shows. Their spectator sports are extreme, yet they elect men who, though they acknowledge that those in power have messed everything up, pledge to change just about nothing. We believe that our presidents should be calm, reserved and, yeah, "moderate." Happy-go-lucky dudes like Dennis Kucinich and angry hell-raisers like Dean are fun for bar-hopping, fronting punk bands and flirting with during primary season, but we worry about what such wild cards might do in the Oval Office. That the president should be our national dad is a radically stupid premise.

At any given time we face a wide variety of problems and challenges. Certainly, many of these matters call for a calm, reasoned approach—you don't triple interest rates at the first sign of inflation or ban imports because free trade is causing corporations to move jobs overseas. Other issues—the long-term, seemingly intractable afflictions that seem to go on forever—are so fucked up that they require radical solutions.

More than 100 million people are un- or underinsured. An overwhelming majority of Americans, including many conservatives, would happily pay higher taxes to solve the healthcare crisis. But John Kerry's proposal would cover a mere 27 million citizens, a small fraction of the uninsured. And Bush's plan is even more modest, covering only the 10 million workers who are unemployed. Nothing short of a radical healthcare plan, one that provides every American with free or affordable access to medical attention, will solve the problem.

Like Bill Clinton before him, Kerry approaches contentious issues with self-contradiction rather than bona fide moderation. Voting for the invasion on Iraq while standing against the funding of the occupation, for example, couples a radical right-wing stance—preemptive warfare—with an equally radical, liberal opposition to neoimperialism. These conflicting votes exacerbate two equally problematic positions without solving either.

Democrats assert that the current administration is the most radical in US history. They're right, and their argument may persuade some swing voters come November. But the mere fact that Bush's approach to foreign and domestic policy appears extreme doesn't intrinsically make him dangerous. A more moderate response to the 9-11 attacks—firing a few cruise missiles à la Clinton or freezing some bank accounts—would have fallen woefully short of what was called for. The problem with the Bush Administration is that its focuses were completely wrong-headed: going after Afghanistan instead of Pakistan, Iraq instead of Saudi Arabia, hunting Al Qaeda instead of the Islamic Jihad leaders who carried out the attacks, spying on Americans instead of improving airline security, blaming cave-dwelling "evildoers" rather than reexamining long-standing US. relationships with hated puppet regimes. Their actions created new problems while those related to 9-11 remain unaddressed.

That's the intrinsic problem with radicalism: When you're wrong, you're *really* wrong. That's why you have to be careful.

Should Kerry prevail in the general election, radical solutions will be required to fix Bush's radical mistakes. To stem the bleeding of men and treasure in Iraq and Afghanistan, he'll need to withdraw our forces as quickly as possible. To get the federal budget back on track, he'll have to eliminate Bush's tax cuts. To restore our international reputation, he'll be forced to release the Guantánamo and other detainees, and apologize to the world for our post-9-11 excesses. Anything less—anything moderate—would be too radical to contemplate.

NEW MAILING ADDRESS: Ted Rall, PO Box 1134, New York NY 10027. E-mail is: chet@rall.com. Website: www.rall.com

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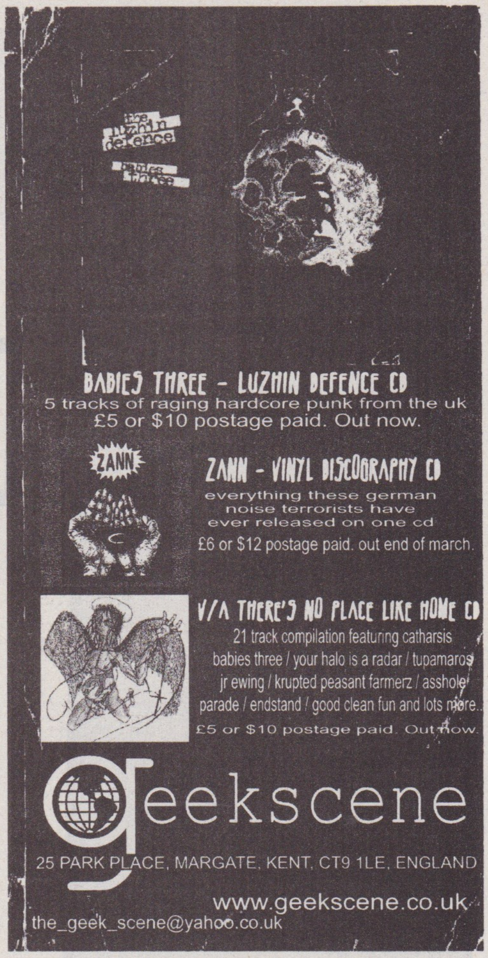
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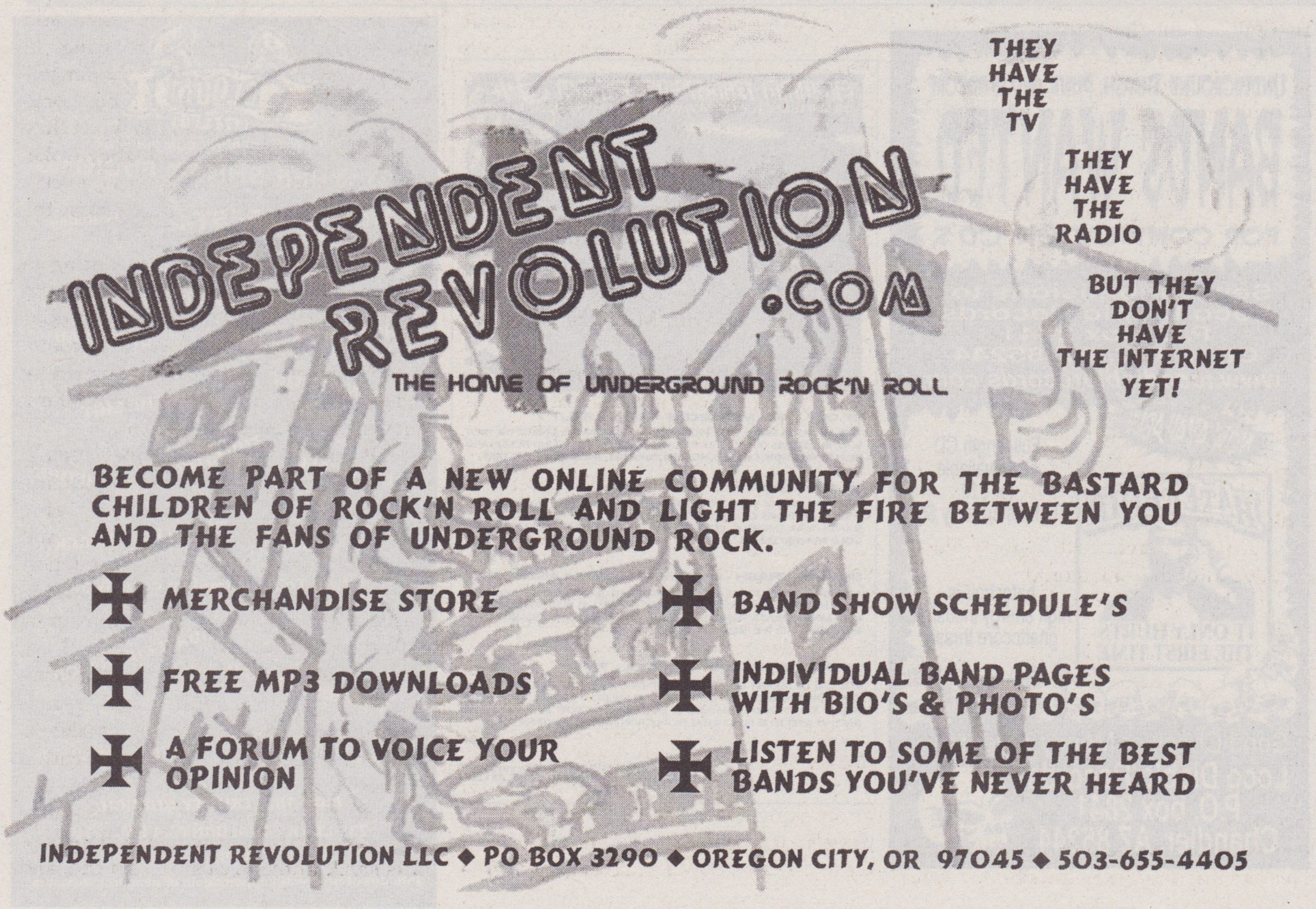
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Two Tales of Toddler Terror

A couple years ago, I wrote a true story in the column that's come to be known as the "That's Not Kale!" incident, wherein I impatiently reached across the dinner table and hastily licked what I thought was kale from my daughter's hand. You can guess what it was.

Horrified and gagging when it happened, years later I'm happy to report that it has not happened since. Neither has anything as horrific as what took place in these two toddler terror tales.

The first tale came to me after David* read my "That's Not Kale" column. He wrote, "OK-that actually beats my worst shit story." Well, you can be the judge as to whose beats whose. But I'll tell ya, I'll take a little accidental taste over having to go through what David and Victoria did to clean up after that shit storm!

And the second tale came from Kenny from the Punk Parent yahoo group. It actually happened about 15 years ago, as his girls are now in their late teens. He says about the incident now, "I've only recently been able to laugh at it. At the time I wanted to kill the little fuckers, and probably would have if it wasn't for the fact they were my kids. The sad part is they've gotten worse with age." Warning! This one might serve as extra birth control for some of you punks whose records are your babies...

Athena Raven's Shit Storm

A couple of weeks ago (Ed note: now a couple of years ago), Athena Raven was playing in her room for a few minutes before dinner while I caught up on email. She hadn't even been in there for fifteen minutes when she called for me to come get her so she could go "poopie on the potty." Yeah, OK, so I'm cutting through the dining room into the living room and I can see her standing in her doorway (with the little half gate that you gotta eventually have on the doorframe) completely naked, which really only means one thing-she's already shit and that diaper is somewhere in there.

It's the kind of thing that makes you think you were never cut out to be a parent in the first place. The diaper was sitting full, spilled out onto the carpet that already gets steam cleaned so much that it's wearing away and needs replacement! OK, that's kind of manageable, I thought-until she jumps out from behind the door, shit smeared from hand to shoulder, ankle to hip, pretty much everywhere but the head, neck and chest area.

I just broke down in tears right there. I couldn't figure out what to do first. OK, get her in the bathtub and blast all that shit off her, then rinse, then wash again with soap, then rinse, then wash again with soap and shampoo, then rinse, then just let her sit in a couple of inches of water with some toys while I get ready to clean that spot on the floor. Holy fuck! There's shit all over her dollhouse, toybox, teddybear, dresser drawers. How many fucking babies are in here? I couldn't even make that much shit! Wow-it looks like she tried to wipe her ass with Madeline and Peter Pan!

It's all rubbed into everything real well, too, you can't just wipe it up. You spray with Lysol, wipe away, spray with Lysol, wipe away, repeating with a bandanna around your mouth and nose a la Billy the Kid or something.

And yet you still heave, heave, heave, awww fuck I'm gonna puke, I mean, the smell is bad, bad, bad, and then just looking at it everywhere... so I double back into the bathroom real quick and start chucking into the toilet, Raven in the bath just laughing at me.

Well, the smell of puke is a lot better than shit, so I just put the bandanna back up without really washing out my mouth or anything, and get back to cleaning the dresser drawers. And the shit just won't come off, and now I'm scrubbing with a sponge from the kitchen, and...wait, shine the light right on that spot... fuck fuck fuck! I have scrubbed the fucking finish right off of my daughter's antique dresser drawers; her mom is going to kill me!

Mommy (hereafter referred to as Victoria) comes home to the overwhelming smell of shit and Lysol, Peter Pan, Tinkerbell, and Sully the Bumble in the washing machine along with a pillowcase, a blanket, and a pair of shoes. Daddy is on the couch debating whether he really has become the overwhelming piece of shit white trash his parents always said he would be, or whether this stuff just goes with the territory. Victoria sits down, lets me in on a couple of stories of her own (and I think, Why did you never tell me this before?) and we both just kind of agree that even after all the stuff we've done for her (and for our own sense of "not being white trash parents"), this shit just happens, and it will never make us bad parents until we let it. I never spanked her; I never even screamed at her. I was more concerned in the sense that the shit had attacked her, not the other way around. -David

Not Daddy's Records!

A lock was on the door to keep the girls in their room while we slept. Toddlers wondering the house alone and unsupervised is never a good thing. In fact, you might say it's downright dangerous. Kristin and Lauren trashed our home under that very same scenario when they were two and three years old. They woke, closed my bedroom door ever so quietly, then executed a planned destruction the likes of which I'd never imagined.

I stumbled upon their party during an early morning pee run, a chorus of laughter greeting me in the hallway as the dogs ran by seeking refuge in my room. Needless to say, what I saw wasn't pretty and to this day, I still mourn the loss of my beloved vinyl collection.

Of course the damage they reaped was far more extensive than to just my LPs. They also KO'ed the stereo by ripping off the stylus, both cassette doors, and poking holes in the speakers. They Jones-Towned Cheri's (mom's) fish by adding Nestle's Quik to the water in the twin 50 gallon tanks she'd worked so hard on, washed (or attempted to wash as the case may be) the dogs with maple syrup, smashed bananas and mommy's make-up into the carpet, coated the kitchen with a mixture of smashed eggs and flour.

All things considered, it could have been worse. In the kitchen there were poptarts stuck in the toaster and on fire, and

several steak knives scattered about. To this day the thought of what could have happened scares me to death. When you think about it, a hook latch on the door seems like a pretty good idea. -Kenny

punkparents, send in more stories! (No, they don't have to be only about shit and mayhem.) yardwideyarns @hotmail.com or PO Box 220331, Hollywood, FL 33020. I have the first year's worth of this column in zine format. Send $2 or equiv. in stamps or trade.

*David, I know you said to not feel obligated to write back, but I did and the message got sent back to me. I just wanted to say thanks & that I hope ya'll are rockin!

"I'm not condemning those who choose metal riffs, or write lyrics that don't make any sense"
-INSTED

It's nice to see the pendulum starting to swing back the other way in the Bay Area hardcore scene. While the punk scene here seemed to catch on to concept of "less is more" a lot sooner, the hardcore scene took its sweet ass time. I still did my best to try and focus on the message and motives of bands rather than on the type of music they played (despite what some of you may think). But let's face it; it's no secret that when it comes to hardcore, I prefer it fast and short, with little frills. And that pretty much sums up the new RIGHT ON demo. RIGHT ON brings you five tracks of fast hardcore with shouted vocals and catchy lyrics that get straight to the point. Fans of Matt's old band, SOME STILL BELIEVE, will definitely be able to get into this. My favorite tracks are "More To Me" and "Self Defense Mechanism". I picked this demo up at their first show, and I have to say it was one of the better first shows that I have seen. Everyone in the band looked like they were having a blast (especially John Eightclip), and their YOUTH OF TODAY cover was spot on. Contact the band at rightxon@hotmail.com to order a cassette demo. Now.

Another Bay Area newcomer is Straight Jacket Society fanzine. For a first issue, I definitely am impressed. Inside you'll find the real final interview with DAMAGE DONE, a one-page interview with THINK I CARE, a KILLING TIME reprint from Flipside, an in-depth interview with Anthony Pappalardo of IN MY EYES and GET DOWN, and some short record reviews. This A.P. interview was by far the most entertaining read here. They talk about sneakers, Mark Ryan, 50 Cent, and he tells a story about IN MY EYES that apparently even the rest of the band doesn't know. If you ever considered yourself to be an IN MY EYES fan, then you will definitely want to pick this up. Contact Pete at sjssociety@hotmail.com for your ink fix.

Next up is the Sweet Vision compilation 7" that just came out on Lockin Out Records. I am going to have to be honest and say that I was little disappointed. Most of these tracks seemed uninspired, with the exception of MENTAL, RIGHTEOUS JAMS, and maybe the JAGUARZ. The WRONG SIDE had way to many SLAYER overtones for my tastes, and the GET REAL track was a little bit of a letdown compared to their previous output. However, I would still pick it up for the RIGHTEOUS JAMS' track "Iron Mind". If I had to rate it, I would give this compilation a 3 out of 5. Ordering info: 91 Gordon Street, #20 Brighton, MA 2135.

I got this next item up for review in the mail a couple weeks ago. I didn't immediately recognize the address, so I threw it into my backpack to open when I got onto the subway train. I think I actually exclaimed "hell yeah!" out loud, much to a packed MUNI's surprise. I even looked over to a businessman standing next to me while I was popping this cassette into my walkman and said "I have been waiting for this for a long time." To which he pretended he didn't hear me. THE FIRST STEP demo. From what I understand these songs were never meant for the public's ears, which is a damn shame because these songs are nothing short of spectacular. These six tracks will eventually show up re-recorded for their LP that they plan on releasing at the start of summer on Livewire. My favorite tracks are…well, all of them.

Reviews for next column:
- Start Today #4, and hopefully the TOUCHDOWN 7"

Endnotes:
- The bit in last month's column on the MRR Auction was a sham. For those of you who don't know, it's a long-standing MRR tradition to lie to you in the April issue. April Fools!
- OUR TURN is finally done with the covers for the demo 7" (thanks to Mike Thorn). If you missed out on the cassette demo, now is your chance to check us out.

Contact:
Carl Cordova,
746 Baker Street,
San Francisco, CA 94115
ih8thekids@hotmail.com.

So I guess this is how it's gonna go down: Bin Laden gets unfrozen and dragged out for the cameras just in time to get Bush reelected, echoing the chillingly inhuman postponement of the release of hostages until Reagan could slither into office in 1980. Meanwhile, oil drilling continues everywhere. The draft[1] gets reinstated and military fortification swells to staggering levels in Haiti, Libya, Pakistan, Liberia, Iraq, Afghanistan, and who knows where else. Most pronouncedly, China's surge forth into superpowerdom continues at unprecedented speed, from the legalization of private property to the banishment of bicycles from congested areas of Shanghai; again, ominous echoes of the 80s' fear of Japanese technological knowhow, yet somehow the US government continues pouring obscene amounts of money into defense instead of education. Fast forward fewer years than we care to fathom; say, less than a nightmarish presidential term, and global warming[2] begins to accelerate in predictable and frightening ways: as the polar caps melt, the Atlantic is flushed with cold water which stops the supersalinated warm currents which rush up from the south to warm the Eastern United States and Europe: enter a new ice age. Crops fail and seasonal unpredictability becomes the rule. Florida gets very small, as does the United Kingdom. The United States rushes into action, erecting a new wall along the Mexican border to keep out immigrants intent on consuming our rations as US corporations close down Mexican plants. Concurrently, our military, long stretched thin from foreign adventures, is on the defensive against the massive onslaught of boat people headed for our shores. The EU congeals in the time of dire need to form a protected bloc while China seals its borders against India and Pakistan, who have

by this time amassed considerable nuclear capability. Due to the US' aggressive protectionism, the new superpowers levy vengeful tariffs on American imports and North America becomes an island. Whose side does Canada take? What does Cuba do? Israel? One thing's for sure, by this point I'm still not receiving my income tax refunds from the IRS because I defaulted on my student loans. Gas is still very, very expensive. For some reason, rich New Urbanist developers continue to purchase huge chunk of East Coast downtowns with the hopes of undoing the inconveniences of modern capitalism while still making obscene amounts of money. Literacy becomes a skilled profession acquired only through many years of specialized trade school due to religious magnet labor schools chartered by Bush's Supreme Educational Magnate in 2007. The population explosion which occurs after Roe V. Wade is stricken and The Necessary Heterosexual Coupling initiative spearheaded by Ambassador to Families Schwarzenegar puts further strain on diminishing resources, and the Homeless Criminalization and Liquidation Act of 2008 passes virtually unnoticed, as does the rather confusing ingredient label of the new state brand of Atkins Packaged Vegetable Food. Oddly enough, Hollywood continues churning out trite romantic comedies and predictably xenophobic action films for consumption by the incredibly rich and sequestered, who never really have to panic. On the positive side, world hunger has preempted a new set of crusades against the Islamic world and Christianity retains its 33 % of the world's religious adherents (thanks, Pope), while Eurocentric history continues as the dominant perspective until the humiliating End in 2012, as foreseen centuries ago by Mayans.

Endnotes:

There's a new series of Garbage Pail Kids done by the original artists, and they're rad. However, I can't buy them in RI because fuckin Lightning Bolt gets them first. My birthday was March 9th, and I'm accepting gifts of packages of Garbage Pail Kids to my address:PO Box 28226 Providence, RI 02908. Than ks.

Also, Scenery#14 and #17 is still available for $3 ppd from the same address. #18 will be the 10 year anniversary issue, huge with many colors and will be available soon after I find a place to live.

Lastly, if you're in the New York area around April 16-18, come to Clovis Press Books on Bedford in beautiful Williamsburg for the $40 Bicycle Sale, which promises to be a good time.

[1] S.89; HR 163 introduced in January; both reinstate the draft for men and women age 18-26. Canada will no longer be an option, nor will school. Maybe you should call your representatives like, *yesterday.*

[2] *Fortune Magazine*, Feb 9th

Mykel Board sez:

YOU'RE WRONG!

[Note: most of the dialog in this column originally took place in Spanish. I've translated it for the dolts who can't speak it. Americans who don't speak Spanish are dumber than idiots. George W Bush can speak Spanish, and he's an idiot!]

We already know what you are, my dear. I'm only trying to establish the price. — George Bernard Shaw

Take a bagel. Not a fat one, but one with a bit of heft and weight. Fold it in half. Press the two halves tightly together and look at it from the side. Not the folded side, but the side where the two curving mounds come together in geometric perfection. That is the Dominican Republic, where I now sit and write these words.

I reflect on the best asses in the world. Like perfect folded bagels. So tight you couldn't slide a sheet of paper between the cheeks. I've been to 43 countries and nowhere have I seen asses like this. Brazilian women have smooth curves that meld erotically one into the other. The boys of Denmark are thin and tight. Mongolian women have flat majestic buttocks. Still, nothing in the world comes close to the Dominican derriere.

Here I sit, next door to a revolution in Haiti. CNN reports on the undoing of Bill Clinton's only good deed. Bubba sent in the troops to put an elected leader in place of a bunch of gun-toters. Now, that's about to be undone by another bunch of gun-toters. Sad.

I've left my friends in Santo Domingo for a trip to Boca Chica. Lonely Planet says,

Entertainment in Boca Chica caters more to the lowbrow than to the highbrow. BC tends to attract and serve a crowd whose idea of an excellent time is drinking to the verge of vomiting... There are many bars for such pastimes in the area, as well as many prostitutes—so many that the town's reputation attracts lots of foreigners whose chief purpose is Boca's CHICAS.

Sounds like my kind of place.

Boca Chica itself means "mouth of the girl." It's not the mouth that I find most attractive.

I've just arrived by guagua, a roving van, made to seat nine, that usually carries 15. Added to the squeeze is my backpack and a little carrying bag. It's not a comfortable ride.

Off the bus, into town. I need to find a hotel, dump my heavy bags, work on my skin cancer, and clean up before I explore the chicas. I walk down Avenida Duarte, the main street. Though it's only two in the afternoon, there are girls galore.

"Hello. What's you name? Where you come from?" they ask, using their entire English vocabulary.

I smile and head down the road. I'm looking for something called the Suisse-Dominican House, recommended as a cheap but good hotel, close to the action.

Here's a Suisse-Dominican *bar*. Maybe it's related to the hotel. I'll go ask.

Behind the bar is one of the most beautiful Negresses I've ever seen. I'd pay fifty bucks to kiss the caboose of this one. Wow. If only I could have a girl like this. Besides, she's real friendly. Answers my question right away with an "upstairs, just ask upstairs."

I thank her and lug my bags around the corner and up a narrow rickety staircase. I'm on the roof of a concrete building. Next to me is a long shacklike structure with several doors. Closed padlocks seal each one from the outside.

A colored guy sits on a rattan chair at the end of the row of doors. He's pudgy, with a grey beard. He wears dark brown pants and a fedora. A newspaper rests open in his hands. It's not clear whether he's reading it or asleep over it.

"You got a room?" I ask.

Slowly, he raises his head and looks at me through metal rimmed grandfatherly glasses.

"Where's the girl?" he asks.

"I'm looking for a room for the night," I say. "You know. I just want to check in."

"Go that way," he tells me, pointing to an even ricketier staircase that leads to an alley, then to another building.

"Knock on the door," he continues. "If there's no answer shout CARMEN CARMEN. She will come down and help you... You sure there's no girl?"

I nod, stumble down the staircase and

walk to the door. The place looks deserted. Windows shut. No lights. I bang on the door. No answer. No one stirs inside. POW! POW! POW! Nothing.

"CARMEN! CARMEN!" I shout. "I want a room, CARMEN!"

Still no answer. I kick the door. Use both fists. Nothing.

Defeated, I trudge back up the steps to the rooftop.

"No one's home," I tell the colored guy.

"That's too bad," he says. "I'm sorry."

I hit the street again, and eventually find a place a bit away from the action, but at a good price. Seven hundred pesos (about $15) a night for a shared-bathroom-no-AC room.

I put on my bathing suit and take off for the beach. Laying my towel near a palm tree, I survey the scene. There are as many white girls with Dominican *escorts* as vice versa. More. Dozens of 'em.

Utne Reader wrote about "banana chasers." These are women, mostly from America, who go to Jamaica in search of the big banana. I've heard they even have organized tours. I didn't know the D.R. was a draw for the same end. But here they are. Pasty white European girls. From twenty something to seventy plus. On the beach, in their too small swimsuits. Getting oiled up by some big dark locals. My kind of equality.

After returning from the beach, and washing the sand from my crevices, I'm ready to hit the avenida again. By this time, it'll be closed to cars: a pure pedestrian walk of lust.

This is my chance to fill in the missing race-gender combination. I've had white boys and white girls. Oriental boys and Oriental girls. One Negro boy (thanks Matthew!), but not a Negress! I aim to fill that gap.

The sun is just starting to set. Mosquitoes are coming out to enjoy the twilight. They buzz around the streetlights and divebomb tourists who forgot their Deet.

It's not only the mosquitoes who come out. Girls too. Swarms of them. Sitting in the middle of the street. Filling the bars. Divebombing tourists.

A chorus of "What your name? Where you come from?" rises from the street like a hymn from a church choir. It's like Thailand, except here you don't have to pay the bar to "release" the girl. They're already released.

Some are not quite my type. They're mostly pretty. None older than mid-thirties. Still, long-time readers know my feelings about fat.

I admire fat people. They are brave in their shrugging off the fashion stigma. They are natural rebels whose very existence spits in the face of social convention. I've got tons of fat friends. I LOVE fat people. But I don't find them sexy. Although I'd stand up for them in a second, my little buddy between my legs will not.

It is a fat one who gloms on to me as I pass a group of whores sitting in front of the local pizza hut. She grabs my elbow and walks lockstep with me.

"What your name? Where you come from?" she asks.

"Mykel. New York." I say.

"You want to fickey fickey with me?" she asks, exactly in those words.

"No thanks. I'm just looking," I answer in Spanish.

"Oh, you speak Spanish very well," she says. "I like people who speak Spanish."

"You have a country full of 'em," I remind her.

"You a funny guy. I like funny guy," she says in sort of English. "You want to fickey fickey with me?"

"No," I say. "I just want to walk around. Buy some souvenirs, you know?"

"I'll walk with you," she says. "I can help you. We'll just be friends. If you don't want to fickey fickey, that's okay. We'll just be friends."

How am I gonna dump this girl? I don't know how to say "not my type" in Spanish. I don't want to be rude to her. Whores are people with feelings, just like most *MRR* columnists. But I don't want to settle for a *Coors Lite*, when *El Presidente* waits for me on every corner.

[Aside: The beer of The Dominican Republic is *El Presidente*, a fine beer that is 6% alcohol. My anarchist friends often go to the park, raise their bottles and toast, "This is the only Presidente I like."

An interesting note is that U.S. distributors have introduced Miller into the DR. They market it as a high-status, yuppie beer. It's the same marketing strategy that the shlubby Belgian street beer "Stella Artois" used in the US. It works. I guess there are suckers the world over.]

My escort takes me to a German-run bar. She sits next to me. I order a Presidente for both of us. When I turn to click glasses with her, she purses her lips into a big smackeroo. This is going to be difficult.

A mid-thirtiesh guy staggers over to our table and sits down. His half-open eyes have heavy dark circles under them. Above them, thick black eyebrows sprout no two hairs in the same direction. He looks like he's just awakened from a week-long beer binge. Fumbling with a pack of cigarettes, he removes one with shaking hands.

"Do you know vat time eet isss?" he asks in a thick German accent.

Not having a watch, I translate for my companion, who does.

"Nine thirty," she says in Spanish.

"Vat?" he asks.

"Halb neun." I say.

He nods. "Gib mir eine Presidente." he says to the bartender. Then to me, "Ver you come von?"

"New York," I tell him.

"I komm von Zan Dieko," he says. "I speak a bit Cherman becausss my muter... no my Grandmuter, came von Chermany."

"He's lying," I tell my chubby friend in Spanish. "If he's from San Diego, I'm from Chad."

She laughs like she knows where Chad is. Then she sticks her tongue in my ear.

That's the spot. Every guy has one. A direct connection to the penile blood vessels. Suck my balls or lick my ear. That's all it takes. I briefly reconsider her fickey fickey offer... but no. The night is young and I am not. I have to say no.

"Sorry," I tell her, paying for our beer. "I have to go... alone."

She looks hurt as I get up, say "entschuldigung" to *The Guy From San Diego*, and start walking down the street.

I reach the end of the blocked off section and turn to head toward the beach. It's dark. No street lights. No people on the side streets. Nothing. I piss in a doorway, then turn around and go back to the action.

I pass a bar with a huge open window in front. In that window is one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen. Skin slightly darker than a UPS uniform... without a pimple. There's a slight oriental cast to her face. A tight halter top barely contains her upper amplitude. That double dose of deliciousness sets off a tiny tight waist, with muscles that ripple like a belly dancer's. Her hips glide out from there. A skirt cut at an angle, like a lightning bolt across her thighs, barely covers the good parts. I don't have to actually see her ass to know it's the crowning glory to a face, a body, a work of art sculpted by my own personal god.

"Ola," she says to me.

"Ola," I say back.

"Why don't you come in?" she says in Spanish.

I crawl in through the window.

She laughs. A cute, girly kind of laugh, but one with (I think at the time) sincerity.

I am smitten. I feel like someone's drugged me. Shot me with something. I'm usually as romantic as a cactus... but now my knees are buckling.

We sit together at a table. Another attractive, slightly older woman sits with us. They both wear some kind of tag or ID card.

I order an El Presidente for myself. "What do you want?" I ask the goddess. She says, "tequila." I buy one for her and one for her companion. They drink them quickly.

"What your name? Where you come from?" she asks in English.

"Forget about that," I answer in Spanish. "I want to take you away from all this. I want you to move to New York and live with me. You have to be near me. I want to share my life with you. You are like no one I've ever met before. Give me your name. Here..."

I pull my diary from my back pocket.

"Write down your name and address," I tell her. "I'll have a lawyer working on your immigration papers tomorrow. Then we can live together. I'll be able to worship you close up. I'll be able to touch your body every night. We'll see the world together. We'll... we'll..."

"Buy me another drink," she says.

I buy her another drink. And one for me. And one for her friend. She gets up to go to the bar to get them. That's when I can see them. Those glorious gluta maxima. Those rounded symbols of Dominican dominance. The sun, the moon, the stars, rolled into two perfect semi-spheres. I can go blind now. What's left to see? Why live a life of settling for a sunset or a field of flowers? I've seen perfection. The seat of god(dess). What more is there?

In the middle of my aesthetic ecstasy, she turns around and brings the drinks back to the table. Her friend finishes hers and gets up to attend a bubble-bellied Italian tourist. The guy wears a Hawaiian shirt, khaki shorts, and rubber beach sandals.

"What's your name?" I ask the goddess.

"Clairie," she says, "and yours."

"Mykel," I tell her. "I don't care about your last name. Soon it'll be the same as mine."

She laughs, drinks up and speaks again.

"I saw you before, but you don't recognize me," she says.

"If I saw you pre-natally, I'd remember you." I tell her.

"No," she says. "Remember you asked me about a hotel, or some rooms? I told you to go up the stairs."

Bang! It clicks. My first impression lust. My "if only I could get..." I'm getting her! Maybe I'm wrong about God being a bitch. Right here. My dream girl speaking to me. And she's about to speak again.

"I'm hungry," she says.

"Foie gras?" I ask. "Truffles? Humming bird tongues?"

"I want a pizza," she says. "Buy me a pizza."

Not knowing how much a pizza is, I take four hundred pesos out of my wallet. I'll let her pick out what she needs. She takes the whole kit and caboodle and hands it to the woman who'd been at our table.

"Buy a pizza," she says, "with lots of things on it."

While we wait, I buy us each another drink.

"You want to fickey fickey with me?" I ask her.

"I have to work at the bar," she says.

"What time do you get off?" I ask.

"At four AM," she says.

I look at the clock. It's ten thirty. I'll die.

"Isn't there any way you can take off early?" I ask her. "Why don't you just quit and live with me?"

"Well..." she starts. Just then, the pizza arrives.

Clairie puts the box on the table and opens it. Every girl in the bar comes over for a piece. They chatter away in Spanish too fast for me to understand. In a few minutes, there is a piece of crust left for me to gnaw on.

After the pizza, the black goddess rubs her hand across her stomach. I think it's a sign of hunger satisfied. I think wrong. Again, she talks with her friend. I don't get the Spanish completely, but I do recognize the word *menstruacion*.

"Can you give me 250 pesos?" she asks. "I need some *women's things* at the drug store."

"I'll go with you," I say. "I'll go anywhere with you."

"I can't leave," she says. "I told you. I'll have to send my friend."

I give her friend the money. She leaves and returns in less than a quarter hour.

"Sorry," says her friend, "the pharmacy was closed." She does not return my money.

Back to the table. Another set of drinks. I'm up to my sixth beer and I don't feel it. All I feel is an attraction so fatal blood leaks from my pores.

"Isn't there some way you could leave early?" I ask her.

"Sure, you can pay the bar to let me go," she says. "Five hundred pesos."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?!" I tell her, almost knocking her over as I stand to grab my wallet. "Who do I pay?"

She leads me to a DJ booth in the back room. Behind it sits a big guy, who, were he American, would have the name Bubba. He takes my money and gives me a receipt. "Service," it says.

I grab Clairie's hand and we're out the door.

[Whoops! Time's up. *MRR* editors are tighter than a Dominican ass with their space. You'll have to wait until next month. But before I leave, I do want to rant a bit about whoredom in general:

You pimpled punks. You're gonna bitch. You, whose mom drives you to school in her Ford Explorer. You're gonna complain. You're gonna say "Prostitution is Slavery."

Listen you worthless bag of meat. You wouldn't know. *All* work is slavery. That's life in this world. But you tell me which is worse. Cutting sugar cane in the hot sun for two dollars a day, or working when and where you want for lots more than that? Who gets abused more? Whores or share croppers? I don't want to hear that I'm *exploiting* people by buying sex. *You're* exploiting people by buying Domino sugar. Get it?]

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—>*Farting in the Greenhouse dept: The Utne Reader* reports that folks in California have pasted bumper stickers on hundreds of unwitting SUVs.

I'M CHANGING THE CLIMATE! ASK ME HOW! say the stickers.

The ones I've been pasting are a little less subtle: OF COURSE I'M AN ASSHOLE! I DRIVE AN SUV.

And hey, ever notice that a disproportionate number of SUVs are driven by Jews and Negroes? Like Cadillacs in the 50s and 60s. People work so hard to show that they've made it, then wind up being clichés. It's sad.

—>*Tough one to call dept:* France is now debating whether to ban "religious symbols" from public schools. These include Moslem headscarfs, Jewish yarmulkes, and Christian crosses. Since most of the

current hate in the world comes from organized religion, I can sure see banning displays of it. But a headscarf is different from a creche. One is personal. The other is an imposition on everyone. The government is certainly right in banning an imposition, but it is not right on banning individual expression. France, often right in matters of international policy, is wrong here. Just like in Haiti.

—>*Speaking of Haiti dept:* Latin Americans have a joke. It goes:

Q. Why are there no coup d'etats in the U.S.?

A. Because the U.S. doesn't have an embassy in Washington.

—>*As if you really needed men before dept:* According to the Feb. 2001 issue of *New Scientist*, A surgeon has developed an implant that triggers orgasms in women. It's surgically inserted under one asscheek and connected by electrodes to the spinal cord. You can trigger it by remote control. It's now in the testing stage. I bet they don't have a problem finding guinea pigs for that test! I wonder who pays who.

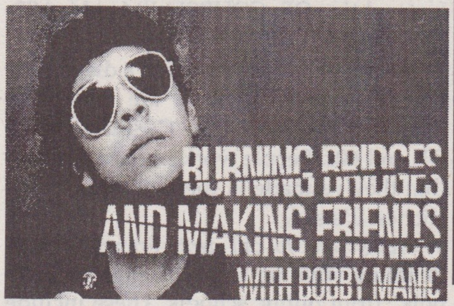
—>*They want US to pay THEM? dept: Budget Travel* magazine reports that DELTA AIRLINES will no longer serve free meals on its flights. Instead, they're going to charge prices higher than a Korean deli.

Sample: a bag of potato chips: $2. A turkey sandwich: $10. Paying for airline food? What's next, dog owners charging "a sidewalk-decoration fee?"

—>Most importantly, I want to thank my friends in Santo Domingo. Eriel, Robert, Maria, Maikel, Javiar, the lovely Lisa and lots more. I'd list contacts, but I lost my address book and diary on the trip back from the airport.

Two great Dominican punk bands are LOS PEREX and LA ARMADA ROJA. There is also a guitar god who plays in nearly every band in the country, but I forgot his name. If he lived in Sweden, it'd be Yngwie Malmsteen.

PLEASE, check out: PunkDominicano.com, a must for all things Domini-can and punk. I'll write more on this later, but I have to reconstruct names and address because of the tragedy of my lost book.



The new BOSS MARTIANS is fucking amazing. They have always kinda been hit or miss, even back when they were a surf band, but this album is actually quite good. There are some songs that sound dead on like ELVIS COSTELLO—if "Oh Angela" isn't the new "Alison" then I don't know what is. This record has a little something for everyone. It's got big guitar sounds on some songs, a lot of key and moog to keep the power pop/new wave fags like myself happy, and a lot of hooks and clever lyrics that even jaded, grumpy, and mildly retarded jerk faces will love. Seriously, find this album and give it a spin. It's not a classic, but it will hold you over until the new FEVERS LP comes out.

I also got the new FALLOUTS album.... it's not a bad album but it's just so tra-la-la happy. It's a very feel good warm spring day record. Kinda reminds me of the LUCKSMITHS and THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS at times. Not necessarily musically, but in the way that it makes you want to sit out under a tree on a sunny afternoon and smile at the cute girls ridding their bikes past you giggling about something only they would find funny. When the weather changes look for this and listen to it on your headphones while you're on the way to post office to mail that rent check and love letters.

I also got this CDEP from a band called SOME ACTION from NY. I had no idea New York still had good punk rock bands. I mean, yeah these guys do look like they could be in any number of those NYU dropout 70s rock throwback bands, but they sound like the fucking DEAD BOYS, SAINTS, and HEARTBREAKERS with big production and really tight.

Alien Snatch is releasing a lot of great stuff (as usual). I just heard the GHETTO WAYS LP. Fucking great. It's fucking gritty. Everything about it is dark and fucked up. It's like if the girl from the DETROIT COBRAS, one of the REATARDS, and BILLY CHILDISH had a really bad day and decided they were going to document the craptastic-ness of it by making a record that sounds exactly like a the feeling you get when it's pouring down rain, your transfer just expired, and you have to walk two miles in the rain with nothing in your pockets but less than half a pack of cigarettes and no lighter. Be warned, you may want to break something after you listen to this.

Alien Snatch is possibly my favorite label these days, between the FEVERS, MINDS, and KIDNAPPERS, they really can do no wrong, and they continue the legacy of quality by working with BBQ, the VON ZIPPERS, and LEGHOUNDS. New albums by all three.

Speaking of the Kidnappers, their single on Zaxxon finally made its way to *MRR*. It's good. I'm not going to lie, the LP is way better production wise and in terms of general rocking-ness, but the single ain't no slouch. The a-side "Spanish Girls" is probably one of their best tunes and though the b-sides aren't nearly as memorable, they get the job done. You aren't going to find me saying anything bad about these guys. Ever. Look for an interview with them in these pages very soon.

I just got turned on to the greatness that is M.O.T.O. (MASTERS OF THE OBVIOUS). Their *Spiral Slouch* EP on Shit Sandwich records came out a few months ago, but I forgot to mention it. Aside from sentimental attachments to their name, I really, really dig this record. They serve up that BUZZCOCKS brand power pop with a Midwest rock'n'roll feel. Big guitars and big hooks. I need to find copy of this.

Dirtnap just sent me two albums that are destined to be on my list of yearend favorites. The SPITS' third album (which is once again self titled) and JEFFIE GENETIC AND HIS CLONES. The Spits are always good for new wave tinged KBD punk rock, and these nine tunes are no exception. They make you want to smash everything in sight and break out your old Casio. They also deliver their longest tune yet, "Which Hunt" clocks in at three minutes and twelve seconds (although, in all fairness the first minute forty-five is just weird talking and noise [which, come to think of it, is a rather odd and annoying way to start an album]). Aside from the false/delayed start, the rest of the album is fucking brilliant.

Last month I casually mentioned how great the CLONES album was going to be. Little did I know how much of an understatement that was. It's one of the best new wave albums I have ever heard. Jeff is a great songwriter first and foremost, but the band's gimmick is something of sheer genius. Check this out; apparently while his band the NEW TOWN ANIMALS were taking a break he began working on a solo album, playing all the instruments himself. This is that album. The band was originally called the Clones and featured Jeffie and his genetic doppelgangers (Jeffrey, Jefy, Jeffery and Jeff) backing him. Great idea right? The photos are all of Jeff in different outfits playing different instruments (kinda like Outkast's "Hey Ya!" video). The band had to slightly change their name when an old UK band with the same name became upset, so rather than scrap the gimmick all together Jeff and Dirtnap tacked on "Jeffie Genetic and

His...". Gene. It's problem solving like that, and bands like this that make life worth living.

Bottom Line:

*Sorry for last issue's jumbled paragraphs. It was the result of me sending my column in a weird format. Won't happen again... I hope.

*I'm sorry this column wasn't longer, but I'm still unemployed and homeless. I've had a really rough year so far. Buying new records and keeping up with all the good stuff isn't in the cards for me right now, but I'm still trying.

*revmanic@cs.com is still the email, but I have a new mailing address. 1709 Bay St, Alameda, CA 94501 is where I'll be receiving mail for a while. So if your record simply needs to be heard by me send it there.

"Fuck you fucking pussy asshole! You like everything! Why don't you just say something sucks! We all know it does! You fucking cock!" This is what Proud To Be Idiot Records CEO Anusandro screamed at me last time I bumped into him (or last time he tackled me...however you wanna look at it). I shrugged it off just like the other times he's yelled at me, but a few days later (right around *MRR*'s designated column deadline time), Anusandro's comments had me spinning. My initial reaction was to write a column in which I tore every record a new asshole and spout off about the unbearable levels of suckocity. I decided against it (realizing that only seven people would get the joke) and chose to draft a little roadmap for the lost souls out there. If you just want the record rundown, skip to the first band name you see.

If you are a regular reader (I pity both of you), chances are you might agree with Anus' observation. There have been a few occasions where I've been told that this column is a bit daunting (I suppose that's the polite way of paraphrasing Anus' comments). Anyway, I've heard that sometimes there's just too many records discussed in this column to know what's worth picking up and what's worth ignoring. A general rule of thumb to consider is that, nine times out of ten, the first record I write about in each section (new releases and reissues) is my top pick of the column. If you desperate pieces of shit need me to do all your legwork for you, the first record is the one to go with. Then again, if you are listening to me, you should mail order stuff and never leave your house. The rest of the world will benefit from your hermit-inspired lifestyle.

Secondly, just because I write about a record doesn't mean I consider it to be a mandatory purchase. Since taking over the column, I've kind of developed a specific set of criteria that makes a record "worthy" of being mentioned. This fluctuates a bit depending on my moods, tastes and health, but I think it stays fairly consistent. For lack of a better term, this column deals mainly with weirdo punk/garage new releases and reissues. From the garage boom (an imaginary trend in circles where people actually know what "garage" is) to synth-punk to blown-out madness, I try to cover the notables and the obscurities, with special attention to the latter. That said, just because I write about a German import single by some clearly mediocre band doesn't mean it's a favorable review. How can you tell if it's mediocre or not? Well, I usually preface these comments with a snide remark about record dorks, so it should be perfectly obvious by the description that I think the record is just OK...or a total waste of time.

Lastly, hatred and being jaded are trademark qualities of the particular genres I discuss every month. Contrary to popular belief, I hate more than my fair share of bands, records, and people. That said, this column takes up a lot of my time (not to mention income), and it would be a waste to talk about stuff that totally sucks ass. I go out of my way to do so each and every month, but it's ultimately more rewarding to me (and you) to dish stuff that's actually worth investigating. If you want to read about incredibly bad records, I'm sure there are other places you could look. Now, if all of you will kindly shut the fuck up, I'd like to talk about some "New Shit". Anyone else got a fucking problem?

You might have been a little curious as to why I chose to wait a month to discuss THE PONYS debut LP, *Laced With Romance*. First off, I was really looking forward to this record and really wanted to devote a bunch of time to it before writing about it here. A bigger reason for the delay was that I was nervous. Since the release of their first two singles and their scattered comp tracks, I have had a very hard time telling people what The Ponys sound like. It didn't help matters that people were *always* fucking asking me this question and I had to fumble and pull something out of my ass to trick people into thinking that I knew what I was talking about. Sometimes that works...but I bombed big time with The Ponys. I made the most embarrassingly stupid sonic comparison *ever* with my review of their *So Sentimental* 7"EP, likening it to a *Killed By Death* version of THE CURE. Reading that makes me wish I could stick butcher knives in my ears and twist...it's pure horseshit.

While the comparison may hold a teeny bit of water in some alternate universe, it just isn't a good indication of their sound. Is there a fair amount of UK post-punk/DIY in their sound? You bet your ass. There are also very apparent nods to girl-group soul and psych freak-outs. At their heart though, The Ponys are a dark, swirling pop band with enough attitude to please punks and more than enough hooks to please, well, anyone. *Laced With Romance* and its companion 45, "Prosthetic Head" b/w "How Does It Taste?" (both on In The Red) sound incredibly refreshing to me, having drowned in a sea of synth buzzing and dime-a-dozen soulful garage clones for far too long now. The album is adventurous even by In The Red's standards and should trigger a comparable amount of what-the-fuck-was-I-thinking-ness as records like *Black Wave* and *Piranhas Attack* triggered. Yeah...it's *really* good. Hopefully, you've already found that out.

Speaking of *Piranhas Attack*, this month marks the return of the great Tom Perkins Entertainment, the label that brought us flat-out classics by PIRANHAS, EPILEPTIX, and other notables. Proving once again to be a label that takes risks, TPE brings us the debut 45 by THE VALENTINOS, a band featuring former members of the recently split CLONE DEFECTS. However, you shouldn't pay much attention to the members' past work, as "Aerosol Dream" b/w "Tell Me That It's Over" sounds nothing like previous combos. What you've got here is some dead-on BRIAN ENO/ROXY MUSIC worship, which threw me for quite a loop. If you enjoy *Here Come The Warm Jets*, you'll be all over this. If you are one of the more adventurous readers out there, I also say give it a chance. If you solely in it for the TOXIN III covers and duct tape pants, you're gonna be mighty pissed.

One of my favorite labels, Sacramento's S-S Records has two new releases! The first is a 7" single by Portland, Oregon's POINT LINE PLANE entitled *Shhhh Boom*, which is described as

"mutant dance punk." Judging by S-S's track record, I'm betting on it being that and much more. The second release should catch more than a few eyes: *Babyhead*, a compilation LP that assembles exclusive tracks by some of the most out-there punkish acts around today. There are exclusive tracks by A-FRAMES, THE INTELLIGENCE, COUNTRY TEASERS, CRASH NORMAL, and many more familiar crazies.

DUCHESS OF SAIGON, another one of the *Babyhead* bands, has finally released another single (it only took two years to follow up on S-S's *Easter Queen* 7"EP)! They've decided to stick with Sacramento and help launch a new label, Plastic Idol Records! The *Hootenanny* 7"EP quickly picks up where *Easter Queen* left off, featuring four great tunes that blend sweet pop with primitive bashing. The unlikely pairing works so well, it will make you wish that you thought of it first.

THE CLOROX GIRLS seem to be the great young hope of many an aging punk rocker. Their Johnny Cat 7"EP garnered an incredible amount of praise, but I suspect that'll be nothing compared their *S/T* debut LP, out now on SmartGuy Records! The tunes just worm their way into your skull. The LP is an infectious blend of punk, pop and youthful energy. If you liked the single, this'll floor you!

Once again, I find myself hunting down singles by new LA bands. Thanks *Let's Get Rid Of LA*. Revenge Records has released the debut 45 by THE RED ONIONS, "Live Wire" b/w "Sexy Thing". The Red Onions play dirty, energetic garage, coming off as the perfect West Coast soulful equivalent to THE BLACK LIPS. Their sound has a lot more groove, but is still just as primitive and juvenile. Think of it as punk rock dance music for minors under the influence. Sadly, this appears to be the final release for Gabe Hart's Revenge label, which produced some mighty fine singles over the years (early STARVATIONS and FLASH EXPRESS records being the highlights). I like the hand-written budget sleeve...and the red vinyl!

In last month's column, I made brief mention of a single by MISS ALEX WHITE & CHRIS PLAYBOY. Well, I'm very sad to report that Mr. Playboy was killed in a car accident in February. There are so many levels of sadness to this that I feel bad even talking about the *Young Monsters* 7"EP. All I will say is that if you enjoy two-piece low-fi garage, you'll shit yourself. R.I.P.

Anyone out there remember THE DEADLY SNAKES *Ode To Joy* LP from last year? I thought it was one of the better LPs of 2003, but it was strangely missing from my year-end "Best Of" list. I think it totally blows away their other albums and In The Red apparently thinks so too. Why else would they release 2x7"EP showcasing one of the standout tracks, *I Can't Sleep At Night*, nearly a year after the album's release? Probably as a wake-up call to the fuckers who forgot about it. I stand corrected.

OK, time for the "Old Shit." There really isn't much this month, so it'll be quick. Along with their excavation of THE PUNKS, Rave-Up Records has returned with two more installments in their series of "American Lost Punk Nuggets." The more notable of the two is their SHOCK LP, *This Generation's On Vacation*. I feel like I'm constantly writing about this band, which is strange because they really aren't a favorite of mine. Still, the *Killed By Death* fans might wanna pick this up, even if you already grabbed one of the two CD reissues (this version features material not on the recent Wankin' Stiphs CD). Vol. 10,000,000 in Rave-Up's series belongs to the 1979 kings of Santa Cruz, CA: THE REALTORS, whose *Guilt By Association* LP features live material. Need I say more?

Remember Hate Records' LP reissue of THE CHIEFS from a few years back? Well, Dr. Strange has gone ahead and re-released *Holly-West Crisis* on CD, tacking on a live video clip of the band you can watch on a computer. I already have the LP and I hate computers. Guess the joke is on me.

Sympathy For The Record Industry has done a lot in recent years to reintroduce people to one of Australia's greatest bands, THE SCIENTISTS. It sure took Long Gone John long enough to get to the band's classic early material, but better late than never. The *Pissed On Another Planet* 2xCD features the very early, very punk Scientists early singles, debut album and unreleased goodies from their formative stages. Folks who have only been exposed to their later material won't know their ass from a hole in the ground after hearing the "Frantic Romantic" 45. Hopefully we can expect Munster to handle the vinyl versions like they did for SFTRI's previous Scientists reissues. If that happens, you'll hear about it here.

Acute's METAL URBAIN madness continues with another reissue. Post-Urbain combo, METAL BOYS, released only one LP, *Tokio Airport*, and Acute has reissued it on CD with the typical bonuses. If you weren't sold on the Metal Urbain disc, I doubt this will make you a believer...but for the sake of completion...

What's this I hear about REALLY RED and MENTALLY ILL reissues?!?!?!? You'll just have to wait until next month. Sorry for the rant appearing at the beginning of this column. Introductions are usually quite difficult to come by, and I was inspired! And pissed off! See you next month! <<Mitch Cardwell>> <letsgethurt@yahoo.com> PO Box 23882, Oakland, CA 94623 USA.

Everywhere We Go

DEADFALL, one of the best punk bands in the Western United States, has a new LP out for you fucks! This new Six Weeks Production is called *Destroyed by Your Own Device* and these thirteen songs kick ass! The DEADFALL EP from two years ago won the punks' hearts and this LP takes the battle up to the next level. Nic, Mark Andrei, and Scotty assault your senses immediately with "Tear the Walls Down" and then go for the throat with "Destroyed by Your Own Device." Read these lyrics: "Work your life away maintaining machines/ Blood and sweat for technology/ Your machine weakens body and mind/ Your machine will be your demise/ It'll catch your arm and drag you in/ Cogs grind bone, bloody gears still spin/ This cold machine doesn't flinch for your life/ Destroyed by your own device/ Waste your mind away maintaining machines/ lobotomized by a technical dream/ Your machine weakens body and mind/ Your machine will by your demise..."

The men slash through "Disconnect" and arrive at "Never Be," another great song. You will enjoy these words: "You talk about the old days/ When you were just like me/ But you don't know shit about my life—this is not a phase/ Don't tell me anything/ I've heard your anecdotes/ I don't romanticize the 80s or miss the 90s/ You gave up/ You gave in/ You moved on/ I'm not you/ I'm not inspired...and will never be/ You tell me that these feelings won't last long/ And it once meant something that now is gone/

Don't tell me anything/ I don't need advice/ When it's no longer "cool" to be punk/ Those involved are more sincere." Good shit!

Nic screams passionately through "Good Cop, Bad Cop," "No Such Thing," "Let Down," "Log Off," "Something Inside My Head," "Regurgitation" and "Climax." This is a great record! Quite possibly their best recorded material yet! Andrei's great artwork adorns the jacket of this LP and you get a killer poster by Andrei inside. Yes!

Order your DEADFALL *Destroyed by Your Own Device* LP from Six Weeks Records, 225 Lincoln Avenue, Cotati, CA 94931. Go see DEADFALL live—they play punk rock live and furious—really hard! To contact DEADFALL email scottykarate@hotmail.com or write DEADFALL at PO Box 22641, San Francisco, CA 94122.

Armen "Wretched One" and Headache Records from Midland Park, New Jersey have an excellent split EP prepared for you this month!

The culprits on this EP are BROKEN HEROES from the Garden State and TOUGH SKINS from the Golden State. The BROKEN HEROES start the ball rolling with "Smashing Hippies," that longtime indoor/outdoor entertainment. This song is fast and furious with guitars blazing in reference to hippies. The second BROKEN HEROES song is "Held Back," about the youthful exuberance we reflect on read these recollections: "I remember in those days/ When I was just a lad/ Wondering when I'd grow up and be just like my dad/ What the hell was I thinking/ I was better off back then/ Now all I do is bust my ass then it's back to work again/ Girls and beer and punk rock shows is all that we enjoy/ You're out of luck/ We're ready to ruck and it's Oi! Oi! Oi! Oi! Oi! Oi!/ We used to go out all the time and drink a tub of beer/ Trying hard to impress those girls and spread a bunch of fear/ You'd better have not messed around with us cause we'd beat you till you bled/ Pour our beer all over you then take your girl to bed!/ Something about the violence that kept us coming back/ Something about flying bottles and that feeling before attack/ I guess I'll never know but I had a lot of fun/ See ya later I gotta go cause my work is never done!" Good stuff!

Side two of this EP is performed by the TOUGHSKINS from Southern California. These guys play skinhead rock with plenty of authority! Again, you will read about flag burning in the song "Payback," as you might expect, the TOUGHSKINS are not amused! The final song on the EP is "Never Do Anything Right." Very good! The TOUGHSKINS and BOVVER WONDERLAND have carved their own niche in California skinhead music. Write to Headache Records at PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432, www.headacherecords.com.

Bordes De Seine Records from France has some skinhead treats for you this month! First up you get, SKIN DISORDER from Brooklyn, New York. These tough guys are ready for action and they come out of the chute with a full head of steam! Side "A" starts off with "Soldier," song two is "Vendetta" and one gets the impression that you wouldn't want to fuck with these guys. Side "B" starts out with "Darkside" and then clobbers you with "Freedom Fighter." Good shit!

Fans of OXBLOOD and FIRST STRIKE will like this rough and ready skinhead rock. Exhibit number two on Bords De Seine is the French band HAIRCUT. Yes! This has deep, gruff, singing in French with superior guitar and bass playing. HAIRCUT starts off with "Chronique un Militaire," which has a great beat and then slams into the song "Spend My Time." Read these words: "I spend my time in a dead city/ With a dozen guys across the streets/ To burn the cars, to steal the rich/ I spend my time and I loose it/ I spend, I spend my time.../ I spend, I spend my time..." Now that's good skinhead music! Churning guitars and great singing make for a winning combination!

Next up on Bords de Seine is HAGGIS from Norway. The new HAGGIS EP is called *Pride is Our Crime* and the men lead right into the title cut! This is skinhead rock with an emphasis on full-throated rock n' roll! The harmonies and singing are in full force with the guitars delivering a wall of sound not unlike the legendary BONECRUSHER from Orange County, California.

Song number two on side "A" is "Subway" and this tune continues the two-pronged guitar attack. The sing-a-long choruses on "Subway" are great! Side two starts off with "Flashing Tits" which has some catchy riffs for you skins and punks. The grand finale is "No Limit" which extends the rock n' skin theme right to the end of the EP. Good shit with a sense of humor! The tongue is firmly planted in the cheek for HAGGIS. Good stuff!

The final selection on Bordes De Seine this month is CLOCKWORK CREW with their *For the Boys at the Front* EP. CLOCKWORK CREW plays melodic street punk not unlike the SWINGIN' UTTERS or VOICE OF A GENERATION. You get lots of good sing-along parts. This is a pub rock winner! After "Boys at the Front," the CLOCKWORK CREW goes right into "Punk Enough." Side two contains "Car Park Dream" and "Take Me Away." The CLOCKWORK CREW has a good DROPKICK MURPHYS sound to offer!

For SKIN DISORDER, HAIR CUT, HAGGIS and CLOCKWORK CREW product write to Bordes De Seine, BP 85, 75561 Paris CX 12; www.bordsdeseine.fr.st.

ON FILE from Scotland has a stomping good melodic Oi! record for you on Revenge Records. The new single is called *Birds Don't Like the Skinheads*. This stuff is quite good! ON FILE starts with the title track, the excellent anthem, "Birds Don't Like the Skinheads." This song is catchy Oi!. The "B" side is just as good! "Everywhere We Go" is Scottish Oi! at it's best. These guys can play street music with conviction! Read the words to "Everywhere We Go": "We always have a laugh and a couple of beers/ Been doing it now for so many years/ A different place but the faces they are the same/ Cos the kids on the street will always remain/ For the boys from the city/ And the girls from the town/ We are all in this together/ There is no way we'll back down/ Working class and proud/ Shout it out so loud/ Everywhere we go/ Went to Belgium Oi! Oi! Oi!/ The girls drink more beer than the boys/ England, France and Germany/ And a first class trip to Norway/ We're getting stronger all the time/ Me and the lads are doing fine/ No way we'll ever stand in line/ We're getting stronger all the time/ Seeing the world and meeting new friends/ Lets hope that it never ends/ Of all the places we've ever been/ I get homesick for my Scottish housing scheme/ We're getting stronger all the time/ Me and the lads are doing fine/ You'll never make us stand in line/ We're getting stronger all the time." Excellent!

ON FILE play melodic Oi! they way it was intended! The second record out on Revenge Records this month is LOYALTY from England with their *No Shame Just Pride* EP. These characters crush you with the title cut right from the get go! "No Shame Just Pride" has the gruff vocals and churning guitar that so many skins are partial to. This song kicks a lot of butt!

The second cut on side A is "Dirty Phone Calls", about political subterfuge that undermines a scheduled gig. Side B of the *No Shame Just Pride* EP offers up the song "You're to Blame", which reveals a sad

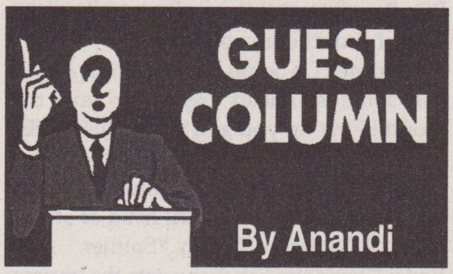
tale. Read these lyrics: "For the promise of a better life, she signed herself away/ Traveling here from an Eastern land, it ain't no holiday/ Domestic service in an English home, escape from poverty/ But once she's looked up in that room, freedom's taken away/ You're to blame/ You're just as much to blame/ You dirty bastard/ You're just as much to blame/ You met a geezer in a seedy club, he told you where to go/ Down the alley knock on the door, pay your money and in you go/ You see a girl in a frightened state, you know things ain't quite right/ But you pathetic bastard, you just ignored her plight/ Took away her passport, took away her life/ Beat her and degraded her, just ignored her crisis/ To you she's just another piece of meat, misery to exploit/ But without you she's got nowhere to turn, pain without a voice/ Can you believe this country, slavery is here today/ To satisfy the vices of the sick and the departed/ Point the finger at the bastards, the pimps are the ones to blame/ And the so called fucking punters, they're all part of the game".

Yes! LOYALTY employs a very evil skinhead sound that has copious amounts of venom dripping from every word! LOYALTY and RETALIATOR are two English skinhead bands you should investigate! Contact Revenge Records at eddierevenge@aol.com or LOYALTY at loyaltyengland@hotmail.com.

R ' N ' R from Massachusetts have a new LP out called *The Infamous and Notorious* and this noisy rock fest combines hardcore singing with rock n' roll bass, guitars and drumming on the faster songs. These guys have harnessed some of the enthusiasm that 80's rock/metal bands enjoyed. These guys have attitude. Read the words to "12FU": "One, two, fuck you!/ I've never been all that fucking tough and growing up I didn't have it all that rough/ My parents did the best they fucking could to raise a human being not a hood/ I am not a punk and I am not a skin, nor am I emo, youth crew, or mod looking to fit in/ I guess I'm just a prick who is fucking sick of incessantly listening to all your fucking bullshit and who are you to say that I don't belong here?/ What the fuck gives you the right?/ Where do you get off passing fucking judgment?/ When you fuck with me, know this, I just might!/ I don't wanna fight, but I will, although I'd rather just chill..." Pretty ballsy shit!

R' N' R hammer you with "Can't Stop the Rock", I am not Impressed", "Hardcore", "There is a Difference" and "Weak Ass Shit". This is hard rocking shit! Contact Manic Pride Records, PO Box 42593, Philadelphia, PA 19101; www.manicpriderecords.com.

Until next month, See you fucks at the bar.



Survivor—a person who has been subjected to sexual abuse, including childhood molestation, coercion as an adult, or other sexual violence.

We, as a community, have been talking about sex, and power, and abuse in our scene again lately. What people have been talking about are accusations that have been made; I want to talk about how to prevent some of these things from happening. There are pieces out there trying to figure out how we should deal with perpetrators in a way that allows for the possibility of change and forgiveness, and we've only just started to figure this out, but this is incredibly important too. Because we know that police and the mentality of policing doesn't work, and that it isn't what we, as punks, believe in, so it's necessary to come up with something different. What I would like to see is a bunch of survivors of abuse writing down how to be sensitive to our needs, how to do the right things, because I think this is what people are needing. This column deals with being sensitive to people who have been fucked with sexually at some time, but since the advice in here is intended for situations where you don't know if the other person is a survivor or not, the idea is that you just treat everyone this respectfully. Sounds good, right?

But you know, I do know that there are reasons why more of this isn't already out there. It is, in the end, your responsibility to educate yourself! And for this, I can't stress enough the importance of people's stories (and those are out there, all over if you look), even if you can't relate, reading and listening and listening, because otherwise you will never ever begin to understand! And if you don't understand, it isn't enough to memorize a list of rules of how to be supportive—you will forever be saying or doing the wrong thing and unable to figure out why people are angry at you or disgusted or writing zines about how much you suck.

Dealing with survivors over a period of time is a big issue. And it's really hard and really important. But there are, actually, books and stuff out there about that, and it's not really what I want to talk about. I want to talk about what I see coming up in our lives so often, which are more casual encounters. Like for example, maybe you guys are drunk and you start making out at a party. Or you've been flirting for a while, and go on a date and finally start making out. What I mean is, you don't really know each other super well yet, and it's just not the time for a big talk, you know? Like maybe after, or next time, you'll start talking and tell each other things about your histories or whatever, but by then it might be too late; you might've already totally freaked this person out by maybe unknowingly acting like a total dick.

Some stuff should be obvious. If someone says, "I don't want to be sexual" and then you put your hand in their pants while they're asleep, well, I can't help you. You're a creep, and you're not trying not to be one. But! I think even the biggest creeps can change! I believe this. I think if we don't believe this, we may as well give up. I mean it, just lie down and die! Because if you don't think the fucks can change, why try? Why fight?! Am I being too optimistic? Maybe. But I prefer it that way. I'm going to assume that the majority of you out there are good people, that if you're making out with someone, it's because you like them. That you want it to be fun for both of you, you want them to be happy, you don't want to cause them pain. So I'm going to try to help you, so no one need ever say again, "I didn't know! How could I have?"

Now, maybe you don't think you know anyone who's been abused. Maybe you think, sure, but this doesn't have anything to do with me and the people I know. Well, I'm sorry, but I think you're wrong. If you think you've never been with someone with a history of abuse or rape, it is much more likely is that you simply aren't coming across as someone who people feel they can tell these things to. You might read this and think, well, that's not my friend, I know they can take care of themselves! Like as if some girl who throws bottles at cops (or whatever, insert your friend here...) would not be able to say no! But that's not so! This is different. It doesn't make sense maybe,

but it's true. Actually a person can be very outspoken and still be unable to stick up for themselves sexually. And, in fact, survivors of violence are very often these very same tough-as-hell seeming people, which makes sense when you consider that it is, of course, actually pretty self-destructive behavior to pick fights with cops, for example.

Seriously, almost every one of my friends has some story that would break your heart, and I think they are a pretty normal cross-section of the scene. I do think that it's possible that that the punk scene has a higher incidence of survivors than the general population, although how can I say for sure? But I did happen to be reading a list of symptoms of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (which is what happens to soldiers, you know? they used to call it shellshock? but also to victims of abuse) and one of the symptoms is "difficulty with authority!" Fuck yeah! So who knows…

Aside from the practical advice part of this, the how to make out with someone without unknowingly causing them to relive their histories of abuse or just be a jerk, I want to say a few things. One is that, no matter what you think about all this, whether you think you need this advice or not—consider this! If you take my advice and you treat everyone in this way, you will be so popular! People will tell each other, oh, s/he was so sweet and great and…do you see where I'm going with this? I'm trying to say you'll be better in bed, OK?? And that everyone will want to get it on with you!

Another is that just because you're a girl doesn't mean you can't do things to people that might be triggering or putting pressure on them or in any way that you are uninvolved or do not have to worry about these things.

And the same goes for survivors of abuse. Being a victim does not make it impossible for you to victimize, and in fact we are statistically much more likely to pass on our fucked-up shit. It's not easy to take care of yourself and someone else at the same time, but we need to try. We, of all people, know how important it is to be sensitive to other survivors!

And! Just because you do it only with boys doesn't mean you don't need to worry about these things either. Yes, more girls than guys are sexually victimized in this society, but given that pretty much every girl I know has some kind of fucked up story, that's not saying much. Really a lot of guys you know have been through some really hectic stuff (statistics cite 1 in 5 males, as opposed to 1 in 3 females, but everyone acknowledges that the vast majority of abuse is unreported, so these statistics are pretty meaningless. I've never been polled you know?) And the fact is that it can be even harder for male victims to talk about these things, that there may be even less space where they can feel safe dealing with these issues, and even less consideration for their pain. So please be careful with everyone, OK?

The absolute number one most important thing is to pay attention to the person you're with! Even if you're really drunk, or really turned on, or both. If you can't tell if they're into or not, if they're being real quiet, stop! It is your job to stop if you suspect your partner is not having fun. The most sure sign you will ever get that something is definitely wrong is if the person who you're with seems to change suddenly, to become quiet or more withdrawn, tenses up, stops looking at you, or anything that makes you feel more alone suddenly. Do not assume they are all right! And then, don't just hear what you wanna hear—if you stop, and then you say, "hey, you OK?" well, sure, pat yourself on the back for being so rad if you need to, but then! If the person you're with kinda looks down or up or off to the side and says real quiet like, "no, it's nothing don't worry, I'll be fine," you know something? It is not OK to be like, "well, I tried, no one can say I didn't, so fuck it." I mean, do you like this person or not?! Sex is supposed to be fun! For both of you! You can tell the difference between someone who's having fun and someone who isn't, I know you can. The problem is that most people second guess themselves, they think, well, I must be wrong, it must just be how this person is, maybe she's always quiet, or it must be fine because he's a dude and guys always want to have sex, and because otherwise they'd say something, right? Well, no. Not necessarily.

One of the first and most common causes of misunderstandings in a sexual context, and one of the most pervasive side effects of any kind of abuse history, is many survivors' inability to stick up for themselves in the ways that matter most. Abuse, especially if it happened when we were children (or, as is so common in the scene, in our teens) teaches us that it doesn't matter what we want, it won't be respected, and if we don't say anything we don't have to face the fact that that is what is happening. If we say no, and someone does what they want to our body anyway, we have to face the fact that a violation has occurred. However, if we don't say anything we can later say to ourselves, "well, they didn't know, so they aren't so bad and I don't have to deal with the things I would have to if I admitted to myself what I know and feel, which is that they should have known, and that I secretly hate them." You don't want your loved one (or even some random person you think is hot) to secretly hate and resent you! What this means, in real daily life, is that the person you are making out with may be actually literally unable to advocate for themselves, to say to you, please stop. Please don't. They may be frozen by the fear that you will not like them anymore, or that you may think that they don't like you, or they may just be so far inside themselves that they cannot do anything.

Because that is what happens. We freeze. Basically what happens to most of us when something is going on that reminds us of the bad things that have happened to us in the past is that we shut down, mentally and emotionally. We turn inward so that we do not have to experience the things that are happening to our bodies, because it is so painful emotionally and/or physically, and so terrible, to have someone disregard you in this way. It's kind of hard to explain, but anyone who has been through this sort of thing can tell you that it's true. And your goal is not to cause anyone to have to do this, ever, because it is a terrible, traumatizing feeling. If you do this to someone, it's fucked up, even if it was not on purpose. (Read Cindy's recent columns in Slug and Lettuce, she talks about this better than I ever could.)

Which brings up the other really big thing. If someone tells you something about their personal experiences with sexual trauma, however unlikely it may seem, you must believe them. Period. If someone says to you, "if you touch my elbow while I'm kissing you I will freak out," I don't care how silly it seems to you, just don't do it! And furthermore, try really hard to understand, to really understand that it's important. It doesn't have to be about sex! But also, it won't always be as easy as that, their needs might cost you something. Like, this person you're hooking up with might say, I can't have intercourse, and also I can't go down on you. And you might think, but that's the only way I can come, but you are gonna have to figure something out, because it's really really not OK for you to try to talk them into it, even by telling them how gentle and how great you'll be

about it. You must respect them, and their needs! It is not easy for a survivor (or just a girl in general in this society) to reach the point where they can even figure out what it is that they need, let alone tell you, so for god's sake take it seriously when they can.

It's not easy to do these things. Mostly, it's really hard to learn how to be truly present in sexual situations. But it is possible, and I think it's desirable to try to change the way we are with relation to sex for reasons other than just not getting zined. This is something our society just doesn't teach us how to do or encourage us to learn, and in a way we are all survivors of the fucked up things we're taught about sex. We learn that we're supposed to want it all the time, but also that it is shameful. We are bombarded with sexual imagery every day, yet we are told that we shouldn't talk about sex, especially not honestly; that sex is only okay to talk about if it's in alienating gross ways that aren't good for anyone's sexuality. And so lots of times we're so busy trying to prove something that we can't just relax and have fun, and in a way, I think everyone can benefit from thinking about this stuff.

And while it doesn't come naturally, neither does relating to each other in these fucked up ways. We were able to learn that; we can unlearn it. It isn't something that happens all at once; it is a constant process, even for someone who thinks about this stuff all the time. But it can happen!

A couple other random things—

—It's great to ask people what's up and be ready to talk to them about it, but if they're not ready or up to talking about it, please respect that too. It doesn't help to be all macho about your new role as a supportive partner and go around demanding that people open up and share with you, right now!

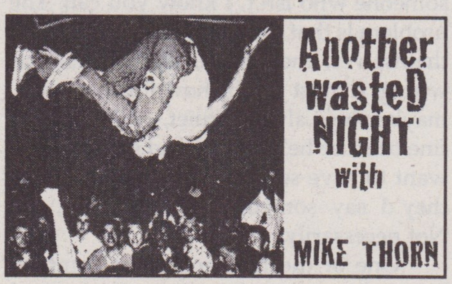
—Try not to take it personally if your partner says, yes, actually I am feeling freaked out and I don't want to do this right now. Don't give the person a guilt trip. They're having a hard time already and probably a lot of guilt issues too.

—One thing does not mean or imply another. If someone says they are OK with kissing, it doesn't mean they are OK with being felt up, etc. It means they are OK with kissing.

—Just use protection—your partner shouldn't have to ask, and they damn sure shouldn't have to argue about it. And if you can't get it together enough to carry any (here in the US it's not hard to get this stuff for free you know, even out in the middle of nowhere—if you're somewhere else and legitimately can't, write me and I'll send you some stuff) then accept that you may not get to do certain things as a result. No arguing!

—OK, this is a tricky one, and you all can write me and tell me how fucked up I am (yes, you, Mykel), but listen—if you're a dude over 30, and you're dating someone who is more than five years younger than you then consider the possibility that there may be a serious power imbalance in your relationship, which probably rules out any possibility of honest communication. You may think you're different, and you may really be, but everyone thinks their relationship is the 1% that isn't fucked up, and 99% of them are wrong, you know? I spent my whole teenage years dating people much older than me, and probably would've written a letter to *MRR* defending it, saying it wasn't like that, but it wasn't until I had a boyfriend of my own age for the first time when I was 19 that I realized how different it was to be in an actual relationship of equals where I felt like I could actually speak. Does my experience mean everyone is like this? No, of course not, but I've talked to plenty of other punk girls who know exactly what I'm talking about and have the same history. And an unequal dynamic means that the chances of someone enduring sex that they are not comfortable with or that may be damaging to them are increased many many times over.

Write to me and tell me to fuck off c/o *MRR* or at anandiwonder @yahoo.com



Just a few things this month. First of all it seems like a few too many people believed my April column, so to set the record straight, I'm not leaving *MRR* to pursue an exciting career in the art of spoken word. Sorry to dissapoint, but I have no plans to split anytime soon, so you're all going to be stuck with me for some time to come. This is, however, Arwen's last month as coordinator.

Arwen and I have worked together for three and half years—which translates to forty-one issues of *Maximum Rocknroll.* There have been times when I couldn't stand to be in the same room with her and days when I've felt closer to her than anyone else in my life. She has been my friend as well as my partner in crime here at *MRR*. I will miss her being around on a regular basis, and being co-coordinator dearly. Truth be told, I am having a hard time imagining doing this with anyone else.

So, good luck to you Arwen, in your future path. You will be missed.

Endnotes:

•Shoes, they are your friend. If I see one more fucking dingbat walking around at a punk show without any shoes on, I will step on your feet. Hell, if I see one more recently-graduated-from-college douchebag walking the streets of SF sans shoes, I will stomp on your feet. I say this because I care; not wearing shoes in an urban (or punk) enviroment will enable you to contract all sorts of nasty diseases. Plus I don't want to see your stinky feet.

•Bands on tour must get paid. Don't show up at a show with a 24 pack of beer and then say, I don't have any money. I will take half your beers and give them to the band. Don't be a dick—when you go to see a show, be certain to bring the required amount of dosh. And if you are doing a show for a touring band, don't just pass the hat and hope everything works out OK, prepare people in advance and work the fucking door! Remember, you can't dumpster dive gasoline.

•The following foreign bands bands are touring the USA this year—go out and support them! (there may be more, but this is off the top of my head): FORWARD (Japan), PAINTBOX (Japan), NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS (Denmark), BRUCE BANNER (Sweden), MUGA (Japan), TOMORROW (Japan), UNCURBED (Sweden), FRAMTID (Japan), DISCLOSE (Japan), SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS (Sweden), MANIFESTO JUKEBOX (Finland) and I heard a rumor IMPERIAL LEATHER (Sweden) is coming too. Sadly I will be missing NO CHOICE (UK) on their East Coast tour with AGAINST ME! so I'm not going to mention them. Get out there and check these bands out! What else you do you have to do with your time? Sit around and jerk off on message boards? Yeash!

•Having a difficult time getting *MRR* in your part of the world? Stores selling out of it to fast, or not stocking it? Let us know, so we can pass the information on to out distributors and so they can do their job.

•As usual, I can be reached via mikethorn@maximumrocknroll.com or by the *MRR* PO Box.

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS... WITH ARWEN CURRY

My dad's side of the family is big on reunions—we're talking like thirty people, every year in Florida. Naturally there are lots of greetings and farewells. My dad is legendary for this thing— whenever it's time for someone to go home, and everybody gathers around their car to say goodbye, he disappears. The goodbye part is hard for him, and ritualizing it doesn't make it easier, like it does for some people. I'm fighting the urge to follow his example—to just write about the weather or something, and not to say, it's been nice to be here, everybody, thank you for everything, see you soon.

But here it is, April 2004 in real time, my last month as coordinator at *MRR*. I just took my *MRR* PO box key off the ring where it's been hanging for six years, and handed it over to Cooper, who does mail on Fridays and is always losing his key. So that's that then.

We were hoping to have a replacement by now, but instead we have a few promising folks in different stages of interviewing. I'm pretty sure one of them will get the job. If I'm right, Mike will only have to do it alone for a month or two. Even though he's capable of running the show by himself for much longer, it sure can be lonely without someone to stress out and celebrate with. So send him your best wishes, and be patient with the new person, too.

Mike and I started off fighting this morning, and twenty minutes later we were both crying like preschoolers. We both really finally felt it, that I'm leaving. If that seems like an intense reaction, remember that this has not just been my job, but my real work—not to mention my home—for almost five and a half years. Mike and I have worked together for more than half that time. It's one of those things where there so much to say, you just don't know where to start. You just hope that somewhere down the road, you'll be able to piece it all together.

I've been sad all week putting together this issue, thinking about people here and how much I'll miss them. I don't even like to think about living without Clara in the room next door—it's bad enough when she leaves town for a week. I wanted to thank people in this column, but it just made my head spin, there are so many shitworkers and friends I love and admire. Better not to try, and to just hope they know how much they helped me, and helped keep *MRR* strong through some of its biggest challenges.

I answered an interview for a Spanish zine last night, my last interview as spokesperson for *MRR*. The question was, "Would *MRR* be a kind of looking glass to see the whole world punk scene evolution?" I thought that was a good question. I wrote, "I think it's true that MRR is the closest the punk scene (or community, if you prefer) has to a lasting, reasonably accurate document of itself." I didn't add that it's a document of my own life, too, and I'm proud to have it.

••••

So, the weather. The weather has been very strange recently; hot and clear—keep in mind I'm talking about March. After two weeks of 80 degree days, the city let out a deep breath and cracked open a beer. "It's summer," the city told me, "time to listen to Teengenerate and sleep naked."

But it wasn't summer, just a global warming-related tease. That became abundantly clear yesterday, as I waited in the county courthouse with all the other dismissed jurors—assorted undesirables trapped between the metal detectors and a sudden, pounding hailstorm.

I mean, this was beyond cats and dogs. It was raining skinheads and bouncers. I had two options, and both were appealing in their way: I could wait out the storm with my fellow rejects, or make a break by myself through the crazy rain—which who knows?—might last all afternoon. What to do—wait for the storm to pass, or run for it?

You know the rest. I ran for it.

I'm keeping my email until further notice:
arwen@maximumrocknroll.com
And my address will be the same:
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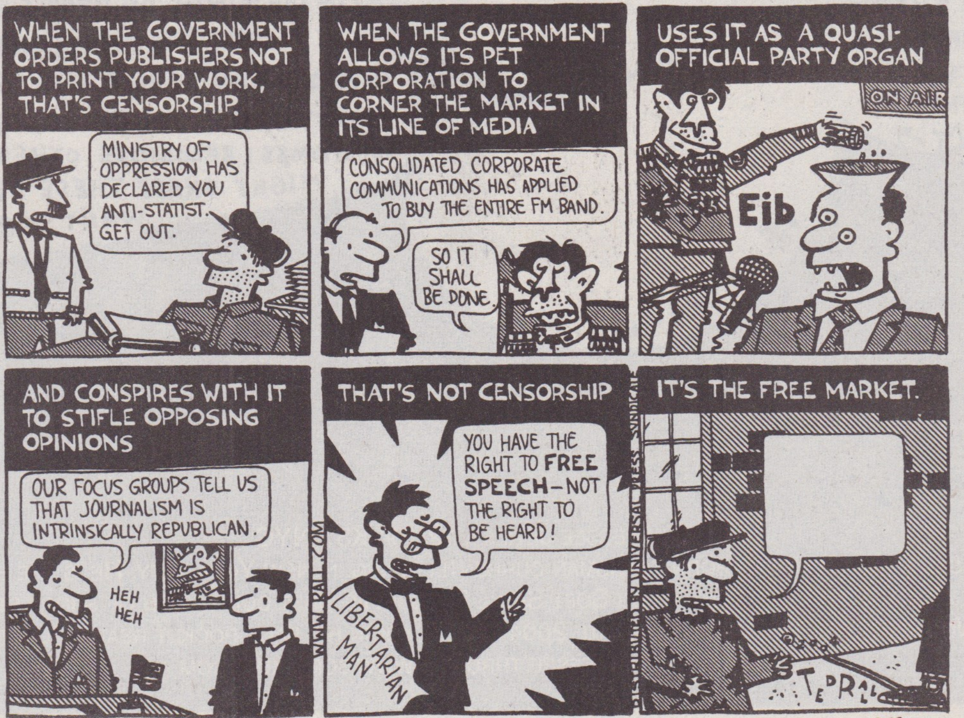
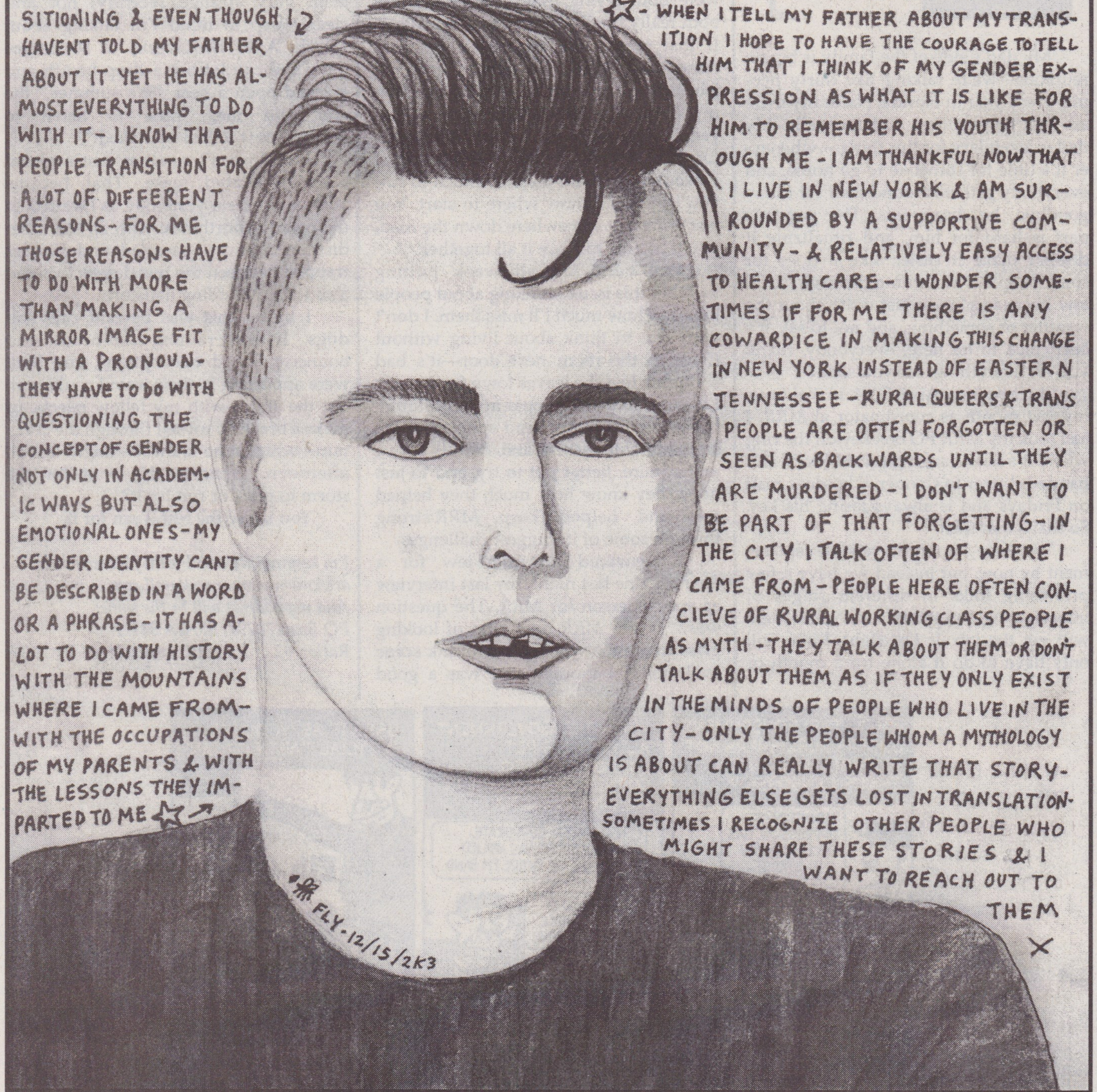


3-19-04-C

PEOPLE TEND TO MAKE UP MYTHOLOGIES ABOUT THEMSELVES - ITS NOT EVEN THAT WE MEAN TO DO IT - ITS JUST THAT WE REMEMBER CERTAIN THINGS - I GREW UP IN THE MOUNTAINS IN EAST TENNESSEE & MY FATHER WAS AN ALCOHOLIC & A SHEET METAL MECHANIC - MY MOTHER WORKED FOR LEVIS & WE GREW TOBACCO FOR EXTRA MONEY - I GREW UP WORKING IN TOBACCO - SO THERE WERE A LOT OF TIMES I THOUGHT ABOUT BEING A BOY BUT THE FIRST TIME I REALLY REMEMBER WAS ONE WINTER WHEN I WENT OUT INTO THE FIELD & IT WAS SO COLD THAT I HAD TO WEAR MY DADS CLOTHES RIGHT DOWN TO HIS BOOTS - & I FELT NATURAL FOR THE FIRST TIME - I MUSTVE BEEN ABOUT 13 AT THE TIME - IT WAS 11 YEARS LATER THAT I DECIDED TO MAKE THAT AFFINITY FOR MASCULINITY A LOT MORE CONCRETE - I STARTED TRANSITIONING & EVEN THOUGH I HAVENT TOLD MY FATHER ABOUT IT YET HE HAS ALMOST EVERYTHING TO DO WITH IT - I KNOW THAT PEOPLE TRANSITION FOR A LOT OF DIFFERENT REASONS - FOR ME THOSE REASONS HAVE TO DO WITH MORE THAN MAKING A MIRROR IMAGE FIT WITH A PRONOUN - THEY HAVE TO DO WITH QUESTIONING THE CONCEPT OF GENDER NOT ONLY IN ACADEMIC WAYS BUT ALSO EMOTIONAL ONES - MY GENDER IDENTITY CANT BE DESCRIBED IN A WORD OR A PHRASE - IT HAS A LOT TO DO WITH HISTORY WITH THE MOUNTAINS WHERE I CAME FROM - WITH THE OCCUPATIONS OF MY PARENTS & WITH THE LESSONS THEY IMPARTED TO ME ☆

☆ - WHEN I TELL MY FATHER ABOUT MY TRANSITION I HOPE TO HAVE THE COURAGE TO TELL HIM THAT I THINK OF MY GENDER EXPRESSION AS WHAT IT IS LIKE FOR HIM TO REMEMBER HIS YOUTH THROUGH ME - I AM THANKFUL NOW THAT I LIVE IN NEW YORK & AM SURROUNDED BY A SUPPORTIVE COMMUNITY - & RELATIVELY EASY ACCESS TO HEALTH CARE - I WONDER SOMETIMES IF FOR ME THERE IS ANY COWARDICE IN MAKING THIS CHANGE IN NEW YORK INSTEAD OF EASTERN TENNESSEE - RURAL QUEERS & TRANS PEOPLE ARE OFTEN FORGOTTEN OR SEEN AS BACKWARDS UNTIL THEY ARE MURDERED - I DON'T WANT TO BE PART OF THAT FORGETTING - IN THE CITY I TALK OFTEN OF WHERE I CAME FROM - PEOPLE HERE OFTEN CONCIEVE OF RURAL WORKING CLASS PEOPLE AS MYTH - THEY TALK ABOUT THEM OR DON'T TALK ABOUT THEM AS IF THEY ONLY EXIST IN THE MINDS OF PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THE CITY - ONLY THE PEOPLE WHOM A MYTHOLOGY IS ABOUT CAN REALLY WRITE THAT STORY - EVERYTHING ELSE GETS LOST IN TRANSLATION - SOMETIMES I RECOGNIZE OTHER PEOPLE WHO MIGHT SHARE THESE STORIES & I WANT TO REACH OUT TO THEM

X



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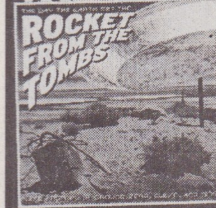
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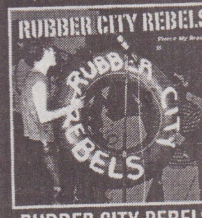
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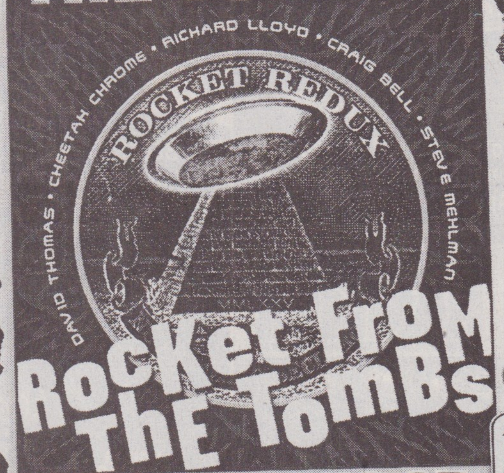

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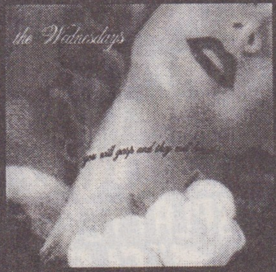

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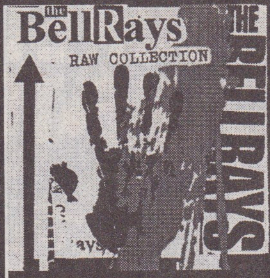

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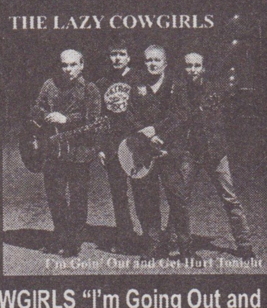

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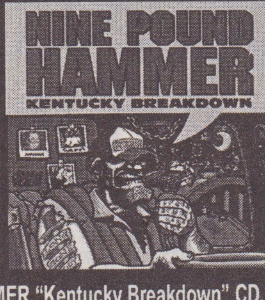

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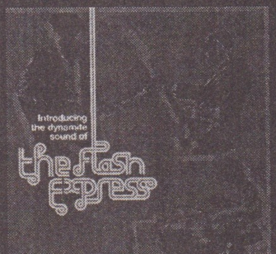

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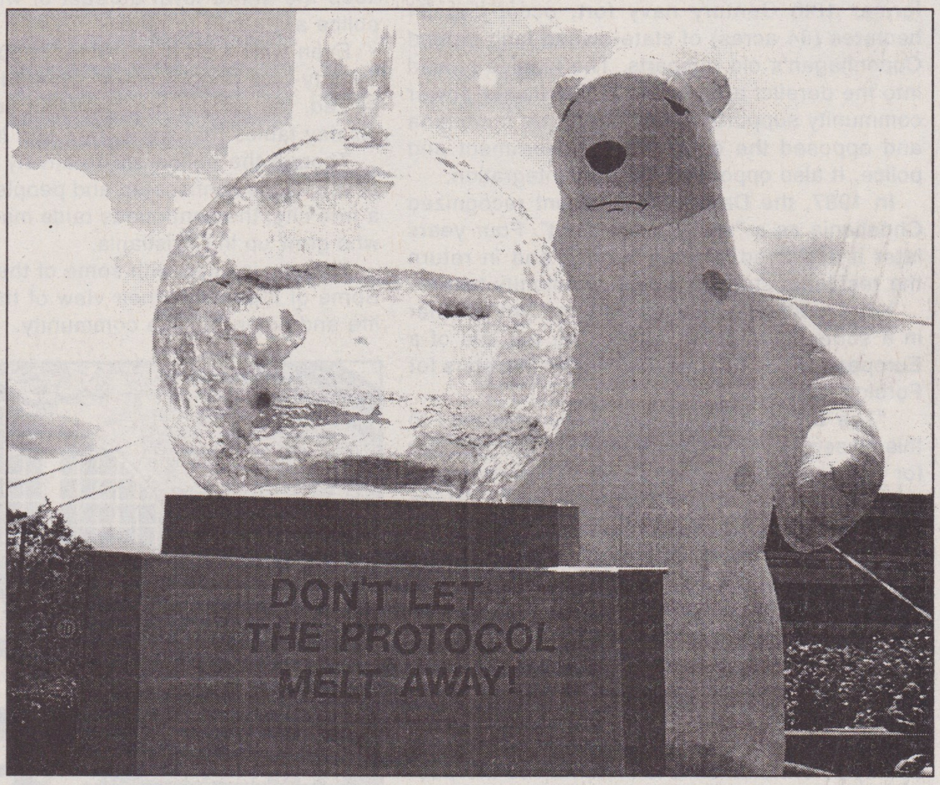
CLIMATE CHANGE WILL DESTROY US

from *The Observer*



A secret report, suppressed by US defense chiefs and obtained by The Observer, warns that major European cities will be sunk beneath rising seas as Britain is plunged into a "Siberian" climate by 2020. Nuclear conflict, mega-droughts, famine and widespread rioting will erupt across the world.

The document predicts that abrupt climate change could bring the planet to the edge of anarchy as countries develop a nuclear threat to defend and secure dwindling food, water and energy supplies. The threat to global stability vastly eclipses that of terrorism, say the few experts privy to its contents.

"Disruption and conflict will be endemic features of life," concludes the Pentagon analysis. "Once again, warfare would define human life."

The findings will prove humiliating to the Bush administration, which has repeatedly denied that climate change even exists.

The report was commissioned by influential Pentagon defense adviser Andrew Marshall, who has held considerable sway on US military thinking over the past three decades. He was the man behind a sweeping recent review aimed at transforming the American military under Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld.

Climate change "should be elevated beyond a scientific debate to a US national security concern," say the authors, Peter Schwartz, CIA consultant and former head of planning at Royal Dutch/Shell Group, and Doug Randall of the California-based Global Business Network. An imminent scenario of catastrophic climate change is "plausible and would challenge United States national security in ways that should be considered immediately," they conclude. As early as next year widespread flooding by a rise in sea levels will create major upheaval for millions.

A group of eminent UK scientists recently visited the White House to voice their fears over global warming, part of an intensifying drive to get the US to treat the issue seriously. Sources have told The Observer that American officials appeared extremely sensitive about the issue when faced with complaints that America's public stance appeared increasingly out of touch.

Bob Watson, chief scientist for the World Bank and former chair of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, said that the Pentagon's dire warnings could no longer be ignored. "Can Bush ignore the Pentagon? It's going be hard to blow off this sort of document. It's hugely embarrassing. After all, Bush's single highest priority is national defense. The Pentagon is no wacko, liberal group—generally speaking it is conservative. If climate change is a threat to national security and the economy, then he has to act. There are two groups the Bush Administration tend to listen to, the oil lobby and the Pentagon," added Watson.

"You've got a President who says global warming is a hoax, and across the Potomac River you've got a Pentagon preparing for climate wars. It's pretty scary when Bush starts to ignore his own government on this issue," said Rob Gueterbock of Greenpeace.

Already, according to Randall and Schwartz, the planet is carrying a higher population than it can sustain. By 2020 "catastrophic" shortages of water and energy supply will become increasingly harder to overcome, plunging the planet into war. They warn that 8,200 years ago climatic conditions brought widespread crop failure, famine, disease and mass migration of populations that could soon be repeated.

Randall added that it was already possibly too late to prevent a disaster happening. "We don't know exactly where we are in the process. It could start tomorrow and we would not know for another five years," he said. "The consequences for some nations of the climate change are unbelievable. It seems obvious that cutting the use of fossil fuels would be worthwhile."

You Are Now Leaving the EU: Christiania Gets Raided

Compiled from the BBC and a special to DRCNet by Valerie Vande Panne

The entrance to Christiania reads: "You are now leaving the E.U." Christiania—the name given to the area by its hippy inhabitants—is a former 18th Century navy fort, occupying 34 hectares (84 acres) of state-owned land behind Copenhagen's old ramparts. The hippies moved into the derelict area in 1971. The flower-power community supported nudity and free marijuana and opposed the concepts of government and police. It also opposed European integration.

In 1987, the Danish Government recognized Christiania as a "social experiment". Four years later it approved the community, and in return the residents started paying community taxes.

Yet Christiania recently suffered yet another in a series of raids on August 28, the eve of a European Union Informal Meeting of Ministers for Foreign Affairs.

"The EU meeting is completely unrelated to this sweep," said Ulrick Knudsen of the Minister for Foreign Affairs office. "I wasn't even aware there was a sweep." While the Foreign Affairs office denies knowledge of the sweep, residents of Christiania believe differently.

"They swept the day all the government people came to town for the EU meeting," observed a merchant from the part of town known as "Pusher Street." The Danish Police were unavailable during several attempts to contact them for comment.

Marijuana, hash and mushrooms are enjoyed openly in Christiania. It is important to the people there that access and use of these items be open. Sentiment runs strong, however, against heroin and "hard drugs," which Christiania residents do their best to banish from the community. Signs declare "No Hard Drugs." One resident even said the fact they don't allow hard drugs is the most important part of the community. "About ten years ago, we went through and moved everyone out who did hard drugs, or told them they had to quit. Then, we drug tested them to make sure the ones that stayed didn't use hard drugs. We also set up support groups for them and for people who drink heavily. We try to be supportive, and help the alcoholics before they become homeless and jobless."

Christiania is an enclosed community —there are only a few entrances and exits. The streets are filled with "the biggest dogs in Denmark," as a Copenhagen local observed—pit bulls and mastiffs lounge in the shade and play fight in the streets. Unmarked guards at the perimeter keep watch 24 hours a day. The residents and guards in Christiania are connected to each other through two-way radios and a closed circuit computer network. The guards keep the entire town abreast of what's going on outside—including when the police are about to raid.

Even with a bit of warning, people are still arrested and goods confiscated. Twenty-one people were arrested in the August 28 raid. Among the items seized, the people of Christiania seemed most upset by the loss of numerous display tables that were large and in many cases heated.

Though the police are relatively nonviolent, the experience of being raided, possessions confiscated and people arrested takes its toll. "Even though we are a free city, the continuous raids make it hard for us to relax," said a young man who grew up in Christiania.

The city is filled with some of the most beautiful graffiti artwork in the world. Some of it portrays their view of the police as death. Most of the art breathes life and color into the community.

US government faked Bush news reports

Chris Tryhorn/ *The Guardian*

It has emerged that TV news reports in America that showed President George Bush getting a standing ovation from potential voters have been exposed as fake. The US government admitted it paid actors to pose as journalists in video news releases sent to TV stations intending to convey support for new laws about health benefits.

Investigators are examining the film segments, in which actors pretending to be journalists praise the benefits of the new law passed last year by President Bush, to see if they could be construed as propaganda. Two of the films are signed off by "Karen Ryan", who was an actor hired to read a script prepared by the government, according to production company Home Front Communications.

Lawyers from the investigative arm of Congress discovered the tapes as part of an investigation into federal money that was used to publicize the new law. They will be keen to ascertain whether the government might have misled viewers by failing to reveal the source of the videos, which were broadcast in Oklahoma, Louisiana and other states. "Video news releases" of this sort have been used in the US since the 1980s, but the way they blur the lines between news and advertising trouble many media experts and campaigners.

The government defended the videos, which Democrats described as "disturbing". "The use of video news releases is a common, routine practice in government and the private sector," a health department spokesman told the New York Times.

VNRs are also used in Europe but a furor surrounding a Greenpeace video package about its campaign to prevent the dumping of Shell's Brent Spar oil platform sent to British broadcasters some years ago led to new rules clamping down on their use. Guidelines were subsequently drawn up to label video news releases as such—a category which the regular Osama bin Laden videos now fall.

Elections in Mbekistan: Democracy for the Few

Dawn Paley/ *Indymedia*

Less than two weeks after South Africans go to the polls on April 14th this year, the international community will be fed images and narratives from massive ANC sponsored "10 years of democracy" celebrations. The twinning of these celebrations with the release of the federal election results will obscure an international visibility of on the ground mobilizations against the ANC by South Africa's most marginalized people. They will also serve to legitimize the South African neoliberal project and reinforce the ANC government's international reputation as a government that is truly loved by its people. What must be made visible is that from underneath the continued reign of the ANC government, community groups across the country are encouraging election boycotts and non-participation in the electoral process.

At the same time as the national and international propaganda machine of the ANC remains seemingly invincible, a strong resistance to their politics is building. Due to the inflated and highly undemocratic R200,000 ($40,000 CDN) fee to run for office, this opposition is being forced to organize outside of the electoral framework. It is from community based social movements within South Africa that resistance to the ANC is being generated, even though these groups are separate from union, NGO or institutional structures and thus lack basic financial support and resources in order to fund even a basic public awareness campaign.

The reasons for organizing a campaign against voting for the ANC become clear when the 'transition' that has occurred since 1994 is viewed through the lens of the nation's poor majority. University of Kwa Zulu Natal research fellow Ashwin Desai explains that after 1994, "although the black elite became rapidly richer and the white poor became rapidly poorer... in general terms whites got richer and blacks got poorer." This phenomenon has been labeled "economic apartheid", and has been reinforced by the ANC government through their economic policies.

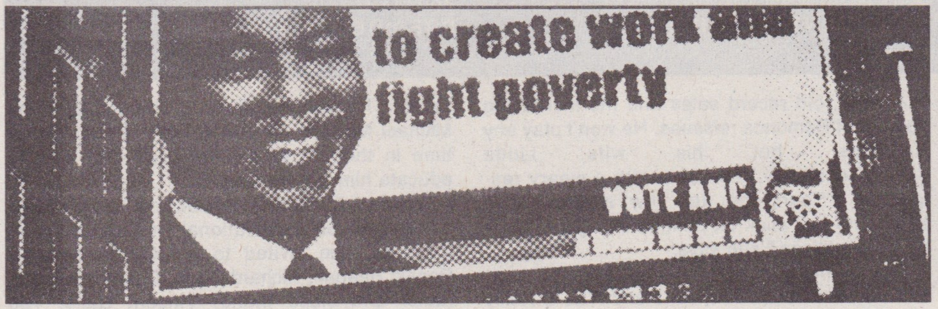
People on the ground, and especially the poor, are fed up with the false promises the ANC has made since 1994. Because although the ANC promised free basic services, and the right to water is enshrined in the constitution, privatization of municipal water services has resulted in the implementation of pre-paid water meters in poor communities. Although they were promised free education, youth are still expelled from schools for not paying their school fees. And although average life expectancy has fallen from 64 years in 1996 to 50.7 years in 2002 and the national Aids rate sits at 20.1%, last September Mbeki told a reporter from the New York Times that "Personally, (he doesn't) know anybody who has died of Aids."

In interaction with community groups in struggles today, one realizes that the ANC government has not only left large sections of the population with a status quo in regards to substandard housing and access to basic services, but that they have actively persecuted the poor in order to meet neoliberal ideals. Desai calls the ANC's policies an "armed assault on the poor", by which the ANC uses cost recovery as a measure of success and reserves the right to use force and arms, as well as the justice system, against communities who resist water and electricity cutoffs and evictions that occur in the name of "economic development."

One of the better known of South Africa's social movements resisting the continued reign of the ANC is the Gauteng Province based Anti-Privatization Forum, whose platform on the elections calls for "no vote for the ANC under any circumstances." Instead, the APF advocates that citizens "vote with (their) feet through mass action", positioning grassroots organizing as the alternative to the process of voting. In Soweto, APF affiliated Soweto Electricity Crisis Committee has asked its members to register to vote, but on election day to spoil their ballots and write their demands from the government on the reverse. There are plans for street activities to take place throughout Soweto on elections day.

Other community-based organizations have taken more radical positions of non-participation. The Mandelaville Crisis Committee (MCC) represents a community 40 minutes from Johannesburg whose residents were forcibly removed from the Mandelaville informal settlement in Soweto by security forces known as the "Red Ants" in 2002. According to MCC member Thulani Skhosana, their forced removal was part of the ANC government's plan to "clean up Soweto for the World Summit on Sustainable Development (held in Johannesburg in 2002), and hide what it couldn't clean up." Today the community is in an area known as Durban Roodeport Deep, living five or more to a room in abandoned miners hostels and shacks without electricity or a proper sewage system. Graffiti in the area reads "NO HOUSING, NO VOTE!" calling on community members to boycott elections until they receive the housing they were promised by the government before their removal. In the words of Skhosana "We voted the first time and the second time with hopes that we will have a better life... The ANC's lack of respect for the people of Mandelaville makes it impossible for us to go to the polls again."

As community based organizations and new social movements in South Africa struggle to respond to what Desai calls "a permanent state of emergency" for the poor, election day and celebrations of democracy will be just two more days of repression and resistance. Let us, looking in from the outside, remember that the struggles continue in South Africa, even as the world media encourages us to believe that the ANC has brought happiness and freedom to its people.



52 APF activists arrested under Apartheid law

Johannesburg

The morning of March 21, police opened fire with stun grenades on members of the Gauteng Anti-Privatization Forum (APF) who were protesting against water privatization and the installation of pre-paid water meetings. Fifty-two APF members were arrested, including six children, on charges of violating the Gatherings Act.

The Gatherings Act is a piece of law dating from the Apartheid era which gives police broad powers to ban or otherwise interfere with legitimate protest action. Ten years after the end of Apartheid, many poor South Africans are still denied their constitutional rights to water and other basic services. This is why the APF decided that the march had to go ahead—Apartheid-era banning orders or not!

ARISTIDE & HIS BODYGUARD DESCRIBE THE

On March 1, Democracy Now! broke the story that Aristide was directly accusing the US of overthrowing him in a coup, kidnapping him and taking him by force to the Central African Republic. In talks with President Aristide on board the plane Monday, Democracy Now's Amy Goodman asked him if he had resigned—as the Bush administration continues to allege.

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: No, I didn't resign. What some people call "resignation" is a "new coup d'etat," or "modern kidnapping."

Because the circumstances under which Aristide was removed from Haiti continue to be a source of great international controversy, we felt we needed to get as comprehensive a version of events as possible from President Aristide. I asked him why he calls his removal from Haiti a coup and a kidnapping.[A. G.]

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE:...they broke the constitutional order by using force to have me out of the country...

AMY GOODMAN: How did it happen?

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: I will not go to details. Maybe next time. But as I said, they used force. When you have militaries coming from abroad surrounding your house, taking control of the airport, surrounding the national palace, being in the streets, and take you from your house to put you in the plane where you have to spend 20 hours without knowing where they were going to go with you, without talking about details which I already did somehow in other occasions. It was using force to take an elected president out of his country.

AMY GOODMAN: And was that the U.S. military that took you out?

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: There were U.S. military and I suspect it could be also completed with the presence of all the militaries from other countries.

AMY GOODMAN: When they came to your house in the early morning of February 29 was it U.S. military that came?

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: There were diplomats, there were U.S. military, there were U.S. people.

AMY GOODMAN: And what did they tell you?

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: Well, as I said, I prefer not go into details right now because I already talk about it in details on other occasions. And it's also an opportunity for me to help the people focusing on the results of that kidnapping. They still continue to kill Haitians in Haiti; and Haitians continue to flee Haiti by boat. People and others have to go to hiding, others courageously went to the streets to demonstrate in a peaceful way, asking for my return and when we know what happened to those they killed, we have concerns about what may happen to those who peacefully demonstrate for my return.

AMY GOODMAN: The Bush administration said that when you—after you got on the plane, when you were leaving, you spoke with CARICOM [Caribbean Community] leaders. Is this true?

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: They lied. I never had any opportunity from February 28 at night, when this started, to the minute I arrived in CAR. I never had any conversation with anyone from CARICOM within that framework of time.

AMY GOODMAN: How many U.S. military were on the plane with you?

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: I cannot know how many were there but I know it's the plane with 55 seats. Among them we had 19 American agents from Steele Foundation, which is a U. S. company providing security to the President, the First Lady, V.I.P. people, based on an agreement which was signed between the government of Haiti and that U.S. company called the Steele Foundation. So, they put those 19 American agents in that plane and there were five by my side. There were two Haitian ladies, wives of two American agents plus a baby one year and a half. The rest they were American militaries.

AMY GOODMAN: Were they dressed in military uniform?

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: They were not only dressed in—with their uniform, it was like if they were going to war for the first period of time—on the ground, when we went to the plane. After the plane took off, that's the way they were. Then they changed, moving from the uniform to other kind of clothes.

AMY GOODMAN: Civilian clothes?

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: Yes.

AMY GOODMAN: And did they go with you all the way to the Central African Republic?

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: They did, without telling me where they were taking me, without telling me how long it would take us to be there. And the most cynical happened with that baby one year and a half old, it was when they—when the father wanted to get out with him, this is what I heard, they told him no. So, that little baby had to spend all this time sitting in a military plane, arriving in CAR, he and his father had to go back with the same plane. So, only God knows the kind of suffering he went through.

AMY GOODMAN: Did these people ever get off the plane in the Central African Republic with all the military and security—

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: I cannot tell you because once I got out of the plane, I was well received by five members—five ministers of the government of President Joseph Bozize. So, being with them at that time, I don't know how they managed after I left.

AMY GOODMAN: Did the Steele Foundation bring in reinforcements when the situation got more dangerous?

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: Saturday 28 at night when they came to me, they told me that, A) they ordered them to leave and immediately. B) The day after, February 29, they were supposed to welcome another team of 25 American agents to reinforce them on the ground and U.S. officials prevented those 25 to leave the United States to go to Haiti to join them.

AMY GOODMAN: And that's what the Steele Foundation told you?

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: Exactly.

AMY GOODMAN: Did they say why the U.S. said that?

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: Well, I didn't go through the details with them. But it was obvious in my mind that was part of the global plan. The global plan was to kidnap me, coup d'etat, of course that presented one piece of the picture.

On the flight back from the CAR, President Aristide spoke about what he says was a US-orchestrated coup and kidnapping, I asked Aristide why he believes the US wanted him gone.[A.G.]

PRESIDENT ARISTIDE: If you ask the

Rabid Republican Johnny Ramone caps on dead bandmates

Excerpted and adapted from the Washington Times

Johnny Ramone makes more money each year, thanks to Ramones tunes used in advertisements, old record sales and the increasing number of Ramones reissues. He won't play any Ramones, but his wife Linda does. "Constantly," he says, with a weary resignation. "Yeah, the first few albums," she says. The two click on politics though. "I grew up a Republican," she says.

For his news, Johnny hits the Drudge Report and Newsmax.com, Fox News and "The O'Reilly Factor." He listens daily to Rush Limbaugh and Michael Medved. In L.A., people spend a lot of time in their cars, and he uses that time to educate himself, he says.

His list of favorite Republicans should humble the Republican National Committee, or at least get him invited to a GOP fund-raiser: Ronald Reagan, Richard Nixon, Charlton Heston, (actor and close friend) Vincent Gallo, Ted

U.S. Role In His Ouster.

US the question, they would answer you. I can have opinions, but I will not answer for them. For instance, we are the first black independent country in the world. We just celebrated 200 years of independence last January 1st. Despite of that, we still have 1.5 doctors for each 11,000 Haitians. And, of course, I understood we had to invest in education. We had to invest in health care. Despite of an economic embargo they imposed upon us, I did my best, and we founded a university, whose faculty of medicine already had 247 medical students. Once the marines arrived in Haiti, they put those 247 medical students out, they seized the classroom, the campus; and that's where you find soldiers, where you should have medical students. So, it's to say, if I look at the picture, which is horrible, I can think once you want to invest in education, in health care, those who want to invest in killing democracy, in bloodshed, they don't accept you as an elected president. We had 32 coup d'etats, plus the last one, 33, in our 200 years of independence. Our goal was to move not from coup d'etat to coup d'etat anymore, but from elections to elections. Free, fair and democratic elections. That wasn't their goal. They went back to coup d'etat.

I also had a chance to speak with another person who witnessed firsthand the events of that night. He is Franz Gabriel, Aristide's personal bodyguard and security aide. Gabriel provided further details on the role of the United States in Arisitide's removal, in particular the role of the deputy chief of mission at the U.S. Embassy in Haiti, Luis Moreno. Peter Eisner of the Washington Post was also in the room.[A.G.]

FRANZ GABRIEL: Well I was at the house at 5:00 a.m., when I saw some U.S. personnel from the Embassy, of which I recognized Mr. Moreno. They came in to tell the president that they were going to organize a press conference at the embassy, and told him to be ready to accompany them. ...we boarded the vehicles to go to the Embassy, we rode to the Embassy. As we were heading towards the Embassy, passing the airport, we ended up making a right inside the airport, and that's when I realized that we were not going to the Embassy. As we were at end of the runway threshold, we saw a plane pull in, and just parked there. And then we saw some military personnel.

AMY GOODMAN: So what happened when you saw the plane, what happened next?

FRANZ GABRIEL: Well, I saw deployment of U.S. Marines everywhere. And that's when I realized that, you know, it was something serious. I saw a white plane with a U.S. flag at the tail of the aircraft, and it looked strange because it had no markings on it. And as the plane stopped, they had us board—everybody boarded the plane. And all the Steele Foundation agents that were in contract with the government to give the president security, boarded the plane also.

AMY GOODMAN: Are you with the Steele Foundation?

FRANZ GABRIEL: No, I'm not with Steele, I was with President Aristide. And they all boarded the plane. They sat us down and didn't tell us where we were going. And then they closed the door. Didn't even want us to pull the shades up. We just sat there and waited. They started down and then we just—they closed up the gate of the plane, and then we took off.

AMY GOODMAN: Did you know where you were going?

FRANZ GABRIEL: No, we never knew where we were going.

AMY GOODMAN: And how long —

FRANZ GABRIEL: When we landed in Antigua, this is what they told us, we landed in Antigua. And in Antigua, we—they told us that there is a possibility that we might be going to South Africa. But the person that was relating the information, was relating it to one of the Steele Foundation agents. And I overheard it when he said it. As we were sitting down, they started take our names down. And they asked the Steele Foundation people where, you know, where they were going.

PETER EISNER: Who is "they?"

FRANZ GABRIEL: The guys that were part of the coup on the airplane.

PETER EISNER: They didn't identify themselves?

FRANZ GABRIEL: Well, they boarded the plane dressed as military. As soon as they boarded the plane, they changed clothes. They were, you know, they had baseball hats and regular civilian clothes. They no longer appeared as military.

AMY GOODMAN: And they were who? Who were these people that changed their clothes?

FRANZ GABRIEL: Well, they boarded the plane. You know, they were dressed in full military gear.

AMY GOODMAN: U.S. Military?

FRANZ GABRIEL: U.S. Military.

Voting Age Protest in California

Compiled from articles in the Alameda Times Star and the Daily Californian

On March 2nd, "Super Tuesday" members of National Youth Rights Assoc.'s Berkeley, California chapter protested the voting age. Led by area member Robert Reynolds, they got up early together against ageism. The group, consisting of six students and other supporters of all ages, held up signs with slogans such as "Got a ballot? We need them." At one point, Mr. Reynolds walked in to the nearby polling area and asked for a ballot. He was not given one, although the individuals working there were not hostile and suggested they find a lobbyist. While they did not sit-in, as they had originally planned, by attempting to vote they engaged in civil disobedience just like Susan B. Anthony and woman suffragists 100 years ago.

Their efforts are part of an international movement to lower the voting age, Reynolds said—Germany, the United Kingdom and five other countries are also considering allowing 16-year-olds to vote.

Although most passersby were amused by the teenagers' demands, others took them seriously. "It's the beginning of something huge," said Robert Fuller, a Berkeley resident "It's like 1848 when women proposed to vote. Their interest deserves presentation."

Reynolds, who turns 18 in December, argues that the current law is a double standard. It is unfair to require young people to pay taxes when they aren't allowed to vote for how the money is spent, he said.

Nugent, Rush Limbaugh, Arnold Schwarzenegger, John Wayne and Tom DeLay.

The other day, when Stray Cats bassist Slim Jim Phantom was complaining about his tax bill, Johnny reminded him that the charges would be higher if President Bush hadn't gotten his tax cuts passed. "I told him he needs to vote Republican to keep his taxes lower ... and donate to President Bush's campaign," he says.

"I try to make a dent in people when I can," he says. "I figure people drift toward liberalism at a young age, and I always hope that they change when they see how the world really is."

Even back in the day, Johnny's conservative side showed. When the band wanted to record "Chinese Rocks," a song co-written by bassist Dee Dee Ramone, Johnny disapproved of the reference to a strain of dope that was prevalent at the time. Ditto when the other guys in the band came up with "Bonzo Goes to Bitburg," a tune disparaging Johnny's beloved Mr. Reagan.

(I lost) "...but I really enjoyed upsetting them," Johnny says of his former bandmates. "They called me the Rush Limbaugh of rock 'n roll one time in a *Village Voice* interview. But, hey, they were just old hippies."

Burned Flame

Indymedia / Belgrade

On Wednesday March 17th more than thousand Albanians crossed bridge on Ibar in Kosovska Mitrovica and started a fight with Serbs. The day before that, there were news in Kosovo electronic media that three Albanian boys were died in river Ibar trying to escape from few Serbian man and this was main cause for starting attacks. UNMIK spokesman Derek Chappell told media in Pristina that this was definitely not true according to the account of the surviving boy.

During the night on same day Albanians attacked also Serbian villages around Pristina and on south Kosovo. The houses and churches in those villages were burned and in Kosovska Mitrovica shooting continued.

UMNIK and KFOR managed to stop fights only in Kosovska Mitrovica but not in other areas. They just stayed in their bases trying to protect themselves. This showed in big picture the incapability of "peace" troupes to act and to prevent war and fights. In all foreign media is published that on Kosovo there is "ethnic conflict" involving two sides. But the facts are showing a different picture. In reality all is indicating that extreme Albanian nationalists started a campaign of ethnic cleansing. That means that their aim is to push out every non-Albanian citizen from Kosovo to create an ethnic homogenous area. The people who are attacked in Kosovo at the moment are mostly elderly Serbian men and women who remained there after in 1999 (after NATO occupied Kosovo) Albanian nationalist expelled already the biggest part of Kosovo's non-Albanian population.

Next consequence is that, taking in consideration that in Serbia on last election won extreme nationalistic parties, nationalism woke up and hundreds of young aggressive people went on street and made a protest. In Nis and Belgrade were burned mosques and in Novi Sad house of Islam community. In Belgrade also there was attack on American embassy but police managed to stop them. Few cars of UNHCR were burned as many other cars on the street.

While in international media the nationalist attacks on the mosques in Belgrade and Nis are equalized with the campaign of ethnic cleansing in Kosovo it has to be said that the attacks in Belgrade and Nis were the work of some kind of nationalist hooligan kids who were condemned by most of public opinion. Many people on the streets in Belgrade are nationalists but equally many are just shocked by the attacks in Kosovo. Many are also angry about the politics of the international community, which has done almost nothing to stop the violence of nationalist Albanians against Serbs in Kosovo, which is already going on for years.

In the morning of Thursday the 18th of March, Kosovo Serbs appealed on people in Belgrade not to make such extreme ethnic disasters like burning the mosques because their situation will get worse.

NATO forces came from Bosnia to support KFOR in Kosovo. By their report some 33 people were dead and more then 500 wounded. Their conclusion is that those attacks are planned and also Albanian troops said that they will not stop until they got independence.

In Belgrade and other places in Serbia started peaceful demonstrations protesting because disaster situation on Kosovo and demanding from international communities to stop the war.

Bush Announces Intention to Appoint Religious Fanatic to FDA Panel on Women's Health

From Indymedia

President Bush has announced his plan to select Dr. W. David Hager to head up the Food and Drug Administration's (FDA) Reproductive Health Drugs Advisory Committee. The committee has not met for more than two years, during which time its charter lapsed. As a result, the Bush Administration is tasked with filling all eleven positions with new members.

This position does not require Congressional approval. The FDA's Reproductive Health and Drug Advisory Committee makes crucial decisions on matters relating to drugs used in the practice of obstetrics, gynecology and related specialties, including hormone therapy, contraception, treatment for infertility, and medical alternatives to surgical procedures for sterilization and pregnancy termination. Dr. Hager's views of reproductive health care are far outside the mainstream for reproductive technology.

Dr. Hager is a practicing OB/GYN who describes himself as "pro-life" and refuses to prescribe contraceptives to unmarried women. Hager is the author of "As Jesus Cared for Women: Restoring Women Then and Now." The book blends biblical accounts of Christ healing women with case studies from Hager's practice. In the book Dr. Hager wrote with his wife, entitled "Stress and the Woman's Body," he suggests that women who suffer from premenstrual syndrome should seek help from reading the bible and praying. As an editor and contributing author of "The Reproduction Revolution: A Christian Appraisal of Sexuality Reproductive Technologies and the Family," Dr. Hager appears to have endorsed the medically inaccurate assertion that the common birth control pill is an abortifacient.

Hager's mission is religiously motivated. He has an ardent interest in revoking approval for mifepristone (formerly known as RU-486) as a safe and early form of medical abortion. Hagar recently assisted the Christian Medical Association in a "citizen's petition" which calls upon the FDA to revoke its approval of mifepristone in the name of women's health. Hager's desire to overturn mifepristone's approval on religious grounds rather than scientific merit would halt the development of mifepristone as a treatment for numerous medical conditions disproportionately affecting women, including breast cancer, uterine cancer, uterine fibroid tumors, psychotic depression, bipolar depression and Cushing's syndrome. Women rely on the FDA to ensure their access to safe and effective drugs for reproductive health care including products that prevent pregnancy. For some women, such as those with certain types of diabetes and those undergoing treatment for cancer, pregnancy can be a life-threatening condition.

Many women believe that Dr. Hager's strong religious beliefs may color his assessment of technologies that are necessary to protect women's lives or to preserve and promote women's health. Hager's track record of using religious beliefs to guide his medical decision-making may make him a dangerous and inappropriate candidate to serves chair of this committee. Critical drug public policy and research must not be held hostage by antiabortion politics. Members of this important panel should be appointed on the basis of science and medicine, rather than politics and religion. American women deserve no less.

Outraged Arab Journalists walk out of press conference by US Secretary of State who said, "mistakes happen".

Excerpted from an article by Nayla Razzouk/ Middle East Online

Outraged journalists claiming that two of their colleagues had been shot dead by US troops in Baghdad walked out of a press conference [in Baghdad] Friday by Secretary of State Colin Powell, who expressed regret but said "mistakes happen."

"We representatives of the media, of the Iraqi media, the Arab media and the foreign media working in Iraq declare our condemnation of the incident, which led to the killing of the two journalists," said a representative. The journalists, mainly Iraqis and Arabs, stood up and walked out, as Powell and US overseer Paul Bremer stood silently at the podium and watched them head for the door.

Powell arrived in Baghdad earlier in the day on the eve of the first anniversary of the US-led invasion of Iraq.

The journalists' deaths were the second and third of journalists at the hands of the US military since May 1 when US President George W. Bush declared major combat over.

The Paris-based media rights group, Reporters Without Borders, denounced Friday the "killing by US fire" of the two journalists and demanded an investigation into the incident. "Since the start of the war on Iraq a year ago, six journalists died because of the actions of the US army," it said in a statement.

"The repetition of these acts... should force the US government to question the attitude of its troops... as no such act has been witnessed with any of the other forces on the ground in Iraq, including the British," it said.

The group said "the absence of any enquiry over the death of the four (other) journalists... and the Pentagon's refusal to admit any responsibility for these deaths have contributed to the repetition of the tragedy," it said.

"Systematic absolution of such tragedies encourages reckless and aggressive behavior" among US troops, it said.

Massive protests marked the first anniversary of the US occupation of Iraq in over 20 countries worldwide, including Iraq.

THE POWER OF ONE BLACK WOMAN

By Mumia Abu-Jamal
From the San Francisco Bayview

Sometimes, something happens in America that is simply stunning; something that blows the mind. This is one such time.

The event is the Janet Jackson episode—her breast being bared during the halftime entertainment at the Super Bowl. It is not the brief, glancing peep at Janet's (or Miss Jackson "if ya nasty") breast that is, after all, shocking. It is the incredible response to it!

The news media launched into replay mode, showing and reshowing the shot, over and over and yet over again. It became the leading news story for several days, all throughout the country. One simply had to wonder: Had America gone mad?

Quickly, her light-complexioned cohort, who had built a career on the cooptation of Black dance grooves, leapt to distance himself from the pop star. "I am appalled," he assured us.

And one of the most remarkable female entertainers of her generation, who had sold her music to millions, stood virtually alone in the harsh, yet cold klieg lights of Hollywood. Members of Congress announced swift hearings on "decency" on television, and CBS fought with the NFL to bow and cringe the quickest at this "outrage."

One woman. One bared breast. One second. ... And a catastrophe.

There are no congressional hearings to attempt to deal with the over two million jobs that have been lost in the past eight months.

There are no congressional hearings on the way the nation was hustled into war by the White House.

There are no congressional hearings into the alleged "weapons of mass destruction" that weren't there in Iraq.

One young singer—apparently mistakenly—bares her chocolate bosom, and the nation reels!

There is something disturbingly childish about Americans. If this happened on French or German TV, few eyebrows would've been raised. But the Americans, who still hold to the empty illusions of their Pilgrim founding myth, take great umbrage at the baring of the body—especially the Black female body.

Their inherent instinct is to control it, to police it, to erect barriers to it. And they do this, ostensibly, for "the children."

This occurs in a country where folks have called the police when some women were breastfeeding—children!

It ain't about children. It's about women, and the "shock and awe" that some men feel when the female body is asserted into public space.

It smells, to me, like the fear of women, the hidden hatred of women and, of course, the desire to control female power—especially Black female power.

That this occurs in a country that claims to fight wars in the Middle East to "liberate" women is telling. That it happens in a nation where women are bought and sold like hot buttered biscuits in the multi-billion dollar sex trade—owned by some of the biggest corporations on Wall Street, by the way—is also telling.

This country demeans women, especially poor ones. It relegates them to the worst paid labor, in jobs where self-respect is but an illusion. It is, in fact, closer in spirit to the theocracies of the Middle East than it cares to admit.

And yet, when events such as this occur, one can only be stunned, by the power, the power of one woman to rock a nation with the mere flash of a mammary. Umph, umph, um.

MRR News for issue #252 May 2004 compiled by Anandi.

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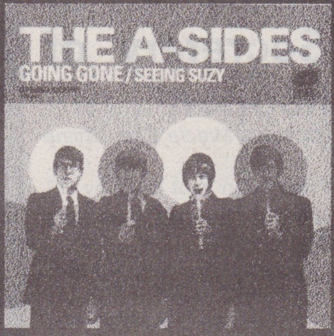

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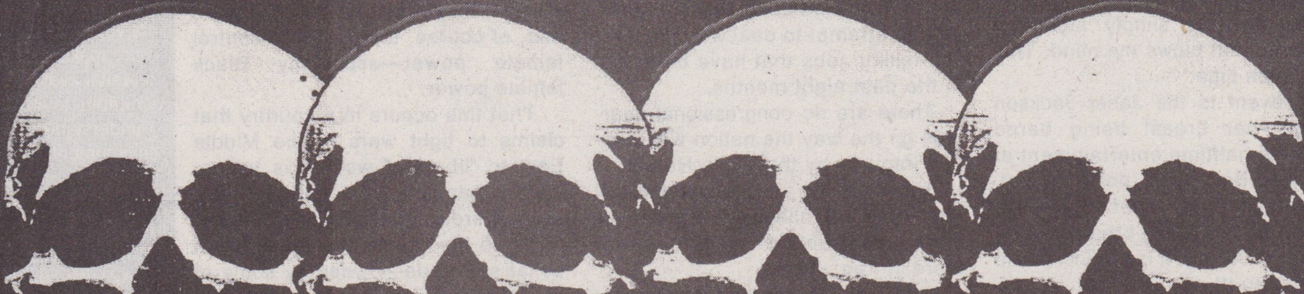

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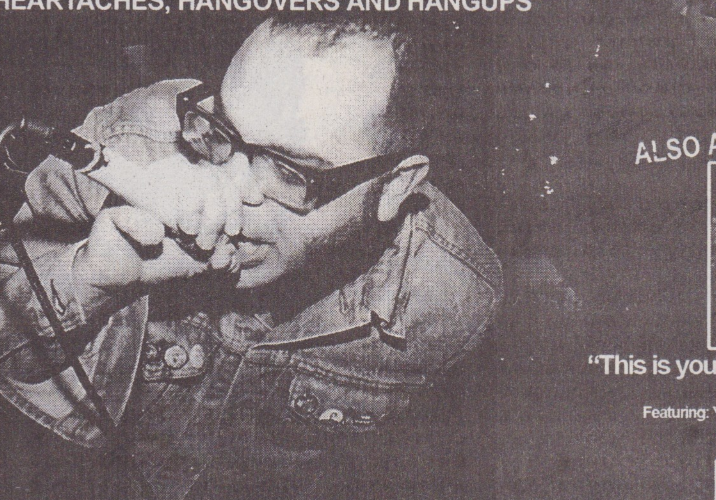

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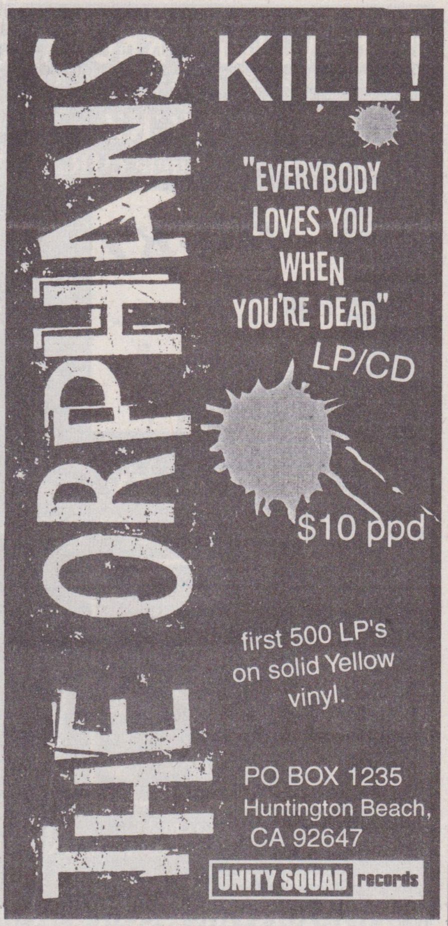
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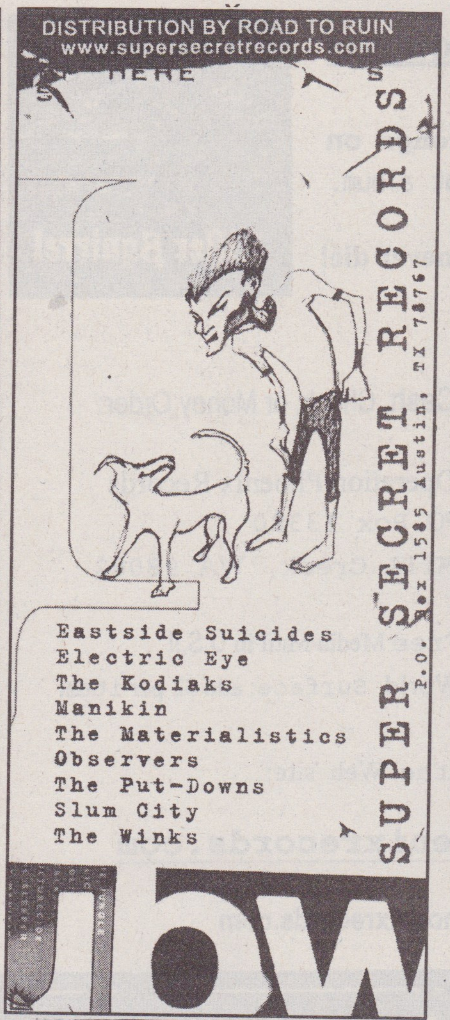
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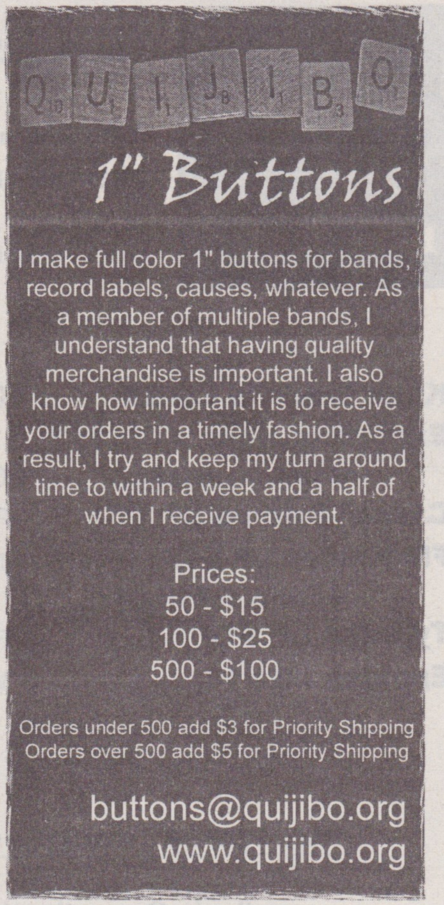
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"APA KHABAR?"
SOUTH EAST ASIA HARDCORE PUNK

a quarterly feature

Statement #1 : First Quarter report 2004

First off I would like to thank the *MRR* crew for agreeing to my proposed quarterly feature-reports on the goings-on in the DIY hardcore punk scene here in South East Asia.

I am aware that I am way off in terms of timing (this pilot submission was supposed to be in for the December 2003 issue of *MRR*, but I flaked with my crazed schedule), but I hope everyone forgives me for this.

Where is South East Asia? Also sometimes referred to as the Far East, it consists of countries like Indonesia, Singapore, Thailand, Malaysia, Philippines, Vietnam, Brunei, Cambodia, Laos, etc. Hardcore punk-wise the only active scenes are in Singapore (where I was born and bred), Malaysia, and Borneo (which includes Malaysian states Sarawak and Sabah and nation-in-itself Brunei), Indonesia, The Philippines, and Thailand.

There has been the odd band in Brunei and even Myanmar!

A popular misconception is that SE Asian countries are in the same region as other countries like Japan and Korea. They are not. Those are North Eastern countries. And countries like Iran are Middle Eastern. South East Asian countries are full of coconut trees, not snow and deserts.

I also want to stress that these are not scene reports per se; I have written a few over the years and to be honest I'm sick of writing them. One reason is the tedious typing, another reason is that the Singapore hardcore punk scene has watered down to maybe just 15% of what it used to be, and to write detailed reports of any other country would be impossible—simply because I don't live anywhere else.

What I hope to do is to send at least one feature every quarter, with topics like (for example) The history of straight edge in Malaysia, or a documentary of the scene in specified locations like Manila or Bandung.

Every report will include updates of the scenes in each of the "active" countries, and perhaps someday, an emergence of a hardcore punk band in a place where no one expected punk rock would exist.

South East Asian hardcore punk has been around longer than most people think. I haven't done any intensive research yet, but from what I hear from scene veterans, the oldest scene is in the Philippines, before it spread to Malaysia, Singapore, and Indonesia. Proof of that would be the existence of Filipino bands like Aggressive Dog Attack and The Dead Ends. There have also been some records / tapes of late 80s thrash bands like Nuctemeron (Singapore) and early 90s stuff from Malaysia like Infectious Maggots and I think also Marlin Spike, which spawned an afterwave of the first generation of Singapore hardcore like Rotten Germ, Bawlout, and Stompin' Ground.

Luk Haas of Tian An Men 89 also released *Injak Balik!* a 7" compilation of Indonesian bands. Then again I cannot say much because I was not around or active in the scene until the mid 90s.

I am, however, completely certain about the luck surrounding Thailand's scene. It is a scene barely a few years old and pretty much in its infancy, and a lot of credit should go to Chris Luppi of Wreck Age who is from New York but moved to Bangkok to work. He has introduced a lot of the DIY elements of hardcore punk to Thai kids, while at the same time he has pretty much remained on common ground, in the sense that he helps the scene there not for credit or status but because of his passion for DIY hardcore punk. Another gift for Thailand is that, despite its "new school" status, it has been able to witness a lot of good hardcore from other parts of the globe, with most bands taking a stopover at Bangkok or Chiang Mai whenever they tour Malaysia.

However there are traces of early punk and metal in Thailand. Metal has been definitely been around a bit longer with bands like Heretic Angel. And a trickle of early punk would be *Traffic Jam*, a compilation 7" of Thai bands also released by Luk Haas' Tian An Men 89 Records. Check out the Tian An Men 89 site at www.geocities.com/tam89rds

I hope that people, after reading this, will pick up a pen and write or email someone in SE Asia and help bring punk rockers closer to one another.

Also, to keep myself sane, I will mostly keep within the hardcore punk emo grind genre, though occasionally I will promote the odd grunge/folk/electronica artiste if I find they fit right in the DIY platform. This is not discrimination of genres, but please understand that it's only logical for someone to discuss something that they are familiar with.

On to the highlight topic of this debut feature;

THE SOUTH EAST ASIAN DIY Tour Circuit

As I mentioned earlier, there are only five active countries in the hardcore punk scene here in SE Asia: Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia, Thailand and The Philippines.

Bands outside the region have toured at least two of the countries in each of their tours—Australian grind bastards Warsore (1998), Damage Digital (Japanese grind, 2001), Container Crusties from Hell (Dutch grind punk, 1999 I think), Code 13 (USA hardcore, 2000) and more recently Rai Ko Ris (Nepali punk, 2002), Wojczech and G:las (German punk grind and noise, 2003) Cohol, Tiala, and Gauge Means Nothing (all Japanese post hc bands, 2003) and Steve Towson (Australian folk punk 2003).

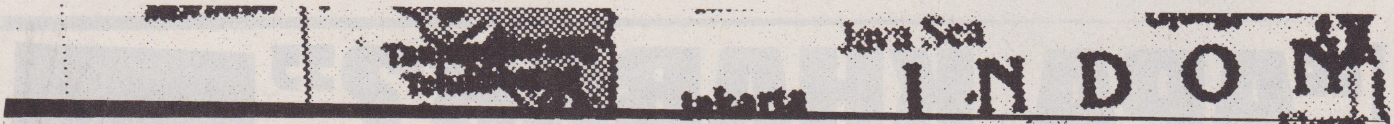
There were also other acts who have played in the region, like The Business and The Gloria Record, but they were all brought in by corporate labels, I don't think I want to talk about that, for obvious reasons.

There are bands coming over in months to come, like USA's R.A.M.B.O. in March and April 2004 as well as rumors of Japan's Power Of Idea and Battle Of Disarm coming over and many others still in discussion.

If you're interested in how things are done tour wise, here's the lowdown.

Airfare

Bands would have to pay for their airfare here. Economy-wise, most if not all of SE Asian currencies are weaker than the US dollar, the Sterling pound, or the Euro. And most of the scenesters are working just to feed themselves—very few scenesters in the DIY circle are wealthy, and even so, because of the currency misalignments, they are not able to pay for your flights.



Domestic transport
This totally depends on availability. In true punk rock style, in some places there are scenesters with access to vans or cars and can ferry you around from place to place. Most times, though, you're on your own because a lot of us have to work to survive, let alone afford a personal van. With the exception of Singapore (where everything is fucking expensive), domestic transport is affordable, be they trains that take you in between states or buses, they are all very cheap when compared to the US dollar or Euro.

Currency
As I have mentioned, most of the currencies here are weak compared to the US dollar and Euro, and the strongest currencies are in Singapore and Brunei, since these countries are economically competent, with Singapore being almost a mini-America and Brunei an oil-rich state.

Food
Once again, cheap and easy to find. It's a bit tricky to find vegetarian restaurants in Malaysia, but you could always request for dish without meat. Vegetarians who have been to Malaysia haven't really complained, so that says quite a bit about food availability. Most of the food is hygienic as well, and the local contacts that you have will always warn you in the case of any diseases, e.g.: avian flu aka *bird flu* which is currently affecting regional poultry industries.

Equipment
Organizers across the region all share the same credo. Share the equipment as much as possible. This is nothing but common sense really. All bands, local or foreign, share the amps and drums and mics, which are usually rented out by the show organizer. If bands choose to change snares or amps for example, that would be fine but this is minor stuff and can be sorted out prior to the show. The only necessary things to bring over are your instruments and what have yous. No need for bulky drums or amps! Still if you are not able to bring your guitar because your kid brother smashed it against the oven, feel free to let the tour coordinator or show organizer know and things can be sorted out.

Language
English is not the first language of most of the countries. In Singapore, English is the national language, what with a combination of Chinese, Indian, Malay, and Eurasian communities. Malaysia's first language is, well, Malay (Bahasa Melayu), but English is also a second language. In the Philippines, Tagalog is the native tongue, but most Filipinos are also fluent in English. In Thailand, however, few people speak English, and those who can either speak it very well or terribly. Of course, those in the travel industry can speak it fairly well, but not necessarily everyone else. It would help to learn basic Thai before you step in (hey, imagine if you need to shit and can't find a toilet and need to ask someone!), but don't worry, that's optional. "Sawadee Kap" means hello, by the way. Indonesia has Bahasa Indonesia, a cousin of the Bahasa Melayu tongue spoken in Singapore and Malaysia. English is not a first language, so take note.

Accommodation
In true punk rock tradition, most scenesters can get you a place to stay for free. And even if you cannot get a place to crash (true for Singapore with most scenesters living with their families/spouses also partly due to the high cost of living alone/in a punk rock crash pad) budget hotels are in abundance. For example, guest houses in Bangkok cost as little as US$5 per night, and in Singapore you can get a reasonable guest house for US$8-$10 per person.

A recommended place to stay in Singapore would be Ah Chew hotel in Bugis, with a coffee shop just downstairs and cheap vegetarian restaurants within walking distance. There are also plenty of guesthouses in the vicinity.

Peak Periods / National Holidays
With an abundance of ethnic groups and cultures, it must be noted that there are various festive seasons all across the region. The Muslims have their Hari Raya Haji celebrations, and one month before that it would be the fasting month of Ramadhan. The Chinese have Chinese New Year, and the Hindus have Deepavali and Thaipusam, the Buddhists have Vesak Day and of course the international Christmas. You might say "so what, I'm punk rock and don't care." Neither do I, but you must realize that even if the whole scene is made up of atheists, the rest of the country is not. Transport operations will take days off, or increase their prices by 150% or stuff like that. Venues will be closed and people will shuttle back and forth to their hometowns for celebrations. Also, school vacations are long in the months of June and most of November and December, though I'm also sure that this applies everywhere. Goes without saying that students use this stretch of the holidays for cheap vacations, hence a haywire time in flight and out-of-state coach/ferry bookings in and around the region. So always check with your SE Asian contact about National Holidays and if your plans fall on a busy period like the Chinese New Year fortnight; take my advice and adjust your schedule.

Travel information
Singapore, Malaysia, and Thailand are three countries linked by land (see map attached) while Indonesia is a cheap flight or boat ride away and Philippines unfortunately is a not-so-cheap airfare away. Most bands, when they tour here, cover the Singapore–Malaysia–Thailand peninsula. Some bands just stop at these three countries for money and time reasons, and sometimes just tour Singapore and Malaysia (two countries which share the world's busiest inter-state border). Those who can afford it will then fly off to Philippines (Code 13) or Indonesia (Wojczech). No band has ever toured the Famous Five countries, but if you're keen to break that jinx I think we could have a lot of smiling punks soon.

Bands who tour the Singapore–Malaysia–Thailand (on ascending south to north order in the attached map) peninsula usually begin their tours in either Singapore or Thailand.

Singapore, which is a small city-state, is also the most expensive of the Famous Five. Bands touch down, contact their organizer, play a show or two and head up to Malaysia.

Malaysia is just minutes away along the ever-busy Causeway; a bridge linking the two countries to each other. Most scenesters in the two countries have been in close contact for years, a result of years of diplomatic relations, and hence communicate well. Most hardcore punk shows in Malaysia take place in Johor (the first place you step in from Singapore), Kuala Lumpur (its capital), and Penang (an offshore island city).

From there bands make their way to Thailand. Most shows happen in capital Bangkok, and occasionally Chiang Mai, which is further up north.

From Bangkok, bands can;

- choose to fly direct to the fourth country of their choice (Indonesia or the Philippines),
- head north to Chiangmai for more shows
- take a reverse detour to play more shows in Malaysia or Singapore,
- fly off to Indonesia or Philippines from Malaysia/Singapore, or
- go home

Budget airlines such as Airasia and Valuair have just sprung up making it cheaper to fly domestically. It is a fast-developing industry and hopefully will help a lot in SE Asian touring, since practically all of their air routes go in and around the region. Otherwise it would be a bit of a waste, because Indonesia and Philippines have massive scenes, and I mean really really massive. The only way to go to Philippines is to fly, and its active scenes are in Manila and Davao City, among others. I haven't been there so I am not really in a position to document on anything, but I hope to do so soon.

As for Indonesia, it has a huge mainland and countless island masses with hundreds upon millions of people. There's a crazy punk scene, and various DIY labels. From what I hear there have been house shows, street shows at 2 fucking am, and more. Also I have yet to step in there for hardcore punk reasons, though I plan to do so in April 2004—so maybe I can actually comment more on Indonesia's massive hardcore punk scene in a future installment of APA KHABAR? (how are you? in Malay).

Why do I call this a tour circuit? I call it that because of the close-knit network over scenesters across all countries involved, and with the Internet getting more and more accessible things will get even better. Interestingly, many scenesters who usually don't see eye-to-eye can sometimes even work together to make sure a tour works. So if that isn't a good sign I don't know what is. That's about it for the first installment. The South East Asian DIY Tour Circuit will be repeated whenever significant developments are made over time.

Here are some people you should contact in South East Asia with regards to tours here. The people listed have been involved one way or another in SE Asian DIY touring. Note that this list is non-exhaustive and hopefully you will see more names here.

Singapore:

Shaiful Zerox (that's me! Fucked up stinky tour organizer.) trashkore@yahoo.com

Seelan Fallen World (drummer of Fallen World and many other bands, loves to do shows, resourceful and committed) fallen_world@hotmail.com

Faisal Homegrown Records (runs a record label and willing to help bands if time permits) badmongo74@hotmail.com

Jasman Minus (was a great help in the Wojczech/G:las tour, and now helping out with Power Of Idea and other Japanese bands' upcoming tours) minusriot@yahoo.com.sg

My Precious (active band with members also active in shirt printing and setting up shows, an integral pillar of Basement Bash, one of the better DIY shows in Singapore scene history) myprecious_sg@yahoo.com

Thrash Steady Syndicate (advocates of DIY hardcore, organized financially, sound technically. Members of Secret 7 and Jahilia and Recover. Enough said!) thrashsteadysyndicate@hotmail.com

Malaysia:

Kamal Ishak (tour coordinator for the Wojczech/G:las tour, and done a few shows. Also runs Dratsab Recs/Distro) **kamal_ishak@hotmail.com**

Wan Hazril (member of Nyi Blorong and Self Made God, also runs Cactus Distro/Recs. An overall great guy) cactusdistro@yahoo.com

Nur Azri aka Buji (also a member of Nyi Blorong and Self Made God, was an important part of the Cohol-Tiala-Gauge Means Nothing-Steve Towson Singapore-Malaysia tour) nyiblorong_hc@yahoo.com

Sham (vocals in Self Made God, he runs a great tape label Uglysmokers Recs, close to the Nyi Blorong guys too. Resourceful!) **uglysmokecore@hotmail.com**

Ahmad ASAS (can set up DIY shows for touring bands, also runs a label-distro) asas@excite.com

Papakerma Distro (was an asset in the Cohol-Tiala-GMN-Steve Towson tour, an active distro-label as well) http://papakerma.cjb.net

Thailand:

Chris Luppi (New Yorker who moved to Bangkok, Thailand, will set up shows for anyone and also runs Elephant Eye Records/Distro) wreackageasia@hotmail.com

Yos (a very active local scenester, speaks English too. Was a great help when I was in Bangkok, introducing me to nice people and also acted as a guide and translator. He's the man!) leesic@hotmail.com

Stirling (plays in poppy rocky band Eastbound Downers and has been involved in countless shows in Bangkok, fluent in English and Thai) nagatheremin@yahoo.com

Sophie (American punk rocker! she is based further up north of Thailand in Chiangmai. Can set

up shows) ironthorn@hotmail.com

Philippines:
Emmanuel Jasmin (runs Resist To Exist zine and is active in all aspects of the scene. My longest running contact in the Philippines) emmanuelj@mail.com
Boi (scene veteran, screams in Aggressive Dog Attack and is involved in a bit of social work too!) boibaboi@yahoo.com

Indonesia:
Ari Ernesto (member of Domestik Doktrin and can set up shows)
ernestokore55@bdg.centrin.net.id

* there are loads more that I could list but I'm too lazy. Also I haven't been to the Philippines and haven't been involved tour-wise with Indonesia, so that explains the lack of contacts. Then again, remember it's a tour circuit—people will contact each other to make a tour work, so these contacts will definitely suffice.

Scene updates Jan-Mar 2004

Singapore:
• **My Precious** full length CD is out on **Jahil Records** (Singapore) and **Karatecore Records** (Malaysia). Insane emotive female dual-vocalled hardcore! Highly recommended! Email myprecious_sg@yahoo.com or http://myprecious.rocks.it : the labels can be reached at porchell_99@yahoo.com (Karatecore) and http://jahilrecords.cjb.net . this is Jahil Records last release before their merger with **Thrash Steady Syndicate** (with guys from Secret 7). http://thrashsteadysyndicate.cjb.net
• **Fallen World**, Singapore's all Indian grindcore band has two demos to date and their 2004 demo CD is insane! Political, fast and furious! fallen_world@hotmail.com
• **Secret 7 / Jahilia** split 7" soon?! Check the **Thrash Steady Syndicate** site for details.
• **Hudud** have a new demo CD out. Sick DIY grindcore! Hududgrindcore@hotmail.com
• My label **Prohibited Projects**, hopes to release two demos within this year. **Harakiri** (Singapore's upcoming hardcore punk inspired grunge band!) and **Yogyakarta** (three-piece thrash featuring Fallen World members!) my email is trashkore@yahoo.com My zine **Zerox** will have its swansong #10 issue out mid 2004 before I focus on **Prohibited Projects**, let me know if you need info.
• **Dead By 6** demo CD is out! Pulverizing heavy shit!!! zan_jiwang@hotmail.com
• It's a travesty! **The JHAI ALAI** CD is still not sold out yet! Monumental Singapore screamo! Jhaialai@yahoo.com if you don't get a response and would like to check this out let me know.

Malaysia:
• **Life On The Edge Recs** (formerly **Do Not Consume** and affiliate of **Sangsara Records**) has released Blast From The Far East, a four-way CD featuring **Lead II Nitrate**, **Nyi Blorong** (heavy hc, Malaysia), **Opusan Bangsat** (raspy hc punk with grrl vocs, Indonesia) and **Aggressive Dog Attack** (veteran manic punk from Philippines. dnc_collective@yahoo.com
• If you're in Kuala Lumpur, check out **Basement Records Store**, any DIY hc punk's wet dream come true. Stocked with diy hc emo punk grind on all formats from the world over. Now collectively run from people in **Life On The Edge, Sangsara** etc. street address is *[Sub Basement, Bangunan Cahaya Suria, Jalan Silang, Kuala Lumpur]* PLEASE DO NOT SEND ANY MAIL. Instead email the **Life On The Edge** people first…
• What the fuck is a **DIY HARDCORE GALA**? A series of hardcore shows, that's what! Gala #1 (Dec 2003) had so many good acts, and was the Kuala Lumpur venue of the Cohol-GMN-Tiala-Steve Towson tour. Collectively run by nice folks from every nook and cranny in Kuala Lumpur. More info at diyhcgala@yahoo.com
• This is a good site. http://cactusdistro.cjb.net

Philippines:
• **The Beauty Of Doubt** is melodic hardcore and have released a DIY CDR which was recently reissued in Malaysia by **No Action Taken Distro** email the band at thebeautyofdoubt@yahoo.com
• Singapore grind veterans **DEMISOR** are playing the Philippines. the last foreign bands to tour there were the **Container Crusties From Hell** and **Code 13**. Contact Emmanuel Jasmin emmanuelj@mail.com if you want to play the Philippines!
• **Sullen Seed** is a DIY distro zine label and cooperative. www.sullenseed.fateback.com

Thailand (courtesy of Chris Luppi):
On May 1, Fah (singer **of PLAHN** / owner of **Immortal Bar**) will once again be putting on the **DEMONIC** metal and hardcore festival here in Bangkok. This is a biannual event, which is usually held at the Thai Cultural Center at an excellent outdoor amphitheater. **DEMONIC** usually draws kids from all over the country and is one of the biggest underground shows there is here in Thailand. Fah is hoping to include some bands from other countries and is inviting any band interested to get in touch. fight_tribe@hotmail.com or plahn_ex_metal@hotmail.com
• I'll go straight to the point. Support **ELEPHANT EYE RECORDS.** www.elephanteyerecords.com DIY and "general" hc punk all over. The very foundation for the upcoming scene in Thailand.
• **Failure Trace** is probably the first diy grind band from Thailand. Blending UK style grind-crust with Japanese hardcore (they also have an Indian vocalist and Japanese drummer!) and a bit of their own tweaks. Failuretrace@hotmail.com they have a killer demo!!!!

Indonesia:
• USA's **R.A.M.B.O.** will tour in Jakarta and Bandung in April 2004! www.ricecooker.kerbau.com/rambo has info on the tour, show details, dates, and a fucking map of SE Asia that I stole for this report
• **Democrazy** is currently my favorite band from Indonesia. Fast hardcore with girl vocals! Trust me when I say this, if only they were from Europe, you would probably own their T-shirt. democrazy@cbgb.net

MY SOUTH EAST ASIA TOP 10 for this report

• **Embrace zine**—all. And meeting Saha after 7 years of contact!
• Everything about **BASEMENT Rec Store.**
• **Democrazy** "They call me…girl!" demo
• The honor of being on **BLAST FROM THE FAR EAST** with the great A.D.A., Opusan Bangsat and Nyi Blorong!
• **My Precious** full length CD
• **Secret 7** and **Jahilia** live singalongs
• **Fallen World** promo 2004
• **Basement Bash** Dec 2003
• **Dead By 6, Fallen World, WTN** live sets @ Extreme Aggression Dec 2003
• **teh O ais limau** (authentic ice-lime tea in Malaysia!)

I will put together a DIY mixtape of SE Asian bands for anyone who is interested. Just send US$2 and I'll send you something. Ask for info on my zine ZEROX, and bands LEAD II NITRATE and REMEMORIES.
Cheers and thanks for reading

Shaiful
Blk 554 Bedok North St 3
#08-241 Singapore 460554
SINGAPORE
trashkore@yahoo.com
prohibitedprojects@excite.com

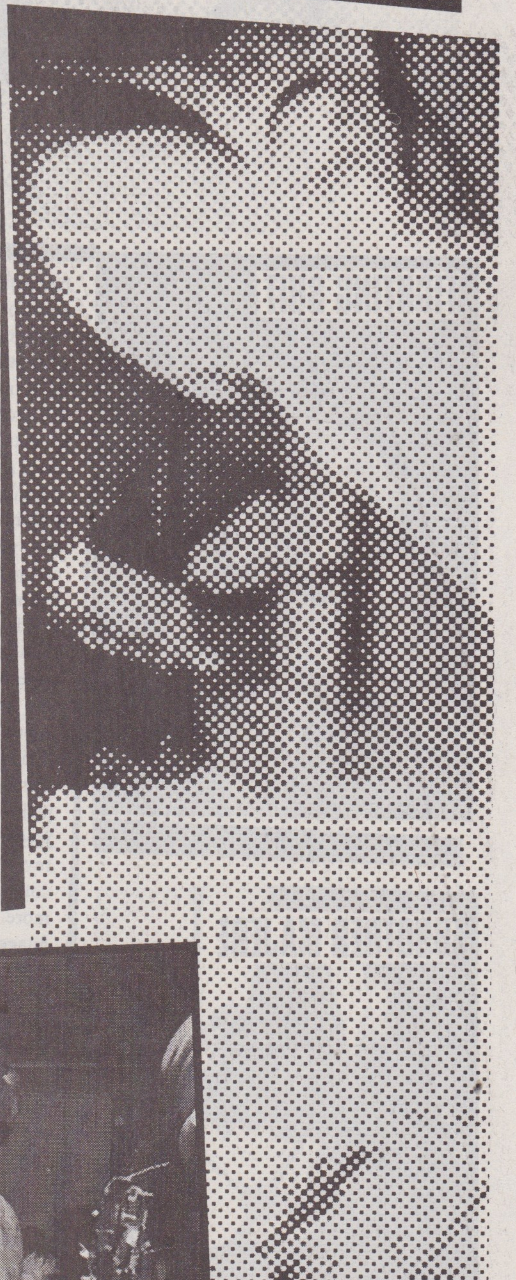
Credits
MY PRECIOUS pic by Tini
Map of South East Asia from ricecooker.kerbau.com/rambo
Sullen Seed flyer by Von Amon

ICELAND

Hey everyone. Here is a little scene report from Iceland. An island with almost 300, 000 inhabitants where half of them live in and around the capitol; Reykjavik. The punk activity is mostly situated in that area of course.

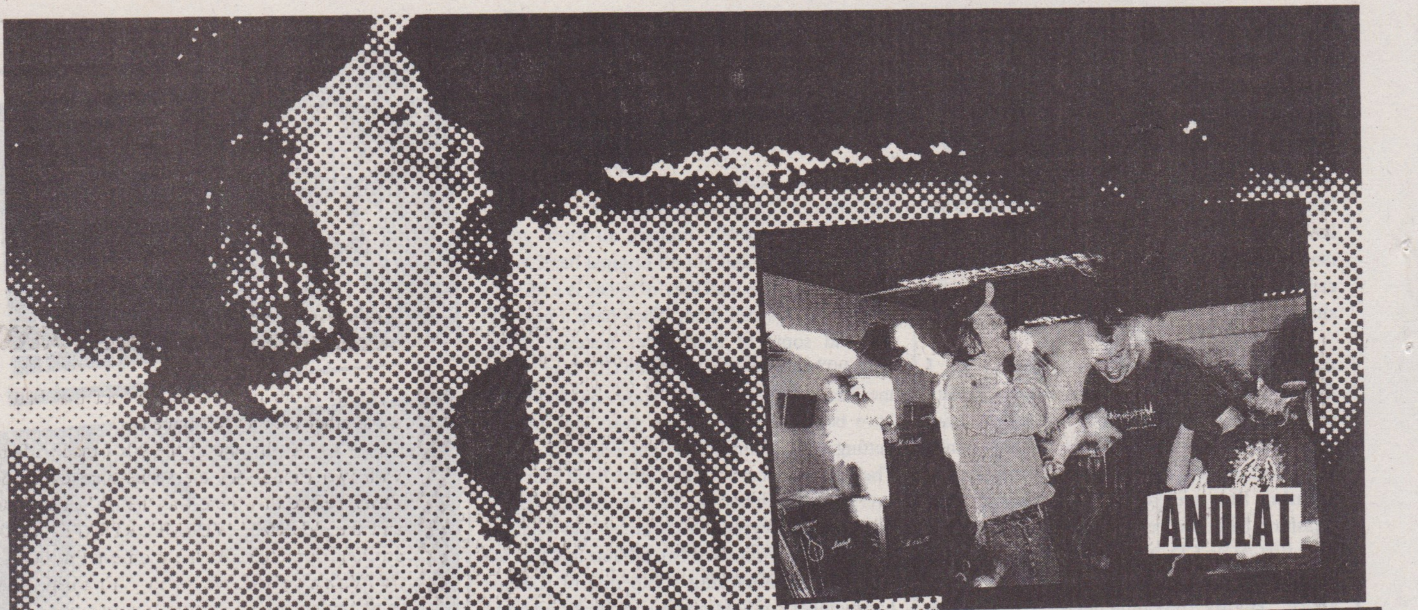
BANDS: Hardcore punk bands around are **I Adapt** who have their album out on Reality records, they play old school hardcore and are seriously pissed off. I Adapt are the only punks out of Iceland actively touring mainland Europe. **Fighting Shit** are young guys, playing their thrashing hardcore very fast, who just released their first demo CD. Nine songs in 9.59 minutes celebrating the joy of being young, sxe and angry. Highly recommended. **Hrydjuverk** (Terrorism) are a three-piece and the most furious brutal punk band in the scene, with members of both aforementioned bands falling in love with His Hero Is Gone. Contact them for their demo CD. **Dys** (Shallow Grave) are rocking punks and their album *Island Brennur* was self-released in July. And no…the band name has nothing to do with the Boston D.Y.S. It's an old Icelandic word. Skate punks **Innvortis** (Inside) (they actually know nothing about skateboards) have been going slowly for years but are very active now. **Everything Starts Here** hail from Húsavík, a town of 1000 inhabitants in the north of Iceland. Their brutal hardcore mixes well with the aforementioned bands at shows. The members of **Everything Starts Here** take care of the northern part of the Icelandic hardcore-punk scene and, for instance, set up a small punk and metal festival in the whale museum over there. Ever been to a punk show in a whale museum? Only in Iceland! **Still Not Fallen** keep trying to make their math core songs as complicated as possible. **Brother Majere** are young hardcore kids playing metal and doing it well. **Fraebbblarnir** is the oldest running punk rock band in Iceland since they are still doing their shit since 1979 or something. Of course they haven't been actively running all those years, they sobered up and not all original band members are still alive, and they're music is a lot softer now but it's still them. They have a new CD out and some of their older material (three albums) has been re-released on CD. Don't write me asking for originals, please. **Saktmodigur** have been going for fifteen years and are still getting better. Simple and tight long punk songs. They are the most educated punk band ever with every band member having a university degree, them being lawyers and historians and whatnot. They have self-released two albums and two ten inch EPs. **Hrafnathing** (Gathering of Ravens) has members of Saktmodigur, Solstafir and others playing Motorhead influenced punk rock with a touch of metal. Their demo CD is out. **Kimono** are a weird and very good indie rock band with a punk attitude. They have a brand new album out on Bad Taste called *Mineur Aggressive*.

Andlát (Passed Away) play seriously brutal metal core, if you know only the German way of playing metal core than this is much better. Their first album *Mors Longa* is just about out on Hopewell records as this is written. **Snafu** has developed away from the metal core style and are now playing emoish math core. Their album *Gytrash* is planned to be out on Bad Taste. Also check out their split CD on Bastardized recordings. **Molesting Mr. Bob** are a screaming noise rock band who share a drummer with I Adapt. You cannot describe the scene here without talking about the metal bands since in such a small scene we all work together (that is, those who do the DIY shit do it together – the others sit back and enjoy the shows) and that includes punks, hardcore kids and metalheads running the scene together. **Solstafir** are an epic metal band with two albums under their belt and now developing their sound into more experiments with the



DYS

I ADAPT



metal thing. **Forgardur Helvitis** are the grindcore veterans of the scene, sharing vocalist with Dys and most other members play in death metal band **Múspell** and run Studio Helviti. **Forgardur Helvitis** have one self-released album out plus a CD where they compile all their early recordings. **Changer** are an extremely heavy and tempo changing metal band who are just about to release their first album. Drummer of Changer and bassist of Forgardur Helvitis are in a band called **Dark Harvest** with old-time guitar hero Gulli Falk. They play instrumental and jolly, even jazzy, short metal songs.

Zines: *Gagnaugad* is a hardcore zine edited by Birkir of I Adapt/Hrydjuverk, now on it's third issue with interviews and opinions. *Andspyrna* is a eight page A5 anarchist zine, given away for free to any-one interested in understanding anarchism. Four issues out plus various pamphlets about nationalism, sexism, sex and anarchism. *Blodfjödur* is a one-woman zine with various thoughts and rants. The main source of all info in the scene is webzine www.dordingull.com/hardkjarni. There we have reviews, show info and reviews, discussions, columns plus links to all bands pages and loads more. All zines are in Icelandic (that's our native language in case you didn't know eh!).

Distros: Gagnaugad distro, which is run by Birkir of I Adapt/Hrydjuverk, sells CD's from various labels like Prank at shows and out of Birkis home and occasionally zines. **Andspyrna** distributes zines like the *Match!, Slug & Lettuce, HeartAttack* and of course *MRR* and more, and books from AK press, Freedom and Crimethinc. If you want you free zine given away at shows in Iceland write me.

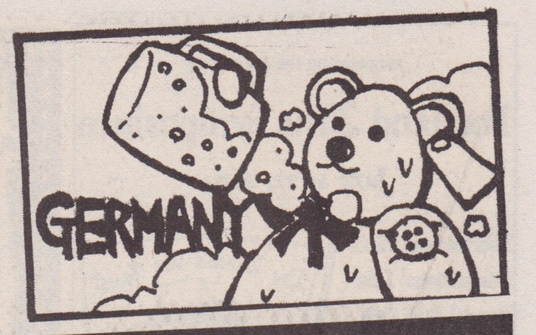
The **OXE crew** is a group of handicapped young hardcore punks. The are partly straight edge and they are the most positive gang of punks you will ever come across, coming to every show possible (if the show doesn't have wheelchair access there are many helping hands around to carry people and chairs), making their own zine, rehearsing their own band called **Blondage** and being vibrantly alive with hardcore punk. They have a CD-R out which is released on demand.

Shows: Hardcore punks set up a lot of shows in Youth Centers all over Reykjavik especially in Hitt Husid (the Other House) downtown where bands of every genre play shows for free and the hardcore punk geeks set up bigger shows. All bar shows are 18-20 plus and they don't let you in unless you are at least that age. Three bars in Reykjavik are available for shows as for now and we do that kinda shows a lot but of course the all-ages shows are a priority simply because they don't discriminate, are sober, more vivid and smoking sucks. Drunk people don't seem the have as much fun as the sxe/sobriety kids. Makes you wonder. One former member of 80s pioneer punk rock band **Utangardsmenn** bought, with others, a former fishing factory, which is being converted into rehearsal spaces for bands and a concert hall. - Old punks never die. Bands who are going in-between USA and mainland Europe should consider the possibility of stopping over here for a show or two. We will set you up, feed you and clothe you; we are very nice and tame Vikings and gave up chopping down foreigners ages ago.

Some contacts: I Adapt/Gagnauga distro and zine; Birkir - birkiras@yahoo.com – Hverafold 21/112 Reykjavik. Hrydjuverk – Villi - hrydjuverk@yahoo.com – PO Box 18, 121 Reykjvik. Dys/Forgardur Helvitis/Andspyrna distro and zine; Siggi - punknurse@helviti.com – PO Box 35, 101 Reykjavik. Hardkjarni webzine – valli@dordingull.com. Fighting Shit/Everything Starts Here/Hrydjuverk – Seburus@hotmail.com. Solstafir/Hrafnathing - addi@helviti.com. OXE crew/Blondage – iam@simnet.is, hoski@hotmail.com, Fannar Örn Karlsson/Greniberg 9/221 Hafnarfjörður, oxe.i8.com. Andlat – Siggi – stt@simnet.is. Snafu – snafu@dordingull.com. Kimono – gylfib@hotmail.com. Bad Taste – www.badtaste.com. Dark Harvest – darkharvest@helviti.com

All photos in this article by Gudny – www.hn.is/janedoe

GERMANY



K-Town Scene Report

I've always loved to read the scene reports in *MRR*, so here is mine. I hope you like it, although it's not about a country or a city...

I'm from a little village called Waldesruh ("forest-silence") close to Berlin, the capital of Germany, and that's where I have to go to when I want to see any shows or feel involved in any scene. The closest district of Berlin is Köpenick—because of its worldwide significance we call it K-Town. In some ways you can think of K-Town as a suburb of Berlin. Berlin has a great and big punk/HC-scene.

K-Town does not have any commercial club, no squat, no information store, no shop that keeps any interesting magazines (and I'm not just meaning fanzines with this); there's one record store that keeps around 30 punk rock records in stock, but we feel like a separate scene. Let's start at the beginning...

I've been in it since 1995. I started to organize gigs for bands from my school at this time. That was how I got in contact the first time with the "Jugendklubs" (youth clubs) around. These are the only clubs we have—the people working there are financed by the state, but not all are bad, some do really good jobs, being political in many ways too. I started at first in the "Allendeclub," where there were concerts every second Sunday with bands from around. Now they are moved to another place (Allendeclub, Friedrichshagener Str. 10, www.alleins.de) and are nearly totally transformed into a hip hop Club, but at that time I saw some really good bands there, although none of you will know any of them: there are HC-bands, DISSARRAY and DEAD CALLED (today: PLAIN), LEISTENBRUCH / EVELYNS PORK, the best grunge band ever, SPRECHFUNK / DE JANZE JINKS (today: ELIKAN DEW), another incredible band, DIE JUNGEN GÖTTER, in which nobody could play any instrument or sing, but they had great lyrics, the punk band B-SUCHA, the metal band FERROTALE, and also some of the old GDR-veterans (DIE ART, SANDOW). There was also BELISHA, the first band I followed to nearly every of their 30 gigs (I think I organized more than the half of this). They started as a beat band; got some pop punk vibes, and I lost contact after 2000. Before that happened, there were some great bands in the early 90s I never saw: HAARAUSFALL, TOBSUCHT, and COMBO NOTSCHLACHTUNG.

At the mid-90s I also remember on the beginnings of KNORKATOR, one of two bands from K-Town that had a video on MTV. They sound like RAMMSTEIN, but have some funny killer lyrics ("I'm so evil, I will not eat my soup...") You are asking why I'm telling something about MTV? It's the only way I remember any band getting out of here... That's maybe the greatest problem our scene here has: kids come into the clubs at 14 or 15 and drop out at 18 or 19. They start a lot of bands—and a lot of them are quite good—but at this age and because of the situation that K-Town is in, isolated from the rest of Berlin, they do not know much about DIY, straight edge, punk rock history, anarchism, or anything. Those who want to get more involved into the scene leave K-Town and moves into the inner city of Berlin or any other city and never come back. Many drop out of the scene because of personal reasons: they can't find a job here or build a family. There may be around 20 or 30 percent of all these kids that started here that stay into the scene when they get to the age of 20 or older...

At the end of the 90s I discovered a new club: the HDJK/ Café (Seelenbinderstr. 54, www.hdjk.de). These clubs started after 1989/90 as an occupied house. In 1992, the scene was down and it changed into a Jugendklub. Since then it's the home of every punk, rock, and alternative culture here. We don't have many good clubs here, so different types of music people are really close together. I love that. This doesn't mean everything is good—there were a lot of problems I remember—but it means that the Café/HdJK is one of the best clubs in the southeast of Berlin: with familiar atmosphere, weekly concerts, political action, band room, and lots of other activities. There is a small crew of Sozialarbeiter (social workers) and a larger group of youth that keep the club alive. Since 2000 it's also been the place for an antifascist alliance that was formed after the NPD (one of three German national right wing parties) opened their central office three houses away.

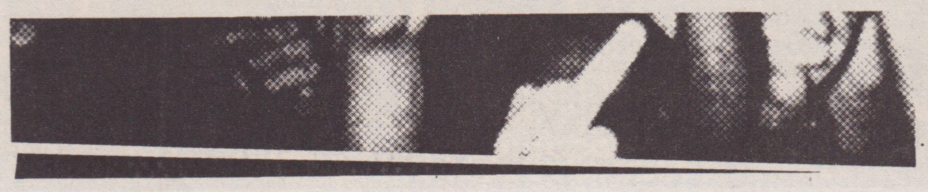
There are also around four or five punk/HC shows a year in the other clubs around. Also interesting are BÖOTIC HITCHHIKER (Stoner Rock), GROTTENOIMELZ and ANOROCK (both punk), HUMAN EATERS, SELL BY DATE and ALPOT FUTSCH (if you like young, female-fronted bands), THE MARVELLERS and SCHROTTFISCH (both pop bands, but not that bad) and some other I forgot the name of.

At the end of the 90s I made a fanzine with two friends for the scene here called *SRF-ZINE*, before that there was the ALL, the KLOTZ and the WURM / WURMFORTSATZ. All these are long forgotten. At the moment I'm doing the *SWINGKID-FANZINE* (in English, about punk/underground culture worldwide) and the *GEFÜHLSPOGO* (in German, stories and lies), but they are not much connected to the scene here at the moment. I have a little (and the only) distro carrying some tapes with compilations and bands from around here. There is one record store here that has supported our scene and me since the time it started: HOLLE (www.holle.de). The owner is really kind.

In some moments I'm not sure if you would call a scene what I call a scene; sometimes I wish everything would be more connected here then it is, that way there would be more people interested in all this DIY stuff, doing a new fanzine or anything—too few people move their ass, like everywhere, but I know it's sometimes hard enough to keep the things alive we have. I remember many people that are doing a lot for the scene (Jan, Marco, Schmu...), as small as it seems. I've found friends here and I've seen many good concerts, although bands with great names never played here, but that's not important—my heart is safe in K-Town...

And Waldesruh? Well, since my band split up (Does anybody needs a guitar player?) there is only one band member from here, the bassist of PERSIMMON, a skate punk band that's worth checking out. That's all, keep rocking, drop me a line, if you want, thanks for reading

Gunter Meinhardt / Köpenicker Allee 46 / 12625 Waldesruh / Germany
kamillentee.waldesruh@web.de



announcing the 4th annual

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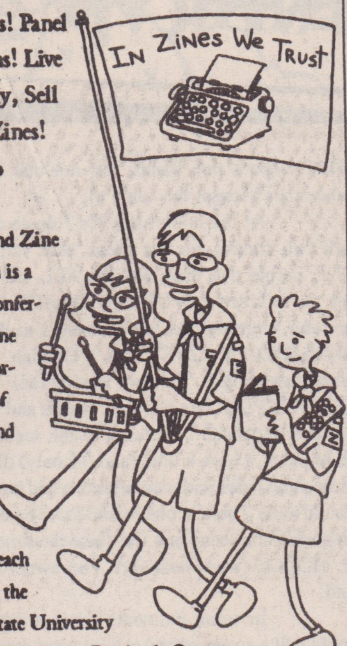

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BLACK CROSS

THE NATIONAL ACROBAT

LORDS

PETER SEARCY

Blue Sky Mile

IR59 **BLACK CROSS**
WIDOWS BLOODY WIDOWS **12-SONG CD**
Widows Bloody Widows ties up the loose ends left hanging from **BLACK CROSS'** days on Initial as **BLACK WIDOWS** and includes all their limited edition vinyl releases, as well as unreleased tracks. This CD is a must-have for any fan of the band as well as an excellent starting point for anyone curious about Louisville's genre-bending iconoclasts **BLACK CROSS**.

IR62 **THE NATIONAL ACROBAT**
TNA: THE COMPLETE RECORDINGS **30-SONG CD**
The complete recordings from Louisville's infamous noisecore technicians! **THE NATIONAL ACROBAT**, whose members have gone on to **BLACK CROSS, BREATHER RESIST,** and **CHRISTIANSEN,** set forth on a mission to burn every musical bridge they crossed and left a legacy that finds them now attaining near legendary status.

IR63 **LORDS**
THE HOUSE THAT LORDS BUILT **7-SONG CD**
From the rotten underbelly of Louisville **LORDS** has risen. Comparisons aren't obvious, the easy answer might be **BLACK FLAG** meets **KARP**, with hints of early **INK & DAGGER** and **RYE COALITION**. Ultimately, **LORDS** are a creation all their own, a stunning feat in these days of faux punks and manufactured angst.

IR61 **PETER SEARCY**
COUCH SONGS **11-SONG CD**
The new album from **PETER SEARCY**, former vocalist for **SQUIRREL BAIT** and **BIG WHEEL**. Played entirely on acoustic instruments, all performed by Searcy himself. *Couch Songs* presents one of the best and most unmistakable voices of the last twenty years of rock music in its most honest and natural state.

IR60 **BLUE SKY MILE**
SANDS ONCE SEAS **9-SONG CD**
BLUE SKY MILE provides a common ground between current faves like **THURSDAY** and **BRAND NEW** and melodic hardcore classics like **DAG NASTY**.
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the Q recordings 1958-64
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CD: VRCD16

on this record there are his 5 singles he put out on Q records in New Mexico 1958-63, they are pure rock'n'roll and some ballads to.. on the 60's recordings he even has a farfisa organ, then you here super cool raw live recordings from new Orleans with screaming loud crowd and chicks go berserk, you have some radio interviews when he playd in mexico that days and some outtakes and demontration records... the sound on the tapes where super bad but our mastering guy did a great jop and we can stand behind this record for a fantastic wild 50's sound... jerry j Nixon died end of 1999 and here his first !!! full length album full of 50's rock'n'roll ,he was a fantastic song writer and a one of the greatest unknown heros or rock'n'roll....

JOHN SCHOOLEY ROCKET SCIENCE

DIE ZORROS REV.BEAT-MAN DEL GATORS HIPBONE SLIM KING KHAN

THE COME N' GO
'Rhythm n' blood'
LP: VR1218
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…this month we bring you photos courtesy of Portland punk, Chrystaei Branchaw. We've been bugging her forever to submit pictures & are certainly glad she came through. Hopefully we'll see more from her soon, in the meantime be certain to drop her a line & check out her great photozine *This Time Last Year*… PO Box 40342, Portland, OR 97240-0342 or via chrystaei@yahoo.com

this page: The Orphans

opposite page: The Spits (top) & The Distraction (bottom)

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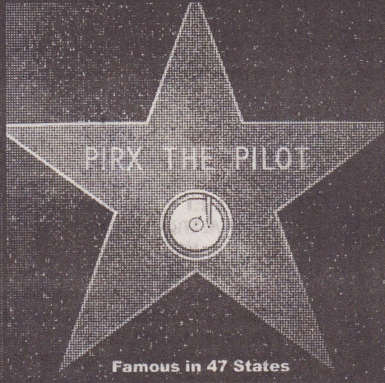

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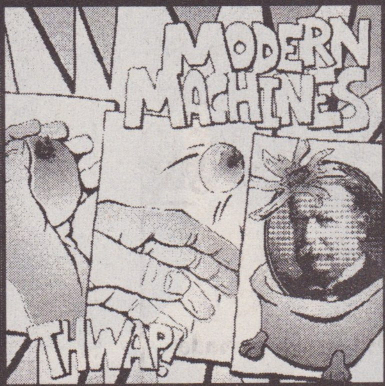

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FIRE STARTER

Interview by Steve Borchardt

MRR: How did you become interested in punk rock?

Fifi: Punk Rock? When I was in junior high school, me and Fink (we're brothers) lived in a very small town called Shizuoka prefecture. It's maybe a two-hour drive from Tokyo. It was just a boring town.

MRR: And this was in the 70s?

Fifi: Yes the 70s, because I am really old now. Our classmates were really into fusion. Do you know fusion music? Jazz-fusion was really big in the 70s in Japan. Very major. Everyone was into fusion, but I hated it. We were into bands like The Rolling Stones, because it was simple Rock'n'Roll. But when we first heard The Clash and Sex Pistols, we were really touched because they where more exciting than The Rolling Stones. After that, Fink and I were really into punk rock and we bought as many records as we could.

When we got into punk rock, The Clash had just released *Give 'Em Enough Rope*, their second album. And then they released *London Calling*. We really liked it.

MRR: This wasn't very common in Japan at that time was it?

Fifi. No, because The Ramones were kind of a cult band in Japan then. Ramones, Buzzcocks… nobody knew about Buzzcocks then. Nobody knew about the Ramones then. They only knew about The Pistols and Clash, famous punk rock bands from England. They didn't know about American bands, except for really famous New York punk bands like Patti Smith and Television.

MRR: *Television?*

Fink: At that time in Japan, they viewed punk rock as more artistic. Not wild Rock'N'Roll.

Fifi: More Bohemian. We were into punk rock because it was real Rock'N'Roll.

MRR: When did you start playing music?

Fifi: My brother started first, when I was 15.

Fink: I played drums for my friends' band. We played The Stones and Areosmith.

Fifi: (Laughs)

Fink: After The Stones band, I played bass for a punk rock band. We did Buzzcocks, Vibrators, Sex Pistols, Stranglers, and Stooges covers.

MRR: When did the rest of you start playing?

Fifi: I had never played any instruments until I was 22 or 23.

Jimbo: I started playing very late. When I was in college, I had no friends.

MRR: Did any of the bands you were in

before American Soul Spiders release any records?

Fink: Before American Soul Spiders, Fifi joined my band called West Side Jet Boys, because we were really into New York Dolls. He started playing guitar. After high school, I decided to go to Tokyo to form a band. So I did some auditions. I wanted to join a band, but they where all junk. Then I asked Fifi to form the band that became West Side Jet Boys.

MRR: When was this?

Fink: '84 or '85. Then we made a cassette to sell.

MRR: Do you still have it?

Fink: I think Fifi has it. It's very rare. It sounds like New York Dolls and Hollywood Brats.

Fink: When American Soul Spiders toured the States, maybe in 1989, we played with The Devil Dogs. Then I found what I should do! After that, I hated to keep the same band.

Fifi: The Devil Dogs were REALLY awesome! So great. After we saw the Devil Dogs we were really into more pure Rock'N'Roll, and more punk rock. Freak Out Rock'n'Roll.

MRR: In the liner notes to *Smash Hits* they mention something called "The Teengenerate Effect", were other Japanese bands where inspired by you...

Fifi: No, I don't think so. I don't WANT to think so. We just wanted to play simple freak out Rock'N'Roll with dirty sounds. We didn't want to imitate...we were very impressed by The Devil Dogs, but we didn't want to imitate them.

Fink: I thought The Devil Dogs' sound only involved Rock'N'Roll. They played 50s or 60s based songs very naturally in their own style. I wanted to take that sound. So my idea was to form my own style to play 50s or 60s or 70s style Rock'N'Roll.

MRR: Was the dirty production on Teengenerate's records done on purpose?

Fifi: Kinda.

Fink: Actually, we recorded our album called *Get Action* for Crypt Records in Seattle at Egg Studios. We recorded 16 tracks and sent the finished thing to Tim Warren and he hated it! He said it wasn't Teengenerate because the sound was very clear sounding. So we re-recorded it again in Tokyo with four-track cassette. We did maybe 30 songs in six hours because we had no money to record.

Fifi: Everything in one take. It only took 5000 yen (less than $50 American!) to rent a practice studio.

Fink: But the label owner, Tim Warren, wanted us to sound dirtier so we just gave him that sound. We were kind of tired of recording, so we didn't care. We needed to put our sound in noise, because we weren't good musicians. It was the trend. I think every garage label at that time wanted a dirty sound.

MRR: So why did you guys break up?

Fink: I thought we did too much.

MRR: Too much?

Fifi: Yes, because we were kind of sick of being Teengenerate. We did everything we could do as a wild freak out Rock'N'Roll band. We didn't want to repeat the same thing.

MRR: What did you guys do after Teengenerate split?

Fink: Fifi had already started The Tweezers while Teengenerate was going on. Then after Teengenerate, he kept The Tweezers. I formed The Raydios. I asked Sammy to form a new band, which became The Raydios. I wrote half of The Raydios songs when I was in Teengenerate. The reason we didn't release them as Teengenerate was because Fifi hated the songs that I wrote.

Fifi: I used to hate them. At that time, I thought his songs talked too much. I still really love his songs from when we were doing Teengenerate because they were very simple. I love the Raydios now too, but then I thought the songs just had too many chords. They were too complex for me at that point.

MRR: My friend told me that The Raydios played with The Misfits. How was that?

Fink: Yeah, that was our first show.

Fifi: How many people?

Fink: 2000 people. (Laughs all around). But we got booed. (More laughs). We got no money.

Fifi: We had the same experience when Teengenerate toured the states. In Denver, we played in front of an audience of 3000 people. We played at a skateboard/snowboard festival in Denver. There were a lot of Ska bands. Ska-core was really big in Denver, so there was a really big crowd. Except for us, all of the other bands where either Ska-core bands or melodic bands like Green Day and Samiam. Then we got up on stage and there were 3000 kids...*silent.* (Fifi and Steve both laugh).

Fink: We did well...

Fifi: You can imagine.

MRR: When you guys played America, did anything crazy happen to you?

Fink: Yeah, Fifi shit...

Fifi: No!

MRR: Yeah, I heard...

Fifi: We went to the States as American Soul Spiders like twelve years ago. I remember the exact day because that was the same day the Gulf War began. We went to see The Replacements that night in San Francisco. They did "Sonic Reducer". He broke his guitar. It was a great show. Also, when we went to the States for the first time, after the show in New York, we tried to cross the street and a car with lots of Americans inside stopped at the crossing, and threw bottles at us and said, "Fuck Japs!"

MRR: How'd you feel about that?

Fifi: (Sarcastically) Great. So Great. Another time, when we were in Teengenerate, we had an American tour with The New Bomb Turks, and in the south we went to a gas station to buy some beer. When we went to the register they didn't want to sell it to us. We showed them our ID, but they still wouldn't. And Jim from New Bomb Turks was very pissed off. He got very angry. When we left the gas station, he threw a big six pack through their window! It totally crashed. (Laughs all around) Anyway the older guy working there got very upset and called the police. We saw it. Jim shared his beer with us later.

MRR: But you did shit the bed in America with Eric from New Bomb Turks right?

Fifi: Yeah. Too much drinking. Do you know Mike Lucas? Americans are always taking shots of tequila at the bar. I took seven shots with Mike Lucas.

Jimbo: No, you did eleven.

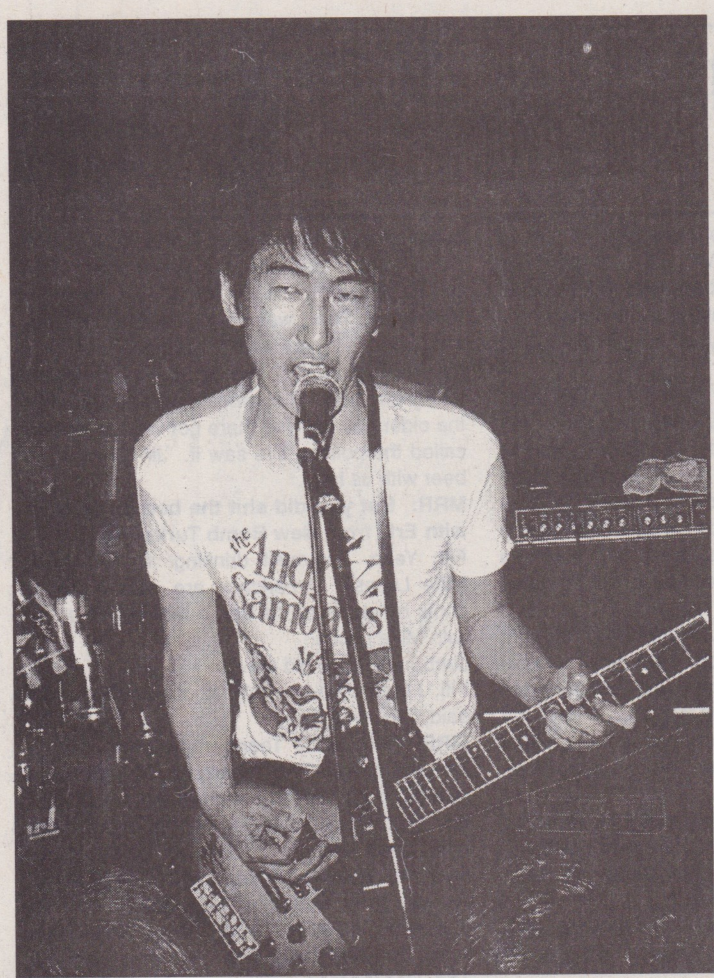
Fifi: I tried to go for a 12th shot but Mike Lucas said, "You won."

MRR: Fifi, while Teengenerate was going on you started The Tweezers. Why did you decide to go for such a change in sound?

Fifi: You know what Power Pop is? I have been really into Power Pop for many years, stuff like The Raspberries and Cheap Trick. Actually, there was no music called Power Pop in Japan. In Japan, people called Generation X and The Jam power pop. We have been into The Raspberries since we were teenagers. When we saw The Devil Dogs, they covered Raspberries songs and we were really surprised because we had loved them for so long. I used to have an American girlfriend. She was from Cleveland, Ohio. I asked her "Do you know the Raspberries?" She just laughed and asked me "How come you know about a band like The Raspberries? They aren't popular anymore." I tried to ask her about the song "I Wanna Be With You" and she *just laughed.* She thought it was boring. "Why don't you listen to Elvis Costello instead," she insisted. "Elvis Costello is *much cooler* than the Raspberries." I just hated her opinion. She came from Cleveland and I just wanted information about The Raspberries from her. When we were doing Teengenerate, we went to Cleveland and tried to find traces of The Raspberries. Nobody cared! I thought it was a shame, because we still really loved them. *WHY?* Such a great band and no one cared. When we met New Bomb Turks, they all loved The Raspberries. Have you ever seen the picture from Bomp Magazine with Jimmy Zero from the Dead Boys holding a Raspberries album? The Dead Boys were really influenced by The Raspberries. They ripped off The Raspberries' songs. Do you know the song called "All This And More"? That was ripped off from the Raspberries!

Fink: Anyway, he started The Tweezers, and I think something changed: all the punk kids started to care about pop music like that.

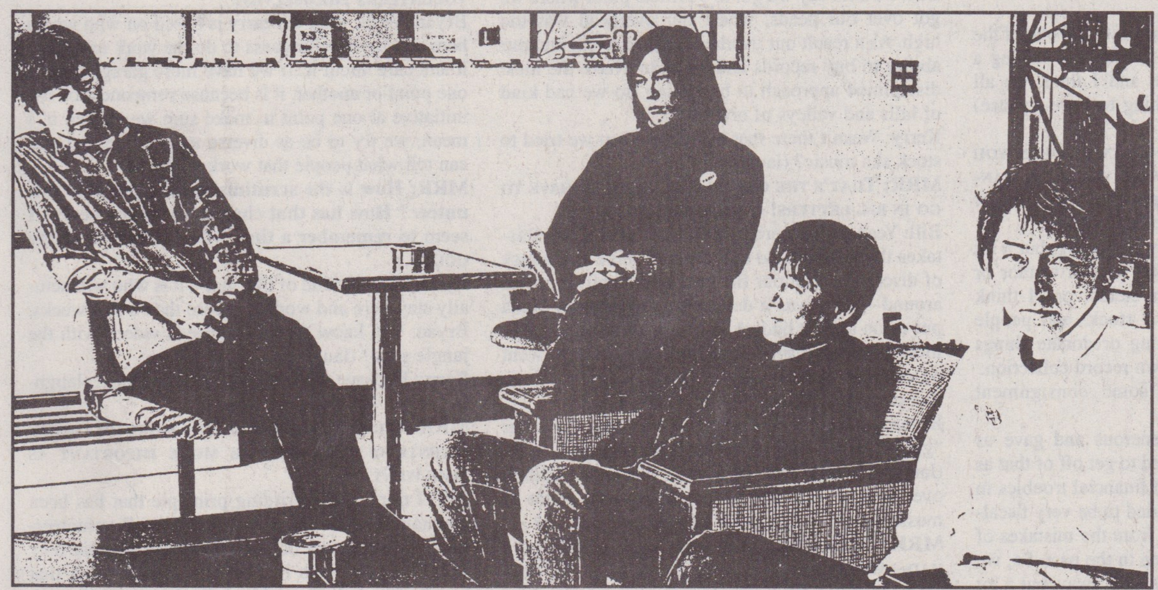
MRR: OK, so then you quit The Tweezers and started Firestarter. Who was in



Firestarter at first?
Fifi: The same lineup, but Fink quit to do The Raydios. We were a three piece for a while, but I wanted another guitar player. I know Fink's guitar playing is so sloppy, but I just needed him…for music. I didn't need technique. I still don't. Guitar technique is boring. I just need the Rock'N'Roll spirit like Teengenerate. Firestarter is more poppy and maybe more clean than Teengenerate, but we are always trying to excite the same thing, and that's Rock'N'Roll. So we wanted Fink as a member. At that point we needed a guitar player, so we invited him.
MRR: Your new album is called *Livin' On The Heat*. What does that mean?
Fifi: You know that song called "Chinese Rocks" by Johnny Thunders? "Living On Chinese Rocks" is about living on drugs. We are just living on heat for music. Living for Rock'N'Roll. Living for great music. We try to make good music. I don't know if we can, but we try. We are still not a professional band, and probably never will be. We just want to play in a band. Anything else is impossible. Totally impossible. We all know that. We just have a heat for music, like a fever. That's why we named our song "Livin' on the Heat."
MRR: What is a "Keith Richards Man?"
Fifi: You know those very stereotyped boring people? They don't try to use their imagination. It's OK to like Keith Richards, but just use your imagination. They just try to imitate completely.
MRR: I think a lot of Japanese bands are like that, trying to imitate whatever sound you guys are doing at the time. Do you think so?
Fink: I don't think so. We aren't that influential. Just old!
MRR: What was Johnny Moped right about?
Fifi: Do you know the Johnny Moped story? Johnny Moped was kinda, how do you say it…handicapped.
Fink: Like Jonathan Richman.
MRR: Jonathan Richman isn't retarded! He's a little crazy, but not retarded!
Fink: I saw him ten years ago and I thought he was handicapped. Great music though.
MRR: What bands do you like in Japan nowadays?
Fifi: Many bands. For example: Registrators, First Alert (even though they are now gone), Radio Shanghai…
Fink: Zymotics…
Fifi: Young Ones…so great.
Jimbo: I like Keen Monkey Work and The Treeberrys.
MRR: What are your favorite songs that you've written?
Fifi: (Brief pause) "Johnny Moped Was Right." I like that.
MRR: So Johnny Moped was a retard…why was he right?
Fifi: You know that song called "George Davis Is Innocent" by Sham 69? I just tried to imitate that. No meaning. I just wanted to write a song trying to imitate Sham 69's song title, but all I think about is music, so I called it "Johnny Moped Was Right" because Johnny Moped was one of my favorite punk rock musicians.
MRR: When Firestarter started, did you have a big audience because of your past bands?
Fifi: After Fink split and we were a three piece we had a few originals, but we tried to cover obscure American punk rock songs by bands like The Dogs. At that time, we were trying to be unpopular because we hated everything.
MRR: Why?
Fifi: Because it was boring. I have many bands now that I like [as friends], but I think their music is boring. They just try to imitate, just like me when I did with the Tweezers, the feeling and the sound of American and British bands. That's boring to me. For them, that kind of music is very fresh because they are very young. Everyone is younger than us. So I think it's OK because that kind of thing has just started for them.
MRR: Do you think Japanese bands are better than American bands?

Fifi: Current bands? It's about the same. America used to have great bands in the 70s and early 80s, or even later like, my favorite, Young Fresh Fellows. But most bands are just boring now. It's too sad. I tried to kill that boredom. I really wanted to kill boring music because Americans had many, many great bands in the late seventies. America is where Rock'N'Roll was born.
Fink: But people don't care.
Fifi: Do you know a band called The Reducers? They are a Connecticut band. They have been doing their thing for almost twenty years, since the late seventies and they are still playing now. They are really old now, but they have kept playing great music and Americans don't even care. Only fucking Japanese people care about The Reducers. I know there are many reasons for this. America is very wide, so there are local scenes. But Americans don't even *know* about The Reducers and we do. Why? That's the point. We try to dig stuff like that up. We managed to find them in Japan. You [Americans] have many great bands, but you just don't care. I want to know why.
Jimbo: I think there are still good bands in America, but why haven't you [Americans] discovered the good bands in your own country? They are still playing now.
Steve: Why do you think people in Japan care about all of these obscure 70s bands?
Fifi: That's a problem. That's the thing about priorities. My priority is music. Music is part of my life every day. In Japan, many people think about music just for a small part of their soul. Do you see what I mean? They need it, but just a small part.
Fink: They listen to music like they wear clothes.
MRR: Do you have any kids?
Fink: No. Actually, I do have a kid. Him! (points to Fifi).
MRR: What are your jobs?
Fink: Administration of a software company.
MRR: You're rich?
Fink: No, no, no. I just started. Fifi?
Fifi: Children's education…a fucking children's education company…(trails off into laughter).
Fink: He is working at McDonalds.
MRR: He does the birthday parties for the little kids?
Fink: Yes. His smile is free.
MRR: Why do so many great old bands come to Japan? Like The Boys, Carpettes, Rubinoos, Fast Cars…
Fink: Because we want to pay to see them. Maybe most Americans can't understand, but we want to see them.
MRR: On the back of your LP, Sammy is wearing a 20/20 shirt…
Fifi and Fink: We forced him to wear it!
Fifi: The dog collar too. He hated it. You know how on the sleeve I just wore aloha shirts? To me, that's kinda punk rock …
Jimbo: Like The Gizmos.
MRR: You want to look kind of strange as opposed to looking the same as everyone else?
Fifi: Yeah. Strange. Steve, have you ever heard The Kids from Belgium?
MRR: Of course.
Fink: They are in my top ten.
MRR: So what are your favorite three records?
Fink: To bring to an island?
Fifi: *Singles Going Steady* by Buzzcocks. I bought that record when I was in junior high. At my neighborhood record store, they were only selling domestic Japanese records. There was only one store around that sold records by selling foreign bands. I found The Buzzcocks there.
Fink: Other two?
Fifi: Flamin' Groovies!
Fink: Do you know that British band from the 60s, The Action? They should be one of them. My last one is always changing. I can tell you The Stones' first album is very important…
Fifi: Raspberries' *Greatest Hits*!
Jimbo: That is maybe my favorite album.
Fifi: This ruled when I was 18 (holds up Raspberries' *Greatest Hits*). This will kill you!
MRR: Jimbo, what are your favorite three records?
Jimbo: My favorite three records? Raspberries' *Newspaper Best*. And all of the Who's records. And…
Fink: Devil Dogs, Dead Boys…

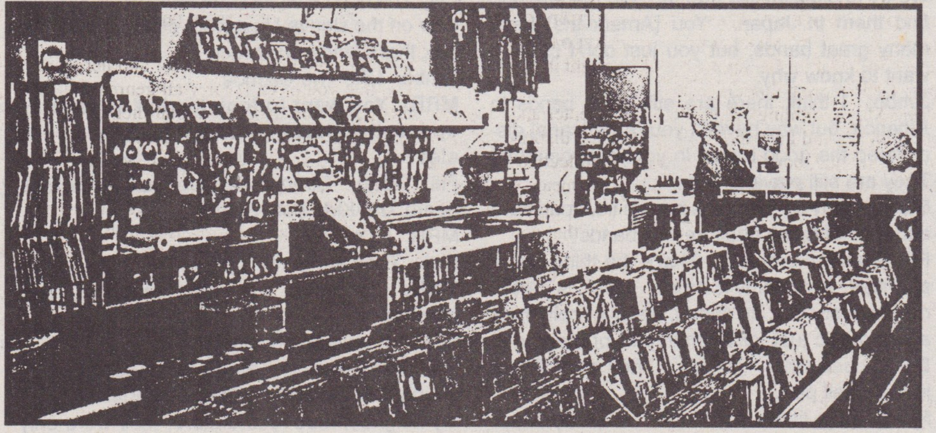
FIRESTARTER
Fifi: Vocals/Guitar
Fink: Guitar/Vocals
Sammy: Bass/Backups
Jimbo: Drums
DISCOGRAPHY
S/T 7" EP (Target Earth Records)
Ad Vice Compilation CD/LP (Mangrove Records)
S/T CD/LP (Mangrove Records)
"Keen Reaction" 7" (Mangrove Records)
Livin' On The Heat CD/LP (Mangrove Records)
Mangrove 2002 Compilation CD (Mangrove Records)
Website:
http://nextposition.com/firestarter/main.html



FIRE STARTER

EXTREME NOISE

Extreme Noise Records opened its doors in Minneapolis on April 1, 1994. Over the years Extreme Noise, a volunteer-run punk rock record store, has moved twice and had hundreds of volunteers. As it has grown and stabilized, the store has been able to support newer ideas and projects within the Twin Cities scene. Saint Paddy interviewed nine members of the collective with varying levels of involvement with the store. Those interviewed were: Bryan (9 years), Rana (9 years), Kerry (10 years), Chris (3 months), Widget (4 years), Mark (9 1/2 years), Davin (1 1/2 years), Bill (10 years), and Ryan (2 years).



MRR: So, looking back on it, what was the common thread that brought so many different tribes together to do the store in the first place? I mean, what was the common goal? It seemed like there were so many facets under the punk umbrella, and it was a pretty eclectic mix of people, instead of having like a straight HC store, or a straight punk store…

Kerry: A lot of us worked together before. We had *Profane Existence,* we had THD Records, which was Jason, and then Bill was involved with doing stuff, and we had the Emma Center where we had the mini-record store, but had quit doing that.

Bill: Dan (*Profane Existence*) approached everyone. It was fueled by a crazy late night at a bar, I think, and grew from there. A space became available, which then became unavailable, but the idea was planted.

MRR: But what all made you want to do a record store?

Kerry: We were all record enthusiasts and one of the things we all dreamed about as kids was having a great record store to shop at, and I think we all agreed it would be a great thing to have. (pause) Right? (laughter)

MRR: You just even looked cute when you said that! (laughter) How did you guys manage the finances, just to get the stock together and to rent a storefront?

Rana: I wasn't here at the very beginning, but a lot of people would buy one order from a vendor or else someone would donate a stereo, or—I think Dan donated a lot of *Profane* stock, and people would either pay for something or donate things that they had—stuff in their own record collection.

Kerry: I think we set up some consignment accounts.

Bill: A lot of labels were generous and gave us terms when we started. We tried to get off of that as soon as possible. We have had financial troubles in the past, but we have always tried to be very fiscally responsible, trying to learn from the mistakes of other organizations we had seen in the past. So, we tried to get off of consignment right away, but a lot of labels and distributors did float us at first.

MRR: To be able to look back and laugh ten years on, what were some of those initial mistakes?

Bill: I would say we got to a critical point where we got over our heads, where our overhead was too high. As a result our overhead started to eat into our ability to buy records and we didn't have the most disciplined approach to budgeting, so we had kind of hills and valleys of ordering.

Kerry: Wasn't there that bad time when we tried to stock ska music? (laughter)

MRR: That's the one that is going to have to go in big letters! (laughter)

Bill: Yeah, there were probably some ordering mistakes that contributed to that, but I think that a lack of discipline with our finances quite a bit. It turned around—there was a defining moment when Rana put us on a strict budget and said, "You can't spend more than you have." (laughter) A light bulb went on over our heads and we slowly recovered from that point and then we found a new space.

Bryan: I think Felix, on the website, called this our "golden age." That was definitely the dark ages. (laughter) That was people at meetings fighting over who would spend the $50 on what genre of music and what was more relevant to punk rock.

MRR: Actually, that was one question I had—what qualifies something as being able to be carried by EN?

Bryan: It has definitely broadened. I think it has expanded a lot just because of the whole punk boom and independent music kind of blowing up. I mean, just think of all the bands who are in the punk scene now who ten years ago would have never been before, bands that would have been considered the laughing stock that are put out by reputable indie labels. I think we expanded with that. We carry stuff that is a lot more metal, stuff that is a lot more mellow, poppy…

MRR: Does that kind of like grow with the volunteers themselves?

Bryan: Yeah, what we carry is based on who works here and their willingness to do the work and order it and care about it. If we have more garage rock at one point or another, it is because someone took the initiative at one point to make sure we carried it. I mean, we try to be as diverse as possible, but you can tell what people that work here like.

MRR: How is the scrutinizing of a possible volunteer? How has that changed over the years? I seem to remember a time when almost anybody could…

Ryan: It is still kind of like that—it is who will actually stay here and work for more than a few weeks.

Bryan: You know those Al Quaeda videos with the jungle gym? (laughter)

Kerry: We have this thing in the basement… (laughter)

MRR: What were some of the more idealistic intentions that became more important as time went on?

Bill: I think the overriding principle that has been maintained from day one is that it is all volunteer-run and that people donated their time because they cared enough to do it. That is the main thing that hasn't changed. Everything else has gone through revisions as time has gone on, but that has stayed consistent and been a guiding light.

Davin: And also, as the store has become more stable, we have helped more projects as well.

Kerry: Which wasn't really a plan at all in the beginning.

MRR: What kind of projects are you talking about?

Rana: We helped get the Babylon (show space) started, to help with the deposit and to get a PA.

Bryan: Well, and EN has helped me with loans for the print shop (in back of the building).
Mark: And the two radio shows.
Bryan: Yeah, we underwrite those.
Mark: So there are at least four hours of decent music on the radio. (laughter)
Bryan: Lately it seems like more former volunteers are coming back with projects—benefits, etc. that we can give gift certificates to or things like that. I think we are able to give back a little bit more than we used to be able to.
Davin: The idealism is that it is supposed to be the Minneapolis scene's money and so we use it to help the scene.
Bryan: Yeah, that is definitely one thing that has changed over the years. Originally there were investors, and they were all paid back in the first five years or less, so no one really has a financial claim on the store anymore. It is an entity onto itself, so trying to make the funds it raises and the resources it can provide available to everyone in the scene is one of our goals.
MRR: What were some of the more idealistic intentions that became less feasible over time? What are the biggest concessions you had to make over the past ten years that you think you had to make just to keep afloat?
Kerry: I think at the beginning people thought it was going to be more political…
Bryan: Maybe coming out of the Emma Center and everything…And I am sure some people are disillusioned with that, but there are how many collectives that have lasted sticking to those ideals? I mean, a lot of us have done that and it turns into a nightmare. I am all for people continuing to try that and I am not saying that I won't again, but as far as the store goes, it is kind of a broad-based amalgamation of people with different beliefs and we would just be fighting. It would be a mess if we tried to fit some kind of code, I think.
Widget: It seems like over the years things have just streamlined and people know that we come here with different opinions and so many different things you want to devote time to, and this is just one of those many things. This is just what you do while you are here and you are not here to change the world in the political spectrum, you are here to basically trying to offer up some kind of an alternative to the punk community. As far as the politics of the whole thing, it has come down to we are a record store and we sell punk rock and everyone has a differing opinion—we don't deal with racist or homophobic stuff and there is all that underlying stuff. We all may do other things—some) or ride in Critical Mass, but when we are here we just work in a record store.
Bryan: We purposely decided not to carry so many political books because we don't want to compete with Arise! and kind of support each other. I think streamlined is a good way to put it. We decided on what we are going to be focused on and that is what we do. We are not here to smash the state…
MRR: Something to listen to while you smash the state? (laughter)
Bryan: Yeah, we are just here to provide the soundtrack.
Bill: We did agree early on to be respectful of the opinions of other people who put in their time.
MRR: What sort of advice would you give to others starting a collectively run record store?
Kerry: We modeled a lot of what we have done off of Epicenter.
Bill: Yeah, they were a huge inspiration.
Bryan: You have to go into it thinking about what is best for the store. As much as it sounds totally capitalistic, you've got to think about the bottom line and what sells because that is what is going to keep the store open.
Kerry: You have to run it like a business.
Bryan: You can't get all caught up in idealistic clashes—you know, "That's a fuckin' emo record and I don't like it" or "I don't like crust records or metal records" or whatever. Well, people in the scene want it and it's going to help pay for six emo records we want to buy, so we are going to carry it.
Widget: Before you decide to open up a store, take a look around at who is going to actually support the store. In a small town you don't want to invest $10,000 in a store that only three people are going to shop at.
Bryan: If I had a recommendation for another store it would be that you have to carry all genres and be open-minded and you can't be a total dick because you think your genre is better than someone else's. I mean, I am sure some people think we are assholes—it happens, we get 40 or 50 volunteers and if you are not totally polite someone gets offended. But, we are a lot better than we used to be and it took us a long time to learn that and to weed out the people who were like, "What the fuck are you buying that for?!" That is the key—you have to be open-minded if you are going to keep a store open. I also think we are kind of isolated—maybe people don't move away as much. We have a core group of people who are willing to stick it out this long. Otherwise, I am not sure it would have lasted.
MRR: That is kind of funny because I think of Minneapolis as one of the more transient scenes.
Bill: But not necessarily at the level of people who might be involved with something. There are a lot of fresh faces in and out but it is one of the older scenes around—some of us are in our mid 30s and have known each other for twenty years. You don't see that everywhere.
MRR: What tribe under the punk rock umbrella buys the most records? Which are the best customers?
Everyone: The volunteers.
Bryan: The volunteers buy the most records because they are the ones who are obsessed.
Widget: It doesn't seem so much like a "tribe" as it is age... I get a lot of people in their 30s coming in and buying everything re-released on CD.
Kerry: Touring bands from small towns or towns where there aren't big scenes come in here and drop tons of money.

Bryan: Anyone who is going to drive five hours to a fest or something is going to come here and spend lots of money.
MRR: Who are some of your regulars?
Kerry: The kids who spend the most are those kids who come down from Winnipeg. They come down and see three shows and spend like $500.
Bryan: How about the kid who took a cab from southern Minnesota and spent like a thousand dollars—his whole paycheck—and took the cab back home. (laughter) The check bounced. I think eventually he paid for it.
Bill: That was a warning sign. If someone shows up in a cab from over an hour away.... (laughter)
Bryan: We have a guy who comes from Iowa once a year. He will spend all day here. He takes cigarette breaks in-between formats and has records piled on the counter.
MRR: Do you think there is more of a defined hierarchy to the store now?
Bryan: Probably. I don't know that we want that, but it has kind of happened by default.
Widget: I view it as… I don't like to voice my opinion as much because I am still learning why things are the way they are. I don't know how things were established or transpired over the years…
Kerry: Most of it doesn't make any sense. (laughter)
Widget: I just figure that there are people who have sort of a vision for the store as opposed to some of us who haven't been here as long and you kind of look up to people who have been through the ringer once or twice for a little bit of input before you try to start tackling issues on your own. Yeah, some of it is unintentional, but you figure, "Hell, you've been here ten years." I figure you'd probably know what to do more than I would, so I default to you.
MRR: You don't look at any of them and think, "Man, you're fucking crazy and I ain't listening to any of your shit?" (laughter)
Bryan: Going back to the volunteer question, how do people end up working here, and how do we get them in here and how do they stay. I think they have to be kind of determined because we aren't really going to hold their hands really. We will give them a shift where they can work and learn, but they are going to have to take it upon themselves to do it and keep showing up. I mean, what percentage of people who start here don't show up after two or three weeks—probably 75 percent? It makes it hard to want to cater to someone who is new and maybe a bit uncomfortable because they aren't going to be here in a couple of weeks. Maybe people see that as unwelcoming.
Kerry: But that is what we want—kids who take initiative and want to be here.
Bryan: There are kids who have been here years now who started in high school and I thought they would never last, but they kept showing up now they are great—they show up every week and know what is going on.
Ryan: We have a 13-year-old volunteer now who has been here for a couple of months.
Bryan: And if he had shown up just once and then hadn't come back to train we wouldn't have thought twice about it because it happens all the time, but he keeps coming back and he is learning. A lot of people leave their phone number, but what they really need to do is push a little bit probably and convince us that they really want to be here.

Contact info for EN:
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Minneapolis, MN 55408
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www.extremenoise.com
No mailorder!

LAUKAUS
ラウカウス

If Finland is going to have a band called SELFISH who play Japanese style hardcore then revenge is just around the corner for Nippon. Hailing from Kobe, LAUKAUS are a rowdy young four piece who play a very convincing early 80's sounding Finnish punk with their own original touch. I took some time recently to ask them about the band and their soon to be released debut LP on Swedish label PUTRID FILTH CONSPIRACY.
Interview and translation by Kevin "Harski Himenussija Vittunen" Hunt.

MRR: Eyyyy vittu!
(silence)
MRR: EYYYYYYYYYYY VITTU- do you understand?
Uuti: Vittu? Oh, yes. "Shit!"
MRR: Kind of.
Uuti: Vittu. "Fuck"
MRR: Close enough! Please state your name and ages gentlemen.
LAUKAUS: Uuttiset/vocals (23), Hani/guitar (20), Kuroda/bass (23), 02 (pronounced "Zerotsu")/drums (23).

MRR: What motivates a bunch of Japanese guys to start a filthy Finnish style punk band?
Uuti: I'd been into all sorts of Finnish punk bands for quite a while but when I first heard Kaaos's first LP I was really blown away. I'd never heard anything quite like it actually. I thought that I'd really like to do a band with that kind of sound. I didn't want to do a straight out rip-off of Kaaos though. Rather, something along those same lines stylistically. Nowadays our sound has developed and diversified much more and we are influenced by early Japanese, U.K, Swedish and Spanish bands, too.
02: Early on, I filled in on drums just to help out temporarily, but enjoyed it so much that I decided to stay on for good. It worked out pretty well.
MRR: What does the name "LAUKAUS" mean?
Uuti: It's Finnish onomatopoeia used to describe the sound of a bomb exploding.
MRR: Kaboom! Your lyrics are in Finnish. Does someone in the band know how to speak Finnish? How do you go about writing the lyrics?
Uuti: I use a Japanese/Finnish dictionary and end up with a rough version of Finnish. Lately we have been doing a few covers of Finnish bands and I changed the Finnish lyrics into Japanese. We do a cover of a Riistetyt song this way for instance.
MRR: Your debut EP "Mika On Tuolla" (Distort/USA) is a great listen. Is it still available? Will it be repressed? Where can people their dirty hands on a copy?
Uuti: It's still available in some stores in Japan. I guess that it is still around overseas too. Our own copies that we received from the label are pretty much gone. I don't think Distort have any immediate plans to do a second pressing. There are still copies of the initial 1000 press available. If you are in Japan then you can still find copies up at Kobe's only punk rock record store HARDCORE KITCHEN.
MRR: You released a demo about two years ago. Would you consider letting a label put it out on vinyl if there was one interested in doing so?
Uuti: A while ago there was actually talk of releasing the LAUKAUS demo on vinyl with us on one side and the POIKKEUS (Osaka) demo on the other. It never happened though. To tell the truth we've never thought too seriously about it though. Not to say that we'd be opposed to the idea.
MRR: Tell us about the new LP which should be available by the time you read this issue.
Uuti: Fortunately for us, Swedish label PUTRID FILTH CONSPIRACY is putting it out. This is the label run by the vocalist of the band INTENSITY. It will be out some time during spring. We recorded it all live in the studio at STUDIO Q in Osaka. We managed to pull off twelve songs in four hours flat. We just need to get it mastered.
MRR: Twelve songs in four hours is no mean feat! Can we look forward to hearing all of these tracks on the LP then?
Uuti: Yep, everything from that session's going to be on there. We've really developed our own sound recently and it is very noticeable on the new LP. Please give it a listen.
MRR: How often do LAUKAUS play live?
Uuti: It varies from month to month. Sometimes twice a month, other times not at all.

MRR: How would you describe your live performance to those who've never seen you play?
02: It all depends on how we are feeling at the time. It's a hard thing to describe us really. We don't want to just go hard for the first song and lame out after that. We try to deliver all the songs full throttle so that the intensity of the performance is constant and doesn't come and go in waves. Loads of power and speed.
MRR: Lemmy would be proud! Would you like to tour overseas? Where would you like to go?
Uuti: If we ever had the chance we'd love to. We'd like to tour the US if we could. (nudge-nudge,wink-wink!)
MRR: What about Scandinavia?
Uuti: My Finnish is way too screwed up! I'd be too embarrassed to get up and sing to a bunch of Finns in half-assed Finnish! Seriously though, we'd be keen to tour everywhere. South Korea, too, if we had the chance.
MRR: Your bass player also played in ARGUE DAMNATION for a while. They've been on hiatus recently. What's happening with that band now?
Uuti: I heard that Matsubara (FFT RECORDS/ARGUE DAMNATION) wants to get things rolling with the band again in the near future, but I don't know whether Kuroda will be involved or not.

MRR: Do any of the other LAUKAUS members play in any other bands?
Uuti: I'm playing drums for my friend Yokai's band just to help him out at the moment. The band is called 199X.
MRR: It's more of a straight out anarcho-punk band than a hardcore band right?
Uuti: Right.
MRR: C2, you use some pretty hefty looking sticks to drum with. Any particular reason for this?
C2: For me, if the sticks are too small then it doesn't feel like I'm gripping anything. Bigger sticks make for a bigger sound.
MRR: So what's all this I hear about a rival band? Tell us about POIKKEUS!
Uuti: Actually, we're good friends. The whole rivalry thing is just a joke that's gotten out of hand! POIKKEUS are from Osaka and they also play a kind of Finnish influenced hardcore. We all went down to Bar Konton (an Osaka pub run by Habi, ex-GLOOM drummer) the other day for some beers and a chat.
MRR: Which band has proven to be more "Finnish" in their drinking ability?
Uuti: We don't really know any Finns but POIKKEUS have a much drunker image than LAUKAUS do.

MRR: Are there any amusing on the road LAUKAUS stories that you'd like to disclose (no pun intended!)?
C2: What about the "Hani forgets his trousers" story?
MRR: He forgot his trousers?
Uuti: Yeah! He had to wear his comfortable yet extremely uncool Adidas three-stripes when we played in Hiroshima because he left his crusty bondage pants back at my house in Kobe.
C2: My ex-girlfriend dumped me before we played once. I was all pissed off!
MRR: AWWW! How is it being a younger band in Japan? Are you recieved well by the older punks in the scene?
Uuti: We've never experienced any kind of negative discrimination because of our age. When we play in Osaka some of the older punks might jokingly give us a bit of shit in a friendly kind of way. In Kobe though there aren't many older punks though.
MRR: How is the scene in Kobe right now? Are there enough bands and people going and supporting them?
Uuti: No, not enough of either to be quite honest. Not enough bands especially. It doesn't feel like there is much of scene here at all at the moment.
C2: There are quite a few non-punk shows

MRR: Do any Osaka punks come over to Kobe (25-40 minute train ride) to support you when you play?
Uuti: No, not really.
MRR: But quite a lot of Kobe punks go to Osaka shows and support Osaka bands right?
Uuti: Right.
MRR: We Osaka punks love you! Come to Oska and drink beer and go to shows with us, Kobe folk! Where around Japan have you played so far?
C2: Hiroshima, Tokyo, Okayama, Nagoya, Kobe and Osaka. It's always fun traveling playing in other cities.
Uuti: It's refreshing for us to go and play in another place and meet people for the first time.
MRR: What do you do when you're not doing band stuff?
Uuti: I go to university now but soon I'll graduate and start working. I take it easy. The only time I really feel alive is when I am doing band stuff.
MRR: Any final messages to readers overseas?
UUti: We're pleased and grateful that overseas labels have taken an interest in us. We always appreciate it when those who enjoy our music take the time to get in touch. We want to hear from you. Also, to any zines that we've done interviews for in the past please send us a copy. We're interested in seeing how it turned out. Finally, if anyone wants to fix my Finnish then please get in touch.
MRR: Did you hear that Marku Hirvela? Perkelle!

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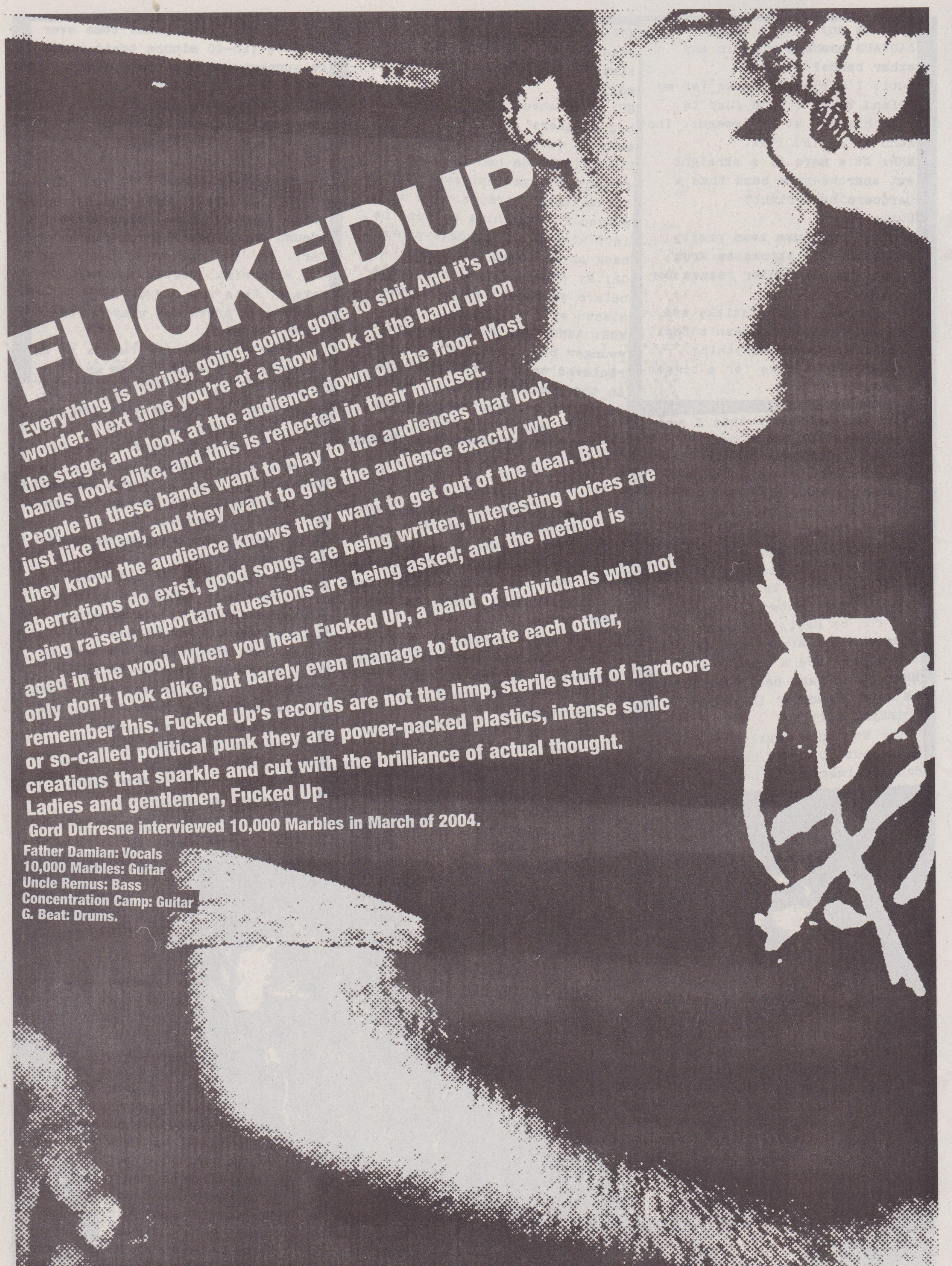

FUCKEDUP

Everything is boring, going, going, gone to shit. And it's no wonder. Next time you're at a show look at the band up on the stage, and look at the audience down on the floor. Most bands look alike, and this is reflected in their mindset. People in these bands want to play to the audiences that look just like them, and they want to give the audience exactly what they know the audience knows they want to get out of the deal. But aberrations do exist, good songs are being written, interesting voices are being raised, important questions are being asked; and the method is aged in the wool. When you hear Fucked Up, a band of individuals who not only don't look alike, but barely even manage to tolerate each other, remember this. Fucked Up's records are not the limp, sterile stuff of hardcore or so-called political punk they are power-packed plastics, intense sonic creations that sparkle and cut with the brilliance of actual thought. Ladies and gentlemen, Fucked Up.

Gord Dufresne interviewed 10,000 Marbles in March of 2004.

Father Damian: Vocals
10,000 Marbles: Guitar
Uncle Remus: Bass
Concentration Camp: Guitar
G. Beat: Drums.

MRR: Why and how was Fucked Up formed?

Me and Camp wanted to play in a band with him as a front man, since he has a nice wiry frame and a volatile personality. He couldn't hack vocals, so after three or four shows Mr. Damian came out of the woodwork to be the frontman. In 2001 he had a kid, so he wasn't really going to shows or doing anything other than collecting records. That's why we haven't toured yet and don't really play live or practice as much as we should, because in addition to all having to work 40-50 our weeks, Mr. Damian has his hands full with Eli. Plus Camp is only fifteen. We kind of formed to put some ideas I'd had into practice. Me and Camp used to do a long winded zine...we quit that and sublimated those energies into this band, which has essentially become the 4th issue of *Quick*. All the ideas and concepts I'd saved for articles, became ideas for songs (most of which haven't appeared yet). "Baiting the Public" was going to be an article on the history of derisive movements or thought-control experiments through history—Paracelcus and Alchemy— "god did not choose to give us the medicines prepared. he wants us to cook them ourselves," to Pavlov and William Sargent, the Actionists, to William Joyce—these are all people who were able to use frenzy, fear and admiration to beat people's minds to the extent to which they become maleable and useful. That's basically why we started the band—using music laced with subtle hints and a strong emphasis on symbols, sigils and logos—to get people to dig us to the extent that we could dig right back into them.

MRR: Is that what the logo is for?

Yeah, that's how logos work. Records are sort of a casual way of participating in someone else's project—you mostly have them as a background to whatever else you're working on and devoting your attention to. Wearing a Fucked Up shirt or armband means you are taking part in the project, because you are broadcasting the band into the world. We've only made like 50 shirts and a couple hundred armbands, but we used to be amazed when people we'd never met before would buy a shirt—we played the Reverb with Kill Your Idols a few years ago and some pretty hip woman walked out of the club wearing the Logo, out into whatever culture she was part of, to transmit FU to her crowd. We got the circle-F into a Treble Charger video here in Canada, who are a major label pop band, because our friend Ben wore it when he did a cameo in it with Arvil Lavigne. We're trying to get them everywhere. That's why we pay for our friends to get it tattooed if they want. Bands get confused into worrying about lettering, band pictures and that shit on their records—first you have to get a logo if you want to get yourself into people's brains. That's how Black Flag got popular, by reproducing themselves through their logo all over LA. Those aren't just bars, they have a meaning. That's how sigils work, they sneak through the corner of your eye and into your subconscious where they start to pick at your life.

MRR: What are Sigils?

We were going to write a song about it, but figured it would be lame. As European bands use runes, North American bands could use sigils. There is one in the top corner of our page in the *Toronto Omnibus* LP, and a bunch through *Police*. Mr. Damian got into them after reading *The Invisibles*. When we lived together I would wake up in the morning and find these weird symbols all over the fridge and in the bathroom on the mirror and shit. Camp put a huge one on his wall when the Leafs ran for the Cup two seasons ago. We put them up all over a crucial intersection as sort of a pre-victory ritual for this OCAP action that happened there. The idea behind sigils is that you think of something you want to happen, write it down, make a monogram of it, and then drill the monogram into your brain while forgetting the meaning. That way the meaning gets detached from the symbol, so it's no longer in your waking mind. Your subconscious goes to work trying to make the outcome happen, and presto in a few days it does. It sounds like a lot of bullshit, but there is sort of a devoted literature on sigils and ritual magic, and sigils work. I think it is rooted in Haitian voodoo, but is translated through our culture by Austin Osman Spare, Aleister Crowley and contemporary people like Phil Hine and Grant Morrison.

MRR: That sort of creates a new perspective on danger in punk, in how a band could be used to boil someone's brain.

See, danger to me doesn't mean getting a black eye at a show, which is something that just hurts. Danger is about getting your life fucked up. A dangerous band doesn't lead to injuries in the pit, but is a band that has the ability to hold and control people's attentions. Black Flag wasn't dangerous because you had to worry about getting hurt at a show, but because people did and still do put a lot of faith and belief into them. At any show, Henry, could have stopped playing and said "OK, now we're going to go to the police station and set it on fire," and 100 people would have followed him and done it. SUM41 is a dangerous band, you know, fucking Justin Timberlake is dangerous, because they hold people in this kind of rapt attention, they had fans fucking standing at attention. I think punk isn't dangerous, because people aren't interested in fostering this kind of danger. You know they say the brain is the biggest sexual organ, not the dick—fear and violence aren't in people's nerves or fists, it's in people's brains, and that's where we want to be, in your brain.

MRR: To do what with?

Yeah well, who knows. I was kidding around in *Town of Hardcore* zine, saying that bands in cities don't get along in the right way. Bands should be like cells you know, every band say is able to pluck like 100 people in the city out of whatever they are doing to say "pay attention to this for half an hour" and they do. Well for half an hour, those 100 people times however many bands there are in a city could be marching. One time my friend said that the problem with punk was that bands didn't try and change peoples lives anymore, and he was coming from a mid-90s perspective, when there were bands like Born Against, trying to be really important for people. That's what we want to do, but maybe with different motives.

MRR: Is that what "Baiting the Public" was trying to do?

Yeah, the lyrics were about whipping people into a frenzy, and the record itself was sort of trying to do the same thing—you can't read the lyrics, you have to flip the record to hear the second half of the song, people were already pissed off about two song singles for some reason, the cover gets dog-eared really easily, the liner notes don't make any sense. Originally, the plan was to make 1000 of side A as a one sided single on Deranged, and self-release 200 of the bside so that 800 people who be left without the whole song. It obviously won't, but the record was designed as a tribute to art projects that were able to send people rioting out of the theaters or fainting in the gallery. "Now that you think like me, you can act like me," that whole deal. We're the big fish, trying to gobble up all the little fish.

"Danger is about getting your life fucked up. A dangerous band doesn't lead to injuries in the pit...Black Flag wasn't dangerous because you had to worry about getting hurt at a show, but because... at any show, Henry, could have stopped playing and said "OK, now we're going to go to the police station and set it on fire," and 100 people would have followed him and done it. "

MRR: But do you think that's an effective or even a responsible way at creating change in society? The point seems to be to wreck peoples lives to the point where they have the perspective of someone living in the gutter, which I get, but the control and coercion in getting there seems to have an underlying almost fascism to it.

I think it more has to do with the perspective you already have. If you're fearful or wary of having your life ruined, it means you've got some vested interested in maintaining society the way it is. Think of that movie *Falling Down*—it's almost like in our culture you're either a businessman or a criminal. And it's your position that dictates your perspective—life for most people is just trying not to get dragged down into the shit. The perspective of someone on the bottom is that the people at the top belong at the bottom as well. And I mean, this isn't just some dumb band shooting their mouths off, this is kind of a major thing in the world I think. Think of movies, religions, politics, school, all that shit, its culture's attempt to bait people upwards by people at the top. Buy a car, buy a house, get along with your neighbors, don't do drugs, be a little concerned about the environment, all the good you do in a wretched system just keeps reproducing that system. People at the bottom only have the choice of trying to move up, or to try and wreck the system as a whole. And so being timid or afraid of the sick movement at the bottom is just the attempt to keep the world the way it is. That's why there is such a taboo even in like activist circles against violence, or hard drugs, or aggression, and shit like that, because in a large way, violence is one of those precious things that has yet to be recuperated and swallowed up by the dominant culture.

MRR: But isn't freedom one of those taboos too? That's why to me it seems irresponsible to trade off freedom for participation in the "right" sort of culture.

But the trade-off happened a long time ago. Having the freedom to earn money and buy things, doesn't mean you have

the freedom survive without going to work, or not comp licitly have people working in sweatshops, or the freedom not to destroy the environment, or act out in any substantial way. The real irresponsible force at work is the culture trying to convince people that freedom *is* taboo and untouchable, and that people have long enjoyed it. The only reason we feel safe is because there's been sort of a brand loyalty created between fear and comfort. You look at like the Nazis, who created a Fear and Furor division in their society—on one hand people were made to fear and hate some arbitrary elements of society, and to love and admire others, and it was really effective in whipping people into the frenzy. I think most social movements use this same sort of tactic with varying degrees of intensity—vilify and scapegoat your enemy, and make your goal righteous. So then think about what happens when the brands people start to swoon over are like, organic foods, or (more) violence, and chaos, then what happens?

MRR: Well how would you build a responsible way of life?

I want to be a yeoman. Thomas Jefferson's concept of agrarian democracy, where every family compact gets a large plot of land and grew their food and that was that. Like Wendell Berry wrote "you cannot loose your land and remain free; if you keep your land you cannot be enslaved".

MRR: "No Pasaran" was about Spanish Anarchists. Are you anarchists then?

Not really. I believe in a freedom based in traditional ways of life, like yeomanism, agrarian democracy, permaculture, nomadism, etc. Those things could be loosely construed as anarchist, because they aren't political, they are ways of living. Your political ideologies are meaningless unless they are informed by the vision of what you'd like life to look like. I would like life to be based on the land, structured around family compacts that create local communities.

The things I believe in aren't political—I believe in bioregionalism, living machines, evolution, organic farming, Community Supported Agriculture, gardening, industrial ecology and shit like that. Anarchism is really an idea for the cities, and I'm not sure I believe in cities.

MRR: Ok switching gears, what is "Dance of Death" about?

Well that song sort of deals with the same shit—it's about the imperialist lifestyle and how it's been perfect and reproduced to such a dazzling extent, that people within it are convinced that it is the best way, and that they love it. It's like Stockholm Syndrome, when a captive begins to love and revered the captor. The Harbinger's spiders laid their eggs inside all of our heads, and convinced us to keep dancing in the muck, because we love it. We love smoking and eating non-food, so we love cancer. We love making money and cheating, so we love crime. We love TV and novels, so we love being stupid. We love war and punishment so we love pain. We love life, so we love death.

MRR: You sing a lot about dehumanization and alienation, what part do you think activism should, or can, play in reconnecting people and improving our lot?

Well I think any activist group who isn't doing that might be a scam. What else is there? I'm not an activist, but reconnecting myself to the things I need to be in tune with is a primary concern. The trouble with activists is that they are trying to fix a system that isn't broken. You know, the global economy, the state, whatever you want to call it—is working perfectly, and gets better at what it was made to do every day. The state doesn't enfranchise people in real communities, or reduce energy use or maximize free time, because that isn't what it is designed to do, and no amount of activism is going to make it that way. Activism shouldn't be about trying to mend perceived holes in the way the system works, but about expanding the holes, and trying to find more. A lot of activists are afraid of violence because its one of those holes that's open, and most upstanding responsible people have a real vested interest in keeping them closed. So to me improving my lot doesn't mean creating fair global trade, but in not needing global trade at all. It doesn't mean improving the minimum wage, but eliminating wages altogether.

MRR: Your records are filled with pseudonymns, phony credits, and other bad information, and your interviews have largely been pretty jocular, are you consciously trying to obscure the reality of what the band is or are you just unsure / insecure about what the band is and that confusing face is the result?

We just want people to have to pay attention to be into our band. If you don't, there is always shit you miss. People tell me that they dig the music on the records, but did you take a second look at the matrix numbers to see if they mean anything? Or read the typing on *Police* carefully? We don't put shit in to be confusing, we just want to command people's attention when they are looking at a Fucked Up record, so we try to fill them with detail. A lot of the decisions we made were to try and confuse people or obfuscate things—it means that people can't be into the band in a casual way—when a band you are trying to get into doesn't release ten song records, or stop between song live or publish real names on the records, it means you have to dig a bit deeper to get the information you want.

MRR: What has the feedback been like when people read your lyrics or hear your music?

We don't get any feedback about the lyrics. People usually say bland things like "nice show" or "cool record". We just played a show with The Gossip and their guitarist came up to our merch table and said "its real great how you guys have all these records you put out" as if we were ten year olds. We've had lots of good reviews, but mostly for *Police*, which is sort of a played tune at this point anyhow. On one hand, the point of the band is to confuse people, but it's annoying when it actually happens. Most times people just say bullshit like "sounds like Negative Approach" or "Sounds like Poison Idea"—its like when you hand in a paper in and get a C+ and wonder whether the teacher read it or not. The problem is that people don't want to pay attention to the things they get. The illth economy is

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based on the principle in putting as little effort and labor into commodities, and having people enjoy or use them for the most limited amount of time possible. If things are well made as to last a long time or to have people foster a real attachment to them, there is no incentive for people to get sick of them and move on to the next thing on the shelf, and the products won't go bad or get broken. We put hours and hours and hours into writing music, and designing the layout of our records and writing lyrics—we know all we are doing is making commodities and products, and we want people to enjoy them and become attached to them so they don't become pieces of waste. But people are so used to using things immediately and moving on—using records like cigarettes, smoking them up and moving on.

MRR: Would you rather get bad reviews than bland ones?

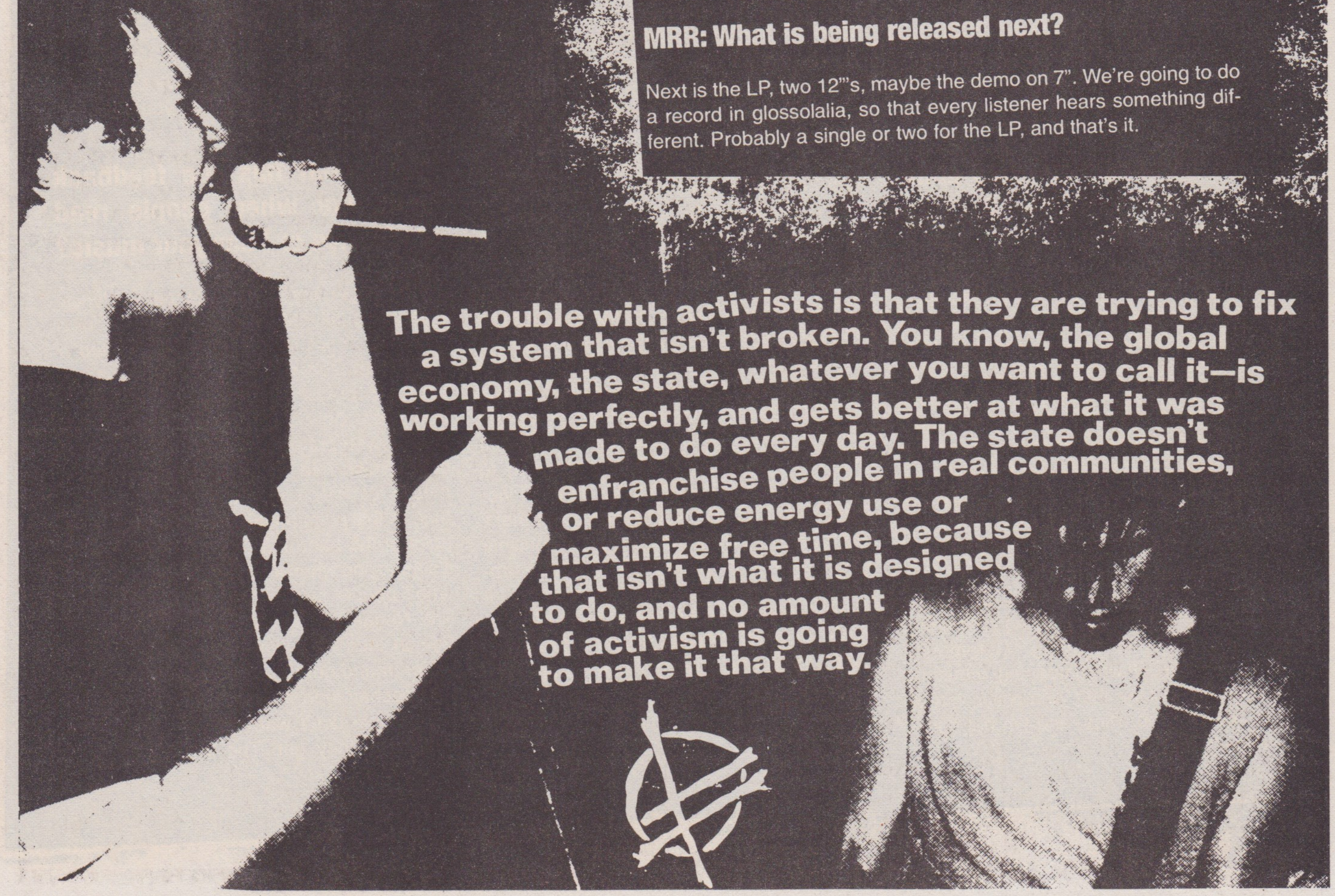
Yeah, or none at all. It's like quantum physics, or something, in that reviews, measuring the results of the band, changes the outcome, and how people experience it. Mostly I wish we could have total control over the band and how the band comes across—if we could write our own reviews and interviews, we would, but we can't.

MRR: What is the full Fucked Up discography so far?

No Pasaran 7" 900 on black, 7 test presses (one still extant), *Police* 1200 on black, 6 test presses, *Baiting the Public* 500 with each cover, no test presses, 250 with the wrong label that got destroyed, and 1 7" with a small hole, *Dance of Death* 3000 on black, 7 test presses, *Litany* 1035 on white, 6 on shampoo by accident, and 11 test presses, Haymaker split 7" so far 6 test presses, Live 12" 500 on brown, a million CDs and some demos.

MRR: What is being released next?

Next is the LP, two 12"'s, maybe the demo on 7". We're going to do a record in glossolalia, so that every listener hears something different. Probably a single or two for the LP, and that's it.



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46 SHORT

46 Short has been making a loud, fast, punk noise, coupled with a consistently entertaining live show, since 1996. With a new record about to be released on Go-Kart they slowed down just long enough for me to corner them inside their van, outside the Allen Theatre in South Gate, to answer some questions.

INTERVIEW BY RENAE BRYANT
TRANSCRIBED BY JARED NOTHING

MRR: The history of 46 Short…who wants to start?
Jeremy: I was in a band called Sam's Ash. We ended up needing a guitar player. Then another band member changed. Somehow I ran into Andy through a mutual friend. Andy ended up joining Sam's Ash. We played for a brief amount of time. Finally, Andy came to me and said we should start something brand new. Andy and I went from there.
Andy: That was seven years ago.
Jeremy: We started off in '96 and obviously have gone through some lineup changes. We've been steady with this lineup for over a year.
Andy: Yeah…Ron's been in the band since '99, right after we toured the U.S. And Nathan…
Nathan: Two years in February.
Andy: Jeremy and I have been playing the whole time.
Jeremy: We're the guys who haven't been kicked out or quit yet.

MRR: Fair enough. What, if any, significance does the name 46 Short hold? What does it refer to? What does it reference?
Jeremy: Well, at the time we were looking for band names and I think we had a show coming up and a 7" we were putting out and we were really not even close to a name. So there was a guy at Andy's store thumbing through a skateboard magazine, actually Big Brother Skateboard magazine, and about halfway down, he was reading it and he goes "46 Short" in reference to the article. It was just…yeah there is no important meaning. So a lot of people think it actually might mean something. But it's kind of funny, because I always laughed at bands like FYP where there are around 50 rumored meanings of the name floating around but the real one is kind of, you know, whatever.
Andy: We wanted a band name that didn't mean anything; it was more just like it's us…like it doesn't have any meaning. That's our name.
Ron: We don't mean anything…
Jeremy: Well, I really got into the name too because the band is about being a little bit anonymous as far as look and image. It's supposed to be about four people playing music. That's why we don't put our names in the CD's and we've been pretty slim on photos of us and things. I don't think that's bad for other bands. But for us, and what we are trying to stand for, it is just about a unit making music and to see if people would notice that…
MRR: So for the interview should I put number one, number two, number three, number four and not include your names?
Ron: (laughing) No, that's okay.
MRR: What are your releases so far, the discography?
Jeremy: We have a self-titled 7", we did a split 7" with the Mother Fucking Titty-Suckers (they're like a joke band), we've done a split 7" with a German band on Horror Business Records, they are basically friends we met when we were on tour in Europe, then we did a split with Arson Family, which is now a defunct band out of Rhode Island, on Know Records. The order is all fucked up.
Ron: Basically we did one self-titled 7", one LP, and three split 7", and a few comps.
Jeremy: Right. Your normal share of comps, the ones you know you are on and the ones you don't know you're on.
MRR: So you had your first full-length on Know Records. How did that come about?
Jeremy: The CD is on Know Records and the LP is on Caught Red Handed. We have to point that out because a friend did put out the LP. But that came about when we first did the split with Arson Family on Know Records I met Albert just from shows and then he approached us to do a 7" and then a full-length is just kind of a natural next step. The coolest thing about working with Know, at the time, was that it was a great first step, there was no contract. It was very much a handshake deal and that worked for us.
Andy: Albert is an awesome guy.
MRR: Why the step to Go-Kart then?
Andy: They were the first people willing to give us money to go into

the studio to record. It's not like we have a bunch of money, so it's kind of nice when someone says they will front you the money to go record. They also have distribution. They want to support us when we go on tour and stuff. So, that all sounds good right now.

MRR: So how did it come about then?

Jeremy: We recorded a demo almost two years ago, September.

Ron: We recorded on September 12, right after the Twin Towers.

Jeremy: Right. We recorded the demo in like a day or two, a real quick deal, and basically as Andy said we ended up talking to Go-Kart. What we did was send it out to several labels and Go-Kart is the one we ended up landing with. I know it's not really that exciting of a story but…

Ron: He offered to give us money to record the record and he was a good guy…it wasn't like this big fancy-shmancy deal.

MRR: How did you choose the artwork to represent your music?

Ron: We had Tom D. Kline do the artwork. He was a friend of mine and Tom did all the artwork for the Oppressed Logic second LP and a lot of the U.S. Bombs and Duane Peters and the Hunns stuff. He's a great artist. We had decided that we wanted to have a certain look to the record. We wanted to have it look kind of like the records that we grew up listening to, bands like Black Flag. Especially was a main influence was the Raymond Pettibone art. We wanted it to have that kind of a look to it. It was kind of almost the comic book style art. We decided that we were going to call the record *Just a Liability* it's a song on our record and so the artwork reflects that. Each panel (of three) is reflective of the verse on that song. The song is basically about guns. How basically everyone that I know that owns a gun is the one person that should not have a gun. I don't know that any of my friends are responsible enough to own a firearm. Statistics prove that if you own a gun, most of the time it ends up being used on yourself or a family member on accident. That's what that song is about. Most of the time, when you buy a gun, you buy it with a good intention–for protection most of the time, but it ends up being a liability. Each of the verses in the panel is what that's about. It's definitely not a pro-violence or pro-gun thing.

MRR: I didn't know if you guys were influenced at all by Michael Moore's "Bowling for Columbine?"

Ron: Actually it was. It was a big influence.

Jeremy: "TV Baby" is a song off "Specimen" and that one was directly pretty much about the Columbine shooting. So, yeah, before the record came out this sort of theme has existed with the band on a subliminal level. I always try to write stuff that's not about meeting chicks and getting drunk.

MRR: (Sarcastically) That's not what your songs are all about?

Ron: (Laughing) Speak for yourself. I'm really fascinated with media manipulation and how the media really does crap for the psyche of our nation of the United States. I find it fascinating and the few lyrics that I have written in this band directly reflect that is how easily we the people have been manipulated to feel a certain things, myself not excluded, and I find it extremely fascinating. That was another aspect of "Just a Liability." I think we all try not to be preachy as a band because we're not. I think all four of us are pretty left wing in our thoughts. We're very careful to not come off as if we are standing on a pedestal when we're on stage. We're not there to tell people what to do and how to think. I think that's wrong. We just kind of lay our thoughts and feelings out there and you can agree or not agree with them, but it's not a prerequisite. I also think that we're not going to waste time singing lyrics about drinking beer in the alley, because that's not us.

Jeremy: No, it's just not us. Like I said, for other bands, that's fine, but what comes to mind is that we're just not capable of it. It's not better I don't think. I like to say a lot of the songs that I write lyrics to, on the records, a lot of them like Ron said, are not trying to be preachy, a lot of them are basically reminders of me–the person I wish I was, want to be, or strive to be and all the fucked up things that go on in my life. A lot of times I am addressing those, usually at a second level. Lyrically, sometimes, it's not directly in your face what it's about. A lot of times it will be a reminder of how I want to be or live, so if I listen to that song it can be a way back if I sort of stray from where I want to be in life

MRR: I only have one more question written down but I did notice that when you opened for Death By Stereo, as a part of the benefit show, you just piledrove through your set. I think it's great when bands don't lag and don't let the energy go down, but I noticed that you guys barely took a breath. Is that purposeful?

Ron: That has a lot to do with a decision but I think right now, we're not a headlining act. We are a support act. I hate being at a show and seeing a band that I am actually like entertained and then they just keep playing and playing. I'm like, "You know what? I've kind of heard enough now." I really think that a great punk rock record shouldn't be longer than 25-30 minutes. I think it's like that old Black Flag quote, "The music is short because that's how long the inspiration lasts." I've always felt that you just go out there and give 110% and just punch the crowd, musically, in the face and that's it. I remember seeing bands when I was younger and thinking, "Man, that was a great set I wish they would have played more." I would rather have people say I wish they would have played more instead of saying, "Yeah, they were alright but their set just dragged on."

MRR: Okay, what tours have you done so far? What were the best and worst experiences?

Jeremy: The worst for me was drinking someone else's piss in Rhode Island. I mean that was the worst, I don't know about everybody in the band, but…I don't think anyone has anything worse than that.

Ron: I wasn't even in the band yet and that is still the best band experience I've ever had.

MRR: What happened?

Jeremy: There were these blue lights, and it was real hot and humid. I grabbed a water not knowing that Andy had pissed in a water bottle and put the cap back on. I brought the water back up to the club and with the lighting in the club you couldn't tell if it was water or piss or whatever. I took a big swig, and it definitely wasn't water. Here is the worst

part. I had it in my mouth and looked around to see if anybody had saw me and I thought maybe I should just swallow it. But that was just too fucking gross. So I spit it out and went to the bar and got a shot of whisky.

MRR: Do you think the punk scene has gotten better or worse over the years?

Ron: I think it has gotten bigger due to the success of some bands, even though they are not punk, like Good Charlotte, Green Day, and the Offspring. They are like gateway bands. Kids get into them and they start delving back into the background of punk. I mean half the kids here tonight, they can deny it if they want, the first fucking punk band they heard was probably Green Day, The Offspring, or Blink. I mean we've all (except for Nathan because he is a lot younger than us) been going to shows for more years than we would like to admit to. We are definitely punk scene veterans, but at the same time it has just gotten bigger. I don't know if you can say it has gotten better or worse. It has just gotten bigger and there are great things about it being so huge. There are also bad things about it too. You have more jerks at shows to deal with because the shows are bigger. I think my only complaint that I can really say about the real underground punk scene is that, from the get-go punk rock has always been about being an individual, being yourself and thinking for yourself. At the same time a lot of people are saying be like me. Be different, think different, but if you don't look like me or think like me we don't want anything to do with you, and that's kind of sad. I've been to shows where a great punk rock band has played but since the other bands on the show have spiked hair and leather jackets and the great band looked like they should've just worked on your car, they give no response because they didn't look the part. I've also been to shows that were the total opposite, where most of the bands wore white t-shirts and baseball caps and one band had the spiked hair and they get yelled at because they don't look like other bands. It's sad. We got into this because we were tired of society pointing fingers and saying you're different, you're a freak, you're not like us, we don't want you here, only to come into something else where you have another group of people behaving the same way.

MRR: What is the potential of punk to mobilize and to make a real difference?

Ron: I wish I could be a lot more of an optimist but I am more of a narcissist, myself. I just think that until people turn off the fucking television and put the Play Station away for a few more hours than they do nothing is going to change. It's just a lot easier to bury your head in entertainment than to actually think about just how screwed up things really are and it's a lot easier to deal with it that way... to just bury your head in the sand. This mentality is American, it's a Western mentality that we have. You can go anywhere in Europe and people, not just punks, are way more politically active and aware of what is going on in our own country, and usually they are talking about how fucked up our country. I hate to say it, but I really don't think things are going to change because it is just too easy. I don't blame a lot of people for being apathetic or ignorant because sometimes it is just to frustrating to be that way.

Jeremy: Society is set up because doesn't want you to see those things. You get on the expressway to suburbia. It is really harder to live out your passions that it is to not. So many people I know have to work these jobs they work because they got themselves into these situations where they have all these bills to pay... a car payment, a house payment and all of a sudden they are channeled down this sort of non-thinking life.

Ron: The current Bush administration is only concerned about creating this world with endless employment opportunities for people who have no aspirations higher than to work at Target, Wal-Mart, and become janitors. They've sabotaged the education system in this country deliberately so we have plenty of ditch diggers and janitors and not enough educated people. And why? Because an educated person is an aware person, and an aware person stands up and says "I'm not going to take this shit anymore. The few aware people there are they sell this "American Dream..." to get the SUV, you don't want the SUV? Then get the Hummer. Get the nice house in the planned community where we don't let anyone who is dark shade Hispanic in and we'll protect you from everybody else. We'll protect you from the have-nots that we are busy creating because we are fucking with the education system.

Jeremy: People just better open their eyes and realize that we have gotten ourselves into a real hole as a country and there needs to be a lot of changes made. There is going to be a lot of future problems that we are going to have to fix.

Contact: www.46short.com .

JOHN THE BAKER

MRR: You really are a baker. How exactly did you become a vegan baker, and why?

JTB: I started working in a bagel bakery when I was 19 and I've been working in bakeries ever since. I used to bring baked goods out onto the street for punks and that's how I got the name John the Baker. I developed a line of twelve healthier baked items, but my boss rejected the idea of healthier stuff. So I opened my own business, "John the Baker's Vegan Treats", which supplied fifteen health food stores in NY with fresh vegan treats. Some of my holiday cookie recipes were featured in the winter 1999 edition of Veggie Life Magazine. My girlfriend at the time was a strict vegan and I used to come home after work at the bakery and whip up some treats she could enjoy. She had not had a chocolate chip cookie in five years…that's why I started my business and vegan recipes.

MRR: How would you describe your music to some one who hasn't heard it before?

JTB: People think of folk because I do a lot of stuff on an acoustic guitar, but this is not folk music. Straight up, shit talking, fuck you, get outta my face you goddamn pig, Christian, do-no-gooder! HAHA! Fist Fuck The Pope!!

MRR: What do you write songs about? What do you draw your inspiration from?

JTB: The Street. I get inspiration from sitting on the street and just looking at people. I write songs about stuff that is happening and stuff pisses me off. Like "The Cops Are Fuckin Little Girls". That's a song I wrote about the Woodstock Police who were having sex with 14, 15 , and 16-year-old girls. I helped get a secret investigation into the Woodstock Police force and eventually got half the police fired for sexual misconduct with minors. I also like my songs to have dual meanings. "Cops R Fuckin Little Girls" also meant that the Cops wouldn't be hard to beat up because they were just little girls. But the gist of it was heard, because the first time we played that on stage, later that night, we were pulled over by the pigs and they gave us a speeding ticket but told us they pulled us over because they heard I was singing songs about them that night. We laughed and got the ticket thrown out of court. Social injustice, that's what I like to sing about. How the little guy is getting fucked over every day and the world just keeps shitting on him. Life can really suck. So we sing stupid songs and play 'em really fast so people can laugh and forget about the day-to-day monotony for 20 minutes.

MRR: You first LP was self-released. Are there any plans in the future to release more, or do a tour?

JTB: We are releasing a new record on Controlled By Plague Records later this year, a 12" 45 and an enhanced CD with a documentary film that was done about me last year and some other stuff. Check out www.controlledbyplague.com. The guys in The Malnourished have a bunch of other projects like Nigel Pepper Cock and Brainoil, so we aren't sure if we will get to tour in support of this release. BUT…our other band, Shrink Wrap Killerz, will most likely be touring the USA in the summer of 2004, meeting up with Lana Dagales back east and continuing on with them back to the West.

MRR: You also ran your own venue that had studios and all the works. How did that come about?

JTB: While back living in NY January 2000, I got a call from my old bass player saying he was living in a recording studio in Richmond, California and they were starting to have live shows. He thought it would be cool if I came out there and helped get the thing rolling because he knew I was good at that sort of thing. So I loaded up a van with three crusty kids and a dog named Christ and headed to Cali. The rest is history… I ran an underground venue for three years until we were shut down by the fire marshall in March 2003. Now we're looking for a new place to rock. At the Burnt Ramen website, there is a ton of info about the closing of Ramen and what we are doing now.

MRR: What worked for the venue as far as running things, booking, etc. Tell us how you did it.

JTB: I made friends with bands, labels, and promoters and asked them to take on one night two months in advance, and do all the work. Promote the show, book the bands, and run the door. The venue ran the sound, provided the space and did the clean up. The band or promoter for each night was responsible to give the studio $50 from the door (and some times a little more if the night went good, but never more than $100). Those were the only rules there were. There was no security. The pit ruled the club. And because it was the only place, just about ever, that let people JUST FUCKIN BE, people respected the place and if some people were getting outta hand, other people stepped up and said stuff like "Don't fuck around here, we don't want this place to get shut down".

MRR: Did you ever have any problems with violence or ignorance? If so, how did burnt Ramen deal with it?

JTB: Tons! But I never gave a shit about anything except the music. People could be bleeding and broken, lying in front of me wanting something from me, like a sink or a towel or peroxide and I would just say NO and go adjust the microphone and check on the recording. Everybody has some piss ass reason why they needed *my* attention, but I never let myself get distracted from what I was doing there, which was recording some of the best bands in the world!!! No one ever sued us and there never was any backlash from people getting injured there. And that is really surprising because I've seen a lot of crushing violence. Broken legs, bloody faces, guns, knives, you name it, it went down here. Drug use, sure, Burnt Ramen was an *unsafe* place for all ages. It was all ages because there were no restrictions. You could do whatever you wanted. And people did.

MRR: Do you have any advise for anyone who is considering running an all ages venue?

JTB: Do it for as long as you can get away with it. When it's over, start another one and keep doing it till you die!!!

MRR: Life after Burnt Ramen? Do you have any plans? What are they?

JTB: Get a new place and rock there until Burnt Ramen drifts back underground to the eyes of the masses.

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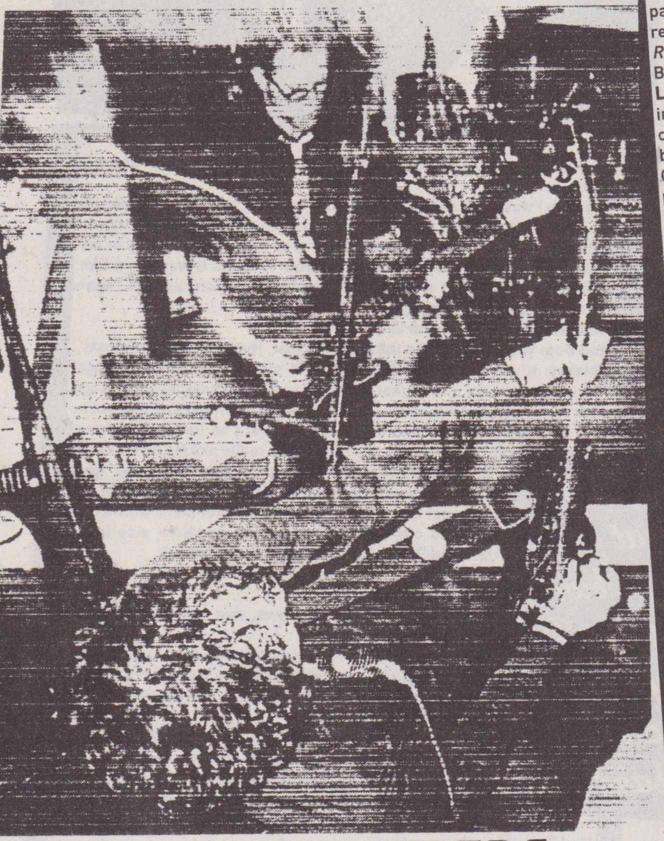
RADIO REELERS

INTERVIEW BY
Carolyn Keddy.



***THE RADIO REELERS** are a San Francisco punk band made up of members of The Fells, The Spites, Trust Fund Babies, The Feelers, The Bodies, Oil! and many more. If you live in San Francisco and you go out at least one night per week you're bound to see the Radio Reelers. Here's the reason why.*

MRR: Please start with the obligatory band introduction: Name, instrument, favorite color, favorite beer, favorite party food and favorite record.

Howlin' Hot Dog (aka Adam Caine):
instrument: howlin' at the moon and drivin' guitar.
color: red.
beer: the alcoholic kind....probably King Cobra... anything cheap!!!
party food: who eats at a party???? ...Whip-its and chicken wings.
record: that changes, but my top three now are the Ramones *Rocket to Russia*, the Devil Dogs' *We Three Kings*, Dead Boys... I don't know . Sonny Boy Williamson, Howlin' Wolf. I can't pick just one!!!

Lightnin' Jeff Glave:
instrument: Rippin' guitar, tasty licks and sexy singin' too.
color: Stripes.
beer: Miller High Life, because I love livin' the high life with "the Champagne of Beers."
party food: Irish carbombs, Sparks, Whip-its and potato chips.
record: Real Kids' first album, Radio Birdman's *Radios Appear*, Ramones' *Road to Ruin*, Rolling Stones' *Exile on Main Street*... and that's just the "R"s.

Bad Chad Whiskey:
instrument: Drums.
color: Black.
beer: PBR.
party food: Those mini-sausages.
record: The Misfits' *Walk Among Us* currently tops my ever-rotating Top 5 Records list.

Mad Dog Morgan Grimm:
instrument: Bass guitar and yelling "yeah yeah" or "c'mon baby" once in a while. I can't decide which is more important.
color: Brunette.
beer: Guinness, c'mon!
party food: Food makes me sick.
record: I don't know, it changes hourly. Right now I'm listening to the Nips and the Zeros, and anything by Shane MacGowan.

MRR: How did the Radio Reelers come together?

Whiskey: I ran into Adam at a 4th of July barbecue. He said he needed a drummer. I said I played drums. A red-letter date in the history of rock'n'roll!

Hot Dog: It wasn't a date, Chad was dreaming. But yes indeed, that's how the Reelers found him. The way I met Lightnin'... hmm... back in the late 90s I was roadie-ing for the Motley Crue reunion tour (a whole 'nother story in itself, don't ask!) but I happened to be in Tucson at the time and he was trying to sneak in to the show. Anyway the short 'n' long of it is that he was trying to sneak over the fence and I was wondering what kinda jerk would want to see this crap so I let him in. I quit the tour and stayed in Tucson for a bit. I started a band there (the Spites) and Lightnin' had some crappy band named the Fells.

Lightnin': I was down on my luck at the time, following the "hiatus" of the Fells, Tucson's most-loathed garage punk band (just ask the Arizona Punk Rock message board). I had met Adam back in Tucson, when he and his brother had this crappy punk house where all the bands would play. Eventually I moved to San Francisco and spent all my time drinking overpriced PBR at the Covered Wagon, where I would occasionally see Adam and his buddies rockin' out to the Large & Lovely dancers at Stinky's Peep Show. They looked like they were having a lot more fun than I was... So I hatched a scheme to join their band, the Trust Fund Babies, but they broke up before I ever could. But it was the start of something great... a musical partnership for the ages, kinda like Gene Simmons & Paul Stanley or Greg Ginn & Dez Cadena.

Mad Dog: I've known Adam since the Trust Fund Babies days. Our bands would always play together. I'm the newest member

of the band. I heard they needed a bass player, so I got a bass and practiced day and night until I was good enough. I finally got up the guts, took my bass and amp down to Adam's hot dog stand, set up and started playing. As you can see I made the cut! By the way, Adam sells the best hot dogs in town.

MRR: Why did you start playing punk rock?

Lightnin': I learned pretty early that girls like guys in bands, so since then I've done my best to impersonate a guy in a band. I borrowed my friend's Fender Squire and when he realized he was never gonna actually learn to play it, he sold me that and his Pro Reverb amp for $100. I guess I've been playing in bands now since 1987, wow. And they've always been punk rock or garage rock'n'roll bands, cause that's the music that I love. And it's the only stuff I know how to play!

Whiskey: I've played in bands since 1995. In my first band, I was the punk rocker; there was the folk guy, the rock guy, and the jazz guy. It all mixed into a really fucked up, indescribable train wreck, which of course was a lot of drunken fun. My other current band, Western Addiction, is on the verge of midtempo-hardcore superstardom. Punk rock is by far the most straight-to-the-point, in-your-face, smash-it-up form of rock'n'roll that exists. Thus the only form of rock and roll I ever want to play.

Hot Dog: For me, it was always punk. When I was 14, I heard the Ramones. That was it!!! All the kids at my school liked shitty rock like Led Zeppelin or Prince or whatever. I knew right off the bat that I wasn't meant for the normal fuckers. Drums at age 15. Guitar at age 21. Bands: forever. Screw you!!!

Mad Dog: I've been playing guitar in shitty bands off and on for about 10 years. The Feelers, the Trends, the Bodies, and Oil! Always listened to punk. I have impeccable taste in music so what else could I listen to?

MRR: Who bought you your first guitar (or drum, bass, etc)? How old were you? Why do you still play?

Whiskey: My parents reluctantly bought me a drum kit for Christmas 1992. I was 15. Playing rock and roll is like Lemmy and speed, I couldn't survive without it.

Hot Dog: I had to buy everything myself. We were dirt poor growing up.

Lightnin': I got my first guitar at age 16, using hard-earned money from my crappy after-school job. I still have that same guitar (Fender Mustang) but it's pretty beat up. It's been thrown, dropped, cracked, and some sloppy drunk chick fell over on it last month at the Parkside. Playing music is a lot more fun than going to work every day. Too bad it doesn't pay the rent!

Mad Dog: I found a guitar in a closet of my first apartment when I was 15. I learned to play some Black Flag and Angry Samoans songs and the rest is history.

MRR: What was your inspiration for doing this band?

Hot Dog: Free chicks, free beer, and free rock'n'roll.

Lightnin': We mostly did it to fool door guys into letting us into clubs for free. Plus San Francisco has been lacking in real, fun three-chord rock'n'roll bands for a long time now...

Hot Dog: The Radio Reelers have answered the call!

MRR: What is a Radio Reeler?

Hot Dog: If you don't know, we can't help you!

Lightnin': The answer is cleverly hidden in the lyrics to our single "Radio Feelin'"

Mad Dog: Yeah, but you have to play it backwards...

Lightnin': If we told you, we'd have to kill you.

MRR: Who writes the songs?

Lightnin': Usually, we just take three or four chords from another song, like say a song by the Ramones, and then play them in some incredibly new and exciting way. Then we add the kind of poetry that makes the young girls tingle. Add some tasty licks and then it's a Radio Reelers song.

Hot Dog: That's it.

Lightnin': Usually the person who sings the song is the one that came up with most of the music and lyrics. We hash everything else out at practice when we're drunk.

MRR: You write a lot of songs about partying. Why?

Mad Dog: Because it's the only word that rhymes with "schmartying."

Lightnin': What else could we write about? Politics?

Hot Dog: Fuck politics! Politics have no place in rock'n'roll.

Lightnin': We write songs about partyin' because that's what we like to do! Almost every Radio Reelers song is about girls, drinkin', and havin' a good time, because that's what we do best.

Everybody: We party!

Lightnin': I think rock'n'roll should be about fun. If I want to get educated on an issue, I'll go to the library. I'm not gonna listen to a record to learn something.

Hot Dog: Can I say 'fuck politics' in *Maximum*? Sorry, I have no interest.

MRR: Last time I saw you play, I yelled out for a song about a party. You said you don't play those anymore. Why would you do that to your fans?

Lightnin': Aw, we were just messin' with ya, Carolyn. You know we could never do that to our faithful fans. They expect a certain amount of party songs from us and that's what we're gonna give 'em.

Hot Dog: But we gotta keep you guessin'!

MRR: Why did you move to SF?

I learned pretty early that girls like guys in bands, so since then I've done my best to impersonate a guy in a band.

Hot Dog: Witness relocation program. I can't say anything else about it by law.

Mad Dog: I was born and raised in San Francisco. I've tried to leave but I go into withdrawals if I get too far away from Adam's hot dog stand.

Lightnin': I moved because I'd spent most of my life growing up in the desert hell and cultural vacuum of Tucson, Arizona. It was alright for a while, but now I can't even believe I lived there as long as I did. I wish I had moved to SF years earlier...

MRR: What's the SF scene like?

Mad Dog: We own it. We're the first, the last, the best, and the most!

Whiskey: It was unbelievable when I first moved here five years ago. There were always more great shows than I could possibly get to, and after a drought, it's starting to pick up again, but when you lose places like the Cocodrie and the Covered Wagon, it's hard to have a consistent scene. Although, the Parkside is really picking up the slack.

Lightnin': Like anywhere else, there are some good bands and some bad bands. Seems to me like the bad bands get a lot more attention and a lot more shows than the good ones. Pretty much like anywhere else in the USA. But SF is still way better than Tucson!

Hot Dog: What are you talking about? Fuck San Francisco!

MRR: You play lots of shows. Are you worried about overexposure?

Lightnin': Actually I'm worried that people aren't gonna get enough of us and that they'll be doomed to listen to all the other awful bands out there. We're really doing it for them...

Hot Dog: Can you really get enough Radio Reelers?

Lightnin': We play because we like to, we're not really worried about things like overexposure.

Mad Dog: Moderation isn't one of our strong points.

MRR: Will you sell out? What would it take?

Mad Dog: What do ya got?

Whiskey: Oh yeah, for sure. One month's rent, a lifetime supply of Made in the USA Chuck Taylors, and a case of Pabst. Oh wait, I've already got the Converse... Let's go with a new ride cymbal instead.

Hot Dog: What kinda question is that? I have a question for you, Carolyn: Who do you like better, the Clash or the Ramones?

Lightnin': If we're in *Maximum Rocknroll*, doesn't that mean we've already sold out? Just kidding.

Hot Dog: Can he say that?

MRR: Tell us about the album on Radio Blast. How did you hook up with them? Why did you decide to do a record with them?

Hot Dog: Tom from Radio Blast is a really cool guy who has good taste in music. Of course we'd wanna do a record with him. Check out his other releases!

Lightnin': And of course he'd wanna do a record with us too. It's a match made in rock'n'roll heaven! We sent him some stuff because we really like the Dialtones, a Swedish band that put out a couple records on Radio Blast. Oh yeah, and the TV Killers

too. Tom offered to do an album right away when he heard the stuff.
MRR: Tell us about the new record on Dead Beat.
Hot Dog: The Dead Beat album is our second album. He approached us when we were hangin' out at the Lusty Lady (a San Francisco worker-owned strip club) and asked us if we wanna to do a record.
Lightnin': After he gave us five dollars in quarters, we said okay.
Hot Dog: True story.
Lightnin': Actually we wrote to Dead Beat Tom because we really dug some of the bands he's put out, like the Sunday Drunks, Teenage Knockouts, and our buddies the Knockout Pills and the High Beams. He checked out our tunes and the rest is rock'n'roll history, I guess.
MRR: Any fun touring stories? Make sure you tell that one about Mundo in Seattle.
Lightnin': Sorry Carolyn, you're gonna have to ask the Dark Places about Mundo pissing his pants on the couch. Word from Seattle is that people have started sitting on that couch again. Memories fade so easily...
Hot Dog: What goes on tour, stays on tour.
Mad Dog: What about when we played with Smogtown and Sprout wanted to hit Guitardo with his crutch, so Harley bashed him one.
Lightnin': That's not a Radio Reelers touring story, that's a Trust Fund Babies/Bodies tour story... I wasn't even there and I've heard that one at least 20 times.
MRR: When you are driving to a show, what are you listening to in the van?
Whiskey: Whatever "Adolf" Adam Caine picks out.
Hot Dog: Fuck you, Chad! You need to be enlightened!
Lightnin': Usually we're just listening to the van itself, trying to figure out if it's gonna throw another belt or something. Last time we lost a couple hubcaps on the way to play with the Briefs in Sonoma. Spent about 20 minutes trying to find them in pitch black on some rural road. That's what we usually listen to!
Hot Dog: It's a 1962 Cor-Van, whattya expect?
Lightnin': Here's a short list of what plays in the van most often: Devil Dogs, Teenage Head, Real Kids, Ramones, Pogues, Vibrators, Nips, Bodies, Oi!!, Problematics, Teenage Knockouts, Dialtones, Boys, Kidnappers, Hot Pockets, Registrators, Dead Boys, Saints, Teengenerate, DMZ, Swingin' Neckbreakers, Exploding Hearts, Fast Cars, Bureaucrats, and Bo Fuckin' Diddley!
MRR: Why would you want to be in a punk rock band in 2003?
Lightnin': Why wouldn't we want to be? I can't really think of a reason not to be in a punk rock band, unless you were concerned about making money or getting famous or something.
Hot Dog: We do it to have fun, and because if we didn't we'd end up on a killing spree or in the gutter or something.
Whiskey: Because playing loud fast rock and roll will never become irrelevant, outdated or boring.
Mad Dog: Fame & fortune, of course!
MRR: If you weren't in a band, how do you think you'd spend your free time?
Whiskey: I would become a hermit, listening to records in my room and dreaming of rock and roll glory.
Lightnin': I'd probably be really depressed and spend all my free time rooting through the dollar bins at Amoeba and wishing that girls would talk to me.
Mad Dog: I'd ask Adam for a job at his hot dog stand.
Hot Dog: I'd probably be tryin' to find a band.
Lightnin': Yeah, trying to find a band as great as the Radio Reelers!
MRR: What are the Radio Reelers' plans for the future?
Whiskey: World domination and getting drunk, not necessarily in that order.
Hot Dog: To conquer Europe and the rest of the world.
Lightnin': More number one records, more sold-out tours and more songs about partyin'. I also plan to buy some more Whip-its tomorrow, for starters...
Mad Dog: Why wait until tomorrow?
MRR: One last question, if you had to choose between a party, beer or the stereo which would you pick?
Hot Dog: Carolyn, I think you asked that wrong. At a party you'd have both beer and a stereo so I'd choose a party.

FREEVERSE

MRR: Would you mind taking a moment to introduce yourselves, talk a bit about how you all met, and explain why you decided to form Free Verse together?

Jenni (guitar and vocals):. I met Lisa in college—we lived on the same floor of the dorms our freshman year at KU and ended up going to a lot of shows together that year. I had already picked up a total piece of crap acoustic guitar before heading off to KU, and Lisa had recently bought an old Yamaha Bass from a friend. Neither of us took any lessons, we just kind of plunked around as much as we could. Right before the end of our freshman year, a girl in one of my classes hooked us up with M who was just starting to learn drums. After that, the three of us pretty much just talked about how much we were going to rock as we sat around listening to music and drinking cheap wine! We didn't actually start practicing seriously until after that summer break, when Lisa and I were back in Lawrence.

M (drums and vocals): Our first practice was in my dorm room. When we were done, Jenni said, "Well, no matter what, we can't get any worse than this." Our first practice space was a storage unit in the Kansas farm countryside about 20 minutes from Lawrence. We got kicked out after the first practice, I think. The owner of the storage space knocked on the door and said, "What are ya'll doin' in there?" And when he saw it was three girls making so much noise, he was kind of surprised.

Lisa (bass and vocals): Being in a band had never crossed my mind before Jenni asked me to. All growing up, I played a lot of instruments—violin, cello, trumpet; trombone—but I never seriously pursued any of them. I wanted to be a doctor and I remember distinctly thinking, "Thank god I'm going to pursue a practical career like medicine and not art or acting or something." Anyway, when Jenni suggested starting a band, it sounded like more fun than anything I was doing at the time, which was studying 24-7. So, I thought "Why not."

MRR: Who's idea was it initially to move from Kansas to Washington state?

Lisa: It was definitely a collective decision. Of course when we told people we were moving they didn't believe us, or they told us it was a terrible idea. As it turns out, Seattle has been a great place for the band. We have so many more opportunities to tour, more venues to play at, a more diverse music scene.

M : We moved to Seattle the day after we graduated from college. I still remember the night we were loading up the last bits from Jenni and Lisa's apartment. We were just shoving shit in the back of the van because we were so excited and ready to leave Kansas. What a crazy adventure. The van only broke down once. We only had one major stress argument—about nothing. And then, we were in Seattle and we did not know anyone; we started from scratch. That took a lot of guts and I'm so proud of us.

MRR: Free Verse plays lots of benefits, in support of everything from women's shelters to AIDS awareness to skate parks to environmental groups. Are these benefit shows something you seek to be a part of, or are you frequently approached by these groups because you are a political band who actively supports their causes? Are you a political band? And if so, how important is it to you to have your views expressed not only through performing at benefit shows like these, but also through your lyrics?

Jenni: One reason we are asked to play a lot of benefit shows is because the people involved with these political organizations are generally people we hang out with, and they know we openly support their causes. We also aren't afraid to have our own opinions or express ourselves, which I think attracts a lot of these organizations to our band. We're really happy we are asked to play these shows because we get to support so many different organizations and we also get to keep learning about new things—many benefit shows have discussion groups or lectures before the show that are really interesting.

MRR: Do you all chip in when in comes to writing? And would you agree that your lyrics, although decidedly political in most cases, are also at times rather abstract? Is this intentional, or is it simply stylistic?

Jenni: We all write lyrics, although I think M and Lisa are more natural at it than I am! Mine sometimes come out as blunt rants, whereas theirs have more of a creative tone.

M: I think we all write great lyrics because they are honest and full of emotion. Sometimes they are straightforward and at other times they are pure imagery—trying to express an emotion by creating a scene. But no matter what, our lyrics express our opinion and as long as we voice our opinions, we are a political band.

MRR: Tell us about the Seattle hardcore punk scene right now and what it's like being a part of it as an all-women band.

Jenni: I think the hardcore/punk scene in Seattle has a lot of great bands and a lot of talent. Unfortunately, the shows often don't have much variety or crossover between music styles, which gets boring after a while.

Lisa: The scene here feels really segregated along the lines of genre. As someone who appreciates a lot of different styles of music, I'm completely baffled. If by some stroke of luck, someone does put together a diverse or eclectic bill, people won't even stick around to check out bands other than the one they came to see. We are one of the only all-women hardcore bands—few HC bands even have girls—and every now and then you meet some knucklehead with the "girls can't play hardcore" attitude. But we have met some really terrific supportive people within the scene.

MRR: I was wondering if, because you're an all-women band that plays the type of music that you do, you ever get tagged as a "riot grrrl" band. It seems like riot grrrl, along with "queercore", as a term died off in the late nineties, but I think its spirit can be found in lots of bands that are playing today, yourselves included. Were Free Verse influenced by early riot grrrl bands? And seeing that you formed in 1995, did you have a chance to play with any?

Jenni: We were influenced by several riot grrrl and queercore bands—Bikini Kill, Team Dresch, older Sleater Kinney, Bratmobile. I think those scenes also eventually turned us on to some other harder bands coming out of the Northwest, like 7 Year Bitch. We've had the chance to play with a lot of people associated with riot grrrl, including Sleater Kinney, Cold Cold Hearts, The Need, Patsy, and The Butchies .

M: Our first CD, *Access Denied,* had definite riot grrrl influences. We even did a cover of a Bikini Kill song on it. The riot grrrl has been a strong solid power to have in our musical roots. Even though our music now is way different than *Access Denied,* the riot grrrl attitude is still a strength that we can pull from.

MRR: Do you want to talk a little about your label, Demirep Records? Demirep recently released *Inventing An Archetype* with Agitprop Records. Are there any other releases in the works?

Jenni: Hopefully—we're writing new material as we speak!

M: At the moment, Demirep only has a budget for helping out with Free Verse releases. We created Demirep from that premise—to put out our music and to give ourselves greater control of our music, whatever happens.

MRR: What do you suppose you'd do with your free time if you weren't in Free Verse?

Jenni: I can't even imagine! I'd have to find some sort of release, whether it was art or music. I'm not sure. I'd have to keep myself busy somehow, though, or I'd drive myself insane!

M: Not in Free Verse? Wow, now there's something that I can't quite wrap my mind around. If I had free time, I'd want to hang out with the other Free Verse ladies more. We're such good friends and we see each other at practice, of course, but it's actually super hard to find time just to hang out.

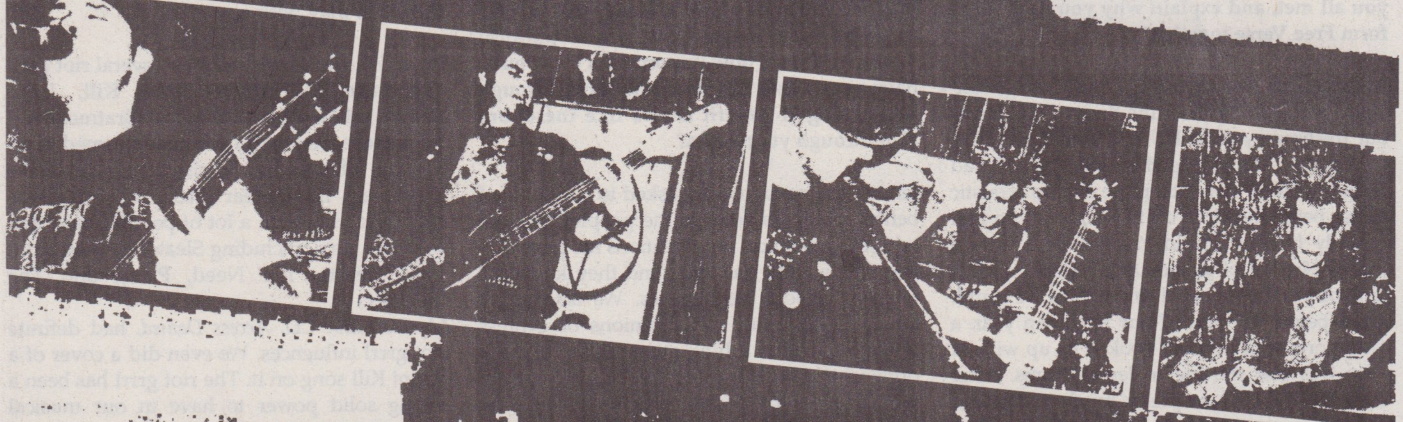
MRR: So, what's next for Free Verse?

Jenni: More tours covering the West Coast, a quick East Coast tour, and eventually we plan to tour Europe and Japan!

M: We're also working hard on some new songs and hope to have enough material to record again this winter.

Lisa: Yeah, we'd really like to get into the studio later this year. Personally, I can't wait to hear the next album! We're really pushing ourselves as musicians with the new material we're writing. We've been playing for almost eight years without any formal training and that's given us the opportunity to develop our own style, but now we're taking all kinds of lessons—vocal, guitar, composition—and our songwriting is getting a lot better.

Contact: www.freeverse.tv



Canadian band INEPSY plays "Rock'n'Roll with a big old school hardcore punk influence". After hearing the band's records, I decided it was time to find out more about these guys. Sam and Steve answered some questions...

Rock'n'Roll In'terror'gation by Kevin Hunt

MRR: You seem to be a pretty fast moving band. How long have you been together and what motivated you to start INEPSY?

INESPY: We're not that fast moving. We've been together for five years. The 7" came out three years after the band started and the LP came out last year.

MRR: The *See You in Hell* EP was really good and the recent *Rock n' Roll Babylon* is even better. Has the album been well received?

INEPSY: About whether or not it has been well received, we've gotten some good reviews, but people still shit on Canadian bands. The LP has been repressed, so I guess it's good.

MRR: Who did the impressive cover art for the LP?

INEPSY: Chany, our singer, does all the INEPSY artwork.

MRR: Has Chany done any album covers for other bands?

INEPSY: He also did the cover of the HELLBOUND and DESPITE split LP, but it didn't come out as nice as it was supposed to because he painted it on a canvas.

MRR: What do you mean by *Rock n' Roll Babylon*?

INEPSY: Big cities mean a lot of vices, so RnR Babylon is just a chaotic city with us playing loud music.

MRR: Are there any tracks that didn't make it onto the album?

INEPSY: Not from this recording, but if you want to hear an extra song from the same session as *See You in Hell*, we've put one on our website.

MRR: Who recorded and produced it for you?

INEPSY: We recorded it at a nice studio in Quebec City and it was produced by Yannick (Tragedy/Feral Ward) and by us.

MRR: How long did it take?

INEPSY: Three days for the recording and months and months to get everyone to agree on the layout. Hahahaha!

MRR: Are you happy with the result?

INESPY: Fucking right!

MRR: Do you have any other releases coming out in the no-so-distant future?

INEPSY: We are supposed to go and record a new full-length album this spring for Feral Ward. The title is gonna be *City Weapons*.

MRR: Will there be any noticeable stylistic changes on *City Weapons* compared with *Rn'R Babylon*?

INEPSY: The next release will be almost exactly the same sound as *Rn'R Babylon* because some of the songs going on the new record are even older than some of the songs on the old one.

MRR: What do you mean in the song by the lyric "My eyes are blind and I can see that peace is now my enemy" (from the song "See You in Hell")?

INEPSY: When you live in a violent world, you try to believe in peace but you end up getting crushed by others.

MRR: Is there a story behind the song "Lost the Ride"?

INEPSY: Friends of ours that fell into hard drugs, they have "lost the ride".

MRR: How did you hook up with the label FERAL WARD?

INEPSY: We know Yannick. He used to live in Montreal. He saw us live and liked us I guess.

MRR: Did you do a demo before the EP. Is it still available?

INEPSY: Yeah, but with different members. Different sound, very boring so all of the demos went into the garbage—hahahaha!

MRR: English is not your native language but all of INEPSY'S songs are sung in English. Would you ever consider writing lyrics and doing vocals in your native French?

INEPSY: I don't think so. French sounds cheesy in punk music...some do it well but I don't think that we would be able to. And by the way, our French is really different from the French that is spoken in France. Quebec French is really raw and mean!

MRR: Do you know of any French Canadian punk or hardcore bands that do/did?

INEPSY: A few but they're not around any more. FLOKONS GIVRES, GENERAL FOOLS, REKTUM.

MRR: "We're ready to blow your ears - Next show, cause we're born for the road" (from "Born For the Road".) Do you have any interesting "on the road" stories?

INEPSY: We had a problem with the starter in our van. We had to physically get under the vehicle with a crowbar and bypass the connecter to start it. So one night we stopped at a gas station for some beer. We had two hitchhikers with us. One of them didn't speak a word of French. J.P. came out of the store swearing and bitching in French that he got ripped-off by the store. He explained to the hitchhiker why he was mad, but at the same time Steve asked if someone could go under the van and start the engine so that we could leave. Chany was really tired and didn't feel like doing it but he was closest to the door and he opened it really fast and jumped out of the van with the crowbar in his hand. Remember, one of the hitchhikers couldn't understand French and she thought that Chany was going to go into the store and beat the guy up with a crowbar! She didn't know that we had to start the van with the crowbar so it was really funny!

MRR: What do you usually do to pass time in the van when you are traveling to the next show?

INEPSY: Listen to music, eat crap, read punk zines, pee in beer bottles, shit in plastic bags...

MRR: Do members of INEPSY play in any other bands/side projects?

INEPSY: Chany sings in another band called KONTEMPT (big Swedish old school hardcore influences). J.P. has a side project in the vein of Zouo, GISM and Kuro. Steve sings in a punk rock band called C.C.S.S.

MRR: Are any of you involved in any political activism in Canada?

INEPSY: Yes, we do trouble anywhere we go!

MRR: How is the underground scene in your region?

INEPSY: One of the best in North America and it used to be ten times better!

MRR: Are there any promising Canadian bands that we should be on the lookout for?

INEPSY: BALLAST (Montreal), FUCKED UP (Toronto), ACTION (Toronto) and CAREER SUICIDE.

MRR: What do INEPSY hope to achieve as a band?

INEPSY: Play shows, travel, have a good time and not meet any new people (joke)!

MRR: If an INEPSY cocktail existed, what would be the recipe?

INEPSY: Cigarette butts in a flat beer!

MRR: Do you like Japanese hardcore? If so what bands stand out for you the most?

INEPSY: Steve likes GAUZE, DEMOLITION and OUTO, J.P. likes KURO, GISM and THE CLAY. Chany likes KURO, EXECUTE. Sam likes G-ZET, THE CLAY, OUTO, LIP CREAM, GAUZE, KURO, DISCLOSE, SO WHAT, POIKKEUS, LAUKAUS, well way to many to tell all.

MRR: There is a photo of a guy in your insert who has the INEPSY 7" jacket tattooed on his chest. A guy that dedicated to the band deserves a mention. Tell us about this madman!

INEPSY: The madman is our original bass player who "lost the ride" (drugs and alcohol).

MRR: Any last words or messages for the fans?

INEPSY: Keep studding your jacket, spiking your hair and dreading your mullet!!! Thanks for taking time for the interview.

INEPSY is:

Chany Pilote, guitar/vox
Steve Bennet, guitar/backing vox
J.P. Tasse, bass/backing vox
Sam Verville, drums

Contact: inepsy@hotmail.com

STATE

The State is back! Back with another dose of 100 percent hi-energy hardcorepunkrocknfuckinroll! Folks we're talking the kind of stuff that legends are born of and you either got it or you don't; raging Michigan hardcore, not unlike the Fix or Negative Approach; with wailing Ron Ashton-ish guitar, harsh desperate vocals, and a rhythm section sonically in line with a sucker punch in the face. They were enigmas that no one seemed to know much about besides the old scene survivors of Detroit/Ann Arbor's hardcore heyday. I recall about six or seven years ago asking a former member of Detroit's Forced Anger for some input and if he had the record. I heard a few stories of their shows and he popped on No Illusions. I was floored! It immediately took a place in my top ten favorite American hardcore records. After several shows back (they never really went away and had lots of bands in the between periods) and multiple bootlegs, they are soon to be recording and releasing a split 7" with Detroit hardcore stalwarts Death In Custody on the Sound Murder label. Also in the mix is a Grand Theft Audio CD, which will have the No Illusions EP, the also brilliant demo, plus some odds and ends. After talking with them about doing their first MRR interview since about '83 or so and being floored by them at a show in Ypsilanti, here are the goods on the State.

Interview by Tony 4TG

Preston (vocals), Art (guitar), Jeff (bass), Keir (drums)

MRR: So when did it all start? When did the State begin?

Art: The first State gigs were in late '79. We were sort of a Chuck Berry on acid power trio/anarchy festival or something, with me singing. We opened shows for Destroy All Monsters and Sonics Rendezvous, bands like that, but the band that made *No Illusions* really started in late 1981 when Keir introduced me to DC hardcore. We were lucky enough to find this singer on a music store bulletin board that "wanted to start a band like The State," which turned out to be Preston Woodward. Then a friend of Keir's who played bass, Chris Day, joined and we started to play and organize shows in Ann Arbor and Detroit.

MRR: Now you guys came in with a record in '83 at a time when a lot of the first wave of Michigan hardcore bands were either slowing down or broken up. Did you fit in with the scene at large? I know when I've talked to people from older Detroit bands everyone has spoken favorably but then it seems like maybe there was some level of isolation due to being from Ann Arbor. Maybe it's just a perception.

Keir: I can think of three things that may have made us appear isolated on some level. First, we were not on the Touch and Go label that was putting out all that good stuff. Second, as you said we were an Ann Arbor band, and were part of that isolated scene there. And third, our EP came out late. On the other hand we were not exactly strangers to the scene at large, Detroit, when the *No Illusions* EP came out. For example, John of Negative Approach and Barry of The Necros saw The State play before they were in those bands, and I was a regular at the early Detroit hardcore shows at Nunzios, The Club House, Freezer Theater, and the rest.

MRR: So I know you guys played with some bigger bands (SSD, Misfits, FU's) but did you guys make it out of Michigan? It seems like a time-honored tradition of Michigan bands to stay here or do weekends out of town.

Art: We got on the road after the EP came out. Not as much as we would have liked. We did play in New York, at CBGB's with Reagan Youth and in D.C. with Iron Cross and DOA. We played in Richmond, VA with White Cross. We went to Madison Wisconsin, Green Bay and Cleveland. We also played in Canada.

MRR: Now you made the 7" which everyone has heard, the demo was a bit rawer but still in the same vein, and the LP was a bit moodier and even lyrically a lot different. What is the story there? Were you taking a break from the more hardcore sound?

Preston: It was a moment in the story of a band that was in fact very moody and fairly unprogrammatic. We were not concerned about delivering what was expected of us, but rather followed our own musical and lyrical impulses. It is hard to get a sense of it from this standpoint in time, but fast hardcore thrash was on the wane about the time our EP came out. People were suddenly into different things like Killing Joke, or metal. The State now plays music in our '82-'83 hardcore style, because of all of our phases that sound has the most impact, is most exciting, relevant, and serious. More than ever I, myself, feel the panic of State terror, contempt of materialism, and fury at the lies.

MRR: On the EP, there's the song "Hardline" which appears to be a straight edge song. Is that a correct assumption? If so, did it lead to gripes since the scene in Michigan has always been a pretty non-straight edge hub?

Preston: I don't know that "Hardline" was about straight edge, even though it says something about "no alcohol." It was more about principled existence, and the difficulty of seeing its necessity. Not that any of us were particularly righteous, more to the contrary. We liked Minor Threat and played

with SSD, and were straight edge for a minute. But, yeah, Michigan has never been the most sober scene around. I guess it's more about not being a derelict. We never wrote manifestos, and are basically pretty nihilistic. Musically and lyrically we are primarily expressionistic, and try to avoid being too explicitly topical. Our new song, "Drug War", is much about inner conflict as about this sham war on the underprivileged. But it is a painting, not a white paper.

MRR: So what lead you guys to start playing out again? I had heard there was never an official break up (which may or may not be true) and I know you guys pretty much all stayed in bands during the interim. Was it the classic "It was the right time?" Did you feel a renewed interest? It's obviously not for cash and your performance is earnest.

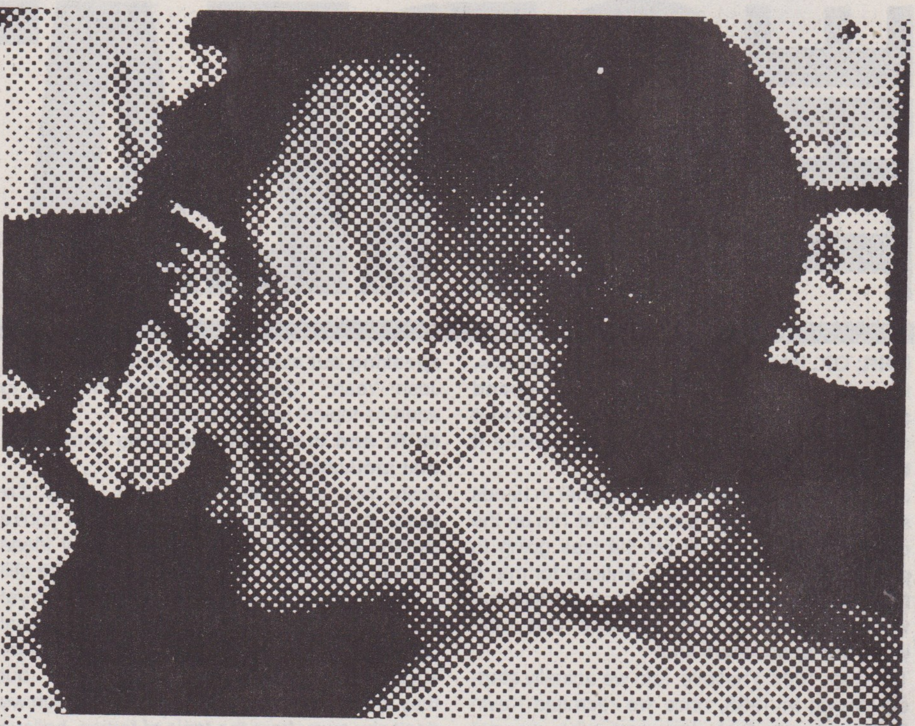
Art: We were aware that there was some continuing interest in the *No Illusions* EP and Grand Theft Audio in California was working on putting out a State compilation CD. But we really didn't get it into our heads to play State gigs again until one day Keir sat in with The Black Letter Saints, a band that Jeff (our bass player now) and Preston and I were in. The Saints drummer had to play on the same date with another band. Anyway, we suddenly realized we pretty much had The State on stage again and we played some State songs. Some Ann Arbor kids were there who had pitched in together to establish a record store/show place called State Control Records, which unfortunately was then going under. They asked us to headline the last show there and we had a lot of fun doing that. We've just gone from there. Right now, the old and new songs feel fresh to me.

MRR: How do you guys feel about the repeated bootlegging of the EP and tracks from it? It seems like it didn't really get into full swing until recently? Do you think it was fans being fans or creeps who want a quick buck? Are you getting copies of the stuff at least?

Keir: It's ironic, people tell me the bootleggers are creeps, and then I ask them how they heard of us and they turn around and say from a bootleg. Even our current official record label, GTA, heard our stuff initially from an Italian bootleg of *No Illusions*. So the bootleggers are actually reaching a lot of people with our stuff. The bootleggers may be fans of the music itself because they are taking the time to put it out, but it seems like they don't give a crap about the individuals that made the music because they haven't given us any copies.

MRR: Now that you're playing out again as State to the newest crop of kids, what's your take on it? What are your feelings on where things are now as compared to then, both with the band and the crowd, other bands?

Keir: People that aren't even fully grown going out to see a bunch of old farts like



us is pretty amazing to me. I think it's great that the newest crop of kids take an interested in what we do. I also like the newer hardcore kid-owned record store show places I've seen, like State Control Records and Idle Kids. They sell anarchy literature by day, and have shows in the store at night. Going back to the old days, I used to go see Negative Approach, Necros, Meatmen, V/A, Board Youth, and stuff like that at first. I remember an early MDC show, where the flyers showed photos of local murdered cops, and at the show the entire Lansing police department surrounded the place with a fleet of police cars. Shit like that was going on all the time back then, demonstrating that the powers that be were particularly threatened by hardcore when it was new.

MRR: So how did you guys hook up with Alex the Russian and Sound Murder? When can we expect to hear the new State or even the GTA CD?

Keir: We played several shows with Alex's Detroit HC band, Death In Custody, and one day he just asked us if we would do a split EP with them on his label. We liked his band, liked the bands on his label, and we thought this would be a good way to make us focus on coming up with some new stuff. I believe Alex is planning on releasing it this summer. This will be all new stuff. Last time I spoke to Brian at GTA, he said he expects to have the CD out early this year, so hopefully any time now. By the way, the GTA release will also have some new stuff on it.

MRR: Any plans to take the band on the road or sticking to Michigan?

Preston: We are playing at the Embassy Club in London, Ontario on April 2nd, and at Clinton's in Toronto on April 3rd. Hopefully we'll play a bit around the Midwest and spots on the East Coast. The West Coast would be great, but is very far away from Michigan.

MRR: What other projects do you guys have going and how can people check them out? Are the Bitter Pills still up and running?

Preston: Bitter Pills are playing less right now, so we can focus on The State. For info, see the-bitter-pills.com. The Bitter Pills are less overtly political and mostly about social outsiders with songs like "Streetwalker" and "Troublemaker." Art and I were doing rock music as the Black Letter Saints with our bass player Jeff Navarre, ex-Resistors Nik Savage, and sax player Tom King. Jeff still plays in an innovative band called Dabenport who are pretty popular around town. I play maritime and medieval folk songs accompanied on English concertina in cafes and the occasional rock club. But definitely The State, I would say, has a lot more urgency, power, and reality than all of this put together, so it is our main thing for the time being.

MRR: Before you get a ton of emails asking if you have any of your stuff left. Are there any copies of the State stuff left or should the kids try Sheepbay instead?

Keir: We don't have any stuff left. You could try Sheepbay, or you could hold out for the GTA and Sound Murder releases. We post the release updates and information on our website.

statenoillusions@aol.com or www.statenoillusions.com

THE GREAT

INTERVIEW BY DAVE SCATTERED. PHOTOS BY CHRIS BOARTS.

MRR: OK, lets start from your first practice. Give me a little history about how the band started. What was your motivation behind it originally, and did you think you'd make it this far?

Josh: Denis and I have been together in bands since we were in high school. I met Tim on the old Philly Shreds email list, he was going to photocopy *Soy Not Oi!* in its entirety for me. A friendship blossomed, and we both agreed that we should start a band one day. This was, what, five or six years ago?

Tim: Yep, 1997, I believe, and we actually started playing in 1998, once we recruited Kevin Duble as our first drummer, who we got through the Shreds list somehow. At the time, we had a second vocalist, Allie, and a gent named Jon joined us on second guitar within the first few practices. We've had a few lineup changes, which included Allie leaving the band, Kevin leaving the band, the mighty Bill Law joining up and eventually leaving to go save the world in the courtroom, whereupon Jesse ended up on the skins. Then Jon left the band and Alex started playing with us over this past summer.

Alex: The guys gave me an ultimatum, which was: join or we will cut you—really deep.

Josh: Our early motivations were, in essence, what they are today, albeit in different forms. We wanted to be political, to cause changes in peoples lives, and to make connections with people in general.

Tim: And to have fun, too. That's always been a big part of it. I don't want to be stodgy and boring.

Denis: With Josh and my histories with our previous bands, I honestly didn't think it would last that long.

Tim: I definitely had no idea we'd still be a band in 2003. It's awesome as hell. We also move at the speed of molasses, though, so maybe it makes sense. And that's molasses on a cold day.

MRR: What do you mean by political? Like speaking out about social issues or what?

Josh: Yeah, I guess we started off trying to address topical political issues.

MRR: And that continues to be something that motivates you?

Josh: Yes. In different ways now, really. Six years is a long time, especially when you're starting off in your early years, so my ideas have changed a bit, but at the core they're still aligned with the things I felt back then. Boo ya!

Tim: I'd say that social, political, and personal issues motivate us. Our lyrics don't tend to be statistic-laden Aus Rotten-esque lyrics, but they aren't just about farting, either. Though we don't shy away from the topic of farting, believe you me.

MRR: Are you guys involved in anything other projects besides the Great Clearing Off?

Josh: The Great Clearing Off is currently it for me. I'm still in school, and I'm a horror fanatic, so I pursue those interests through various channels. I write a little, read a lot, and watch the shit out of horror movies. Oh, and I ride my bike.

Tim: I'm in another band called Hissy Fit that just started up recently. I live in a co-operative house in West Philly and to some extent we try to deal with how the neighborhood is being gentrified by having good relationships with our neighbors and paying attention to how we affect the neighborhood, going to community meetings, etc. Other than that, I'm in school and ride my bike too.

Alex: Aside from The Great Clearing Off I'm in high school, I read, work at a small movie theatre that shows indie films so I see a lot of them. Also, I like to check out new music.

MRR: How would you describe the band to someone that has never heard you before?

Alex: Oh man, I have heard the words "heartfelt" "sincere" and "earnest" so much that you'd think our reviews were for the Shawshank Redemption.

Denis: Imagine if you started a hardcore band with a bunch of people that had different musical tastes but wanted everything to sound sincere and heartfelt.

Josh: Five guys who are trying in desperation to get something out of themselves however they can. It's cheesy, but it's how I've come to feel about the band over the years, especially now.

Tim: Hmm, a little Ratt, a little Boston, some Phil Collins. Oh, I mean—

Josh: The reason I've stayed as long as I have is because the rest of these guys mean it. I like to think that shows in what we do, but I'm too involved to be objective.

MRR: I've only seen you once, but I'd definitely say it shows.

Alex: Any apprehension I had when I first joined was completely forgotten after the first few practices.

Jesse: We have a pretty unique sound, there are fast parts in our songs that can produce furious circle pitting, and heavy parts for the headbangers out there. We've got intensity in our music, but we also throw in good melodies.

Tim: We like to make ears bleed, but we're soft and cuddly too.

Josh: Granted, we don't hit the right notes, and we're always a little out of tune, but I'd like to think that when we're playing, everyone is giving their all. When we're done, I feel like I'm dying, emotionally, physically, and mentally. That also helps me not carry equipment, so I play it up for what it's worth.

Tim: I couldn't be in a band if I wasn't giving it my all, so yeah, you have a money back guarantee with that shit.

MRR: How did you get involved in the "Sea of Steel" series?

Josh: Three of us—me, Tim, and Denis—have lived with Mike Dailey from Ed Walters Records at various points of our lives, and he's always been someone who has showed us love.

Alex: I could always go for a daily dose of Mike Dailey

CLEARING OFF

Josh: He told us one day that he was doing a bike-themed series, and since we tend to like bikes a whole lot, he asked us to be a part of it.
Tim: And I guess we were a sensible choice, since we ride our bikes around the same city he does and get hit by the same cars.
Josh: For a while, we weren't sure who we were going to be on the split with, but when he told us it was going to be the Sound of Failure, we flipped out. The Sound of Failure are a really important band to us, and they're good friends of ours, too.
Tim: And they're a fucking steamroller, and they actually stay in tune when they play.
Jesse: I think it's such a great idea for a series of records. I was so psyched when I heard he wanted us to do it. And to be on a split with the Sound of Failure only sweetens the deal.
Josh: They're a zombie-crushing devastator.
Alex: It was before my time, but it is one of my all-time favorite records, and came out during the height of my interest in the band.
MRR: The Philadelphia scene has been known to have its problems with the city shutting down venues. Do you think there's an area where they'd let some place in the future stay open?
Josh: That's hard to say, really. The First Unitarian Church has been through a lot over the years, but its doors are still open. Will Philly ever have something like Gilman Street, though? I'm not sure. A big part of the Philly attitude is that what's being done in bigger venues can also successfully be done in basements, too.
Alex: I think it comes down to a common ground of respecting the places we play at. While some bands seem to understand, I've seen a lot of ridiculous unnecessary shit happen to get venues shut down. It's really a combination of a lot.
Tim: Well, the Unitarian Church has been having shows in its basement for a while now due to Sean and R5. It's a fairly big venue, though, with fairly big shows. It would be nice to have a smaller venue run by a collective.

I'm actually starting to take issue with basement shows a bit. I don't think we should have the attitude that our enjoyment is more important than the lives of those who live around the basement venues. I've seen too much disrespect to those who live around basement venues.
Josh: I agree with Tim. I get bummed out when I'm at a show on a Tuesday night and the kid who lives there says, "The show was supposed to be done at nine, and it's eleven now, but shit, keep playing!"
Jesse: The only thing we can really rely on are basements. It seems that even if one basement venue can't do shows any more or if the kids move out, another house full of cool kids opens up their basement for shows.
MRR: I know a lot of people are critical of R5, but from my outside perspective, it seems like they're doing good things for the Philly music scene. What are your thoughts on that?
Tim: I'm not really sure why people are critical of R5. I'm totally glad we get to see rad indie hip-hop and rad bigger punk shows at an independent, non-ClearChannel venue. I'm not too into the indie stuff, but whatever, it's better that it's there than the TLA or the Electric Factory.
Josh: Yeah, Sean has really gone to bat for the whole independent music scene around these parts. I'm not into everything he does, but I'm glad he's still here and still doing it.
Alex: As much as it could be looked at as a necessary evil, it's because of R5 that the gap between really small shows and semi-big indie shows is being bridged. And for good or for not so good, it has created a focal point for local shows.
Tim: It's vital that we keep indie music independent. That there are non-commercial venues that don't only book bands for big bucks. I really like the current trend of bigger indie labels making better networks and signing more diverse bands. That can coexist with smaller labels and smaller bands, so it's all good. I love what Jade Tree and Dischord are doing, even though I'm not particularly into all the bands on their labels.
Josh: It helps get the point across that the independent music scene isn't just some springboard, it's real, and it's important to the people involved.
Alex: Yeah, it really makes you feel like you're a vital member of something and not just another face in the crowd whose band plays once in a while.
MRR: Lets get back to the band. How has being in the Great Clearing Off affected you? What have you learned from the experience?
Josh: It's held me together. I've been through a lot of crazy things over the past four or five years, and having the band here has served as an outlet. Since I tend to write most of the words, it also makes me analyze the things I'm thinking and feeling and saying; it tests me. The band challenges me to do better, to be better, and most importantly the band keeps me in touch with the rest of the people involved. It's a lot of fun in that respect, but it gives me a sense of purpose. It's also helped me connect with people because of something that we've collectively done, and that's really important to me.
Alex: It has affected me immensely for the better. This band, from the very beginning, has changed the way I've looked at everything from the issues brought up in the songs to the intense emotion brought on into all of the members. The Great Clearing Off is truly, as I see it, something that lives in us all, and I'm so grateful that I can be a part of that.
Tim: That's a big one. This band has affected me on so many levels. It's a major outlet for my emotion, frustration, passion, anger. In that way, it has probably made me more sane and balanced. It's also a great tool of expression. We get to write music, which is really fun and challenging, and put words to it. That's fun as

hell and fulfilling. The first time we play a song in my basement and it works out perfectly, I get this amazing chill down my spine. It's also a great networking thing. You meet a million people by setting up shows, setting up tours, being out there all the time. I've met a bunch of my friends that way, which can be good and bad, because it kinda limits whom you're meeting on a regular basis. But I've met so many amazing amazing people through the band that I can't say I dislike that aspect of it.

Denis: It's my only real creative output, plus I've met so many amazing people that I probably wouldn't have met otherwise.

Jesse: I've always wanted to be in a band that doesn't just play music, but that also instills hope in listeners. I was a listener for three years before I joined and the music inspired me, and they gave me the chance to be a part of that.

Josh: It gives me a reason to be social, otherwise I'd stay in my room and listen to Assuck and keep rereading *I Am Legend*.

Alex: I'm really glad this band came at the time it did, because otherwise I would have never seen and done the things that are happening right now which are really important to me.

MRR: What do you think of the scene in Philly and also as a whole? And what do you think can be changed for the better?

Tim: Oh, that's easy. Philly still shreds!

Josh: Fuckin' A! Philly has always been a great place.

Alex: I have to say I love Philadelphia so much and it has become such a huge part of who I am even though I live 20 minutes outside of it. But there are things that really bother me, like some levels of pretension. There are people with superiority complexes that have grown inadvertently through the punk community, but regardless I am glad everything goes on.

Denis: I wish that more people saw being involved in punk rock a long-term thing and not just as a hobby.

Jesse: There definitely needs to be more dancing!

Tim: Seriously, my favorite bands are mostly Philly bands: 2.5 Children, Inc., (early) Ink and Dagger, Dissucks, etc. There's always stuff to change, I guess. You always want there to be less fights, less dumbasses, more fun and less egos, but overall, the scene around here is pretty rad. I wish it was a little less splintered, but what can ya do. As far the scene at large, I want to see a continuation of a serious independent network. I believe that in order to live in the world we want to live in, we need to create alternate institutions which work according to our values. So we can just kick ClearChannel in the ass and relegate them to the dustbin—and all their bands to the 99-cent bin—because art and excessive profits shouldn't overlap.

Josh: I want more considerate punks. Is that an oxymoron? It's the people here that keep Philly going. As a result, sometimes it's up, sometimes it's down. I mean, without all of this I have no idea where I'd be right now. If it weren't for Stalag 13, I doubt this band would have happened, and I would probably be living in the Midwest and listening to Danzig in a darkened room while lifting weights.

Alex: Everything that comes out of Philadelphia makes me proud and just all around satisfied when we are out of town and staying at someone's house and I tell them I'm from Philly.

Tim: Philly is a great town with a great attitude. Cynical as fuck but somehow positive, too.

Alex: Indeed

Josh: I'd just like to reiterate, Philly Shreds.

Alex: There is nothing quite like our town.

Tim: Yeah, that's the gist of it.

MRR: Do you have any future plans? Tours? Releases? Anything?

Josh: We are currently plotting a US tour next summer, and we've also just begun talking about writing our first full-length.

Tim: We're also talking about making more t-shirts one day. Like I said—fuckin' molasses. We had shirts once. For real—once. And then we lost half of them somewhere.

Alex: Well we had umbrellas and a sombrero at one point, but those sold out too.

Josh: I'm getting old, but I still see a few years left for the Great Clearing Off. I blame Alex for that, really. He has to join the band and be so goddamned enthusiastic about everything, and well, it's infectious.

Tim: Yeah, we're gonna take this shit to the next level. A million faces, I tell you. And rock them all. It may take half a million shows, but fuck it. I'm in it for the long run!

MRR: OK, Well I'm out of questions. But this is your interview. What do you want to say to the world?

Josh: I would just like to give a shout out to everyone who has been in the band at some point or another: Kevin, Allie, Bill Law, and Jon.

Denis: We'd like to thank Philly and urge people to check out EdWalters Records and Cheap Art Records and listen to Sound of Failure, Fighting Dogs, Underrage, R.A.M.B.O., Global Chaos, and Erik Petersen.

Tim: We're open for dialogue. We'd love it if you came see us play or talked to us or some crazy shit like that. You can shoot potatoes at our asses.

Josh: And I'd also like for people to use their friggin' heads. Think for themselves, understand that their actions have reactions, and to take responsibility for said actions. Also, if people want to write to us about anything, we're here.

Tim: I'll second that, Josh. It's cool to do what you want, but make sure you aren't fucking people over, cos that's some bullshit. I'd love it if everyone would use that as a guiding principle. But also make sure you dance and have fun and be goofy and whatever you do, don't fucking grow up and be boring. Grow up like Utah Phillips.

Josh: I'd like for people to know that it's OK not to dance, if that's your steez. Keep one foot in the gutter and one fist in the gold.

Alex: Also, don't be afraid to love or be loved. Our time is really fucking short in this world and to live everything is all we have. "You will ride straight to perfect laughter, it's the only good fight there is." —Bukowski.

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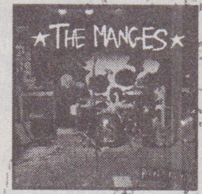

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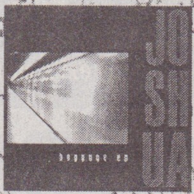

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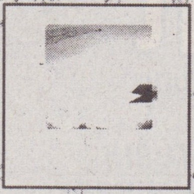

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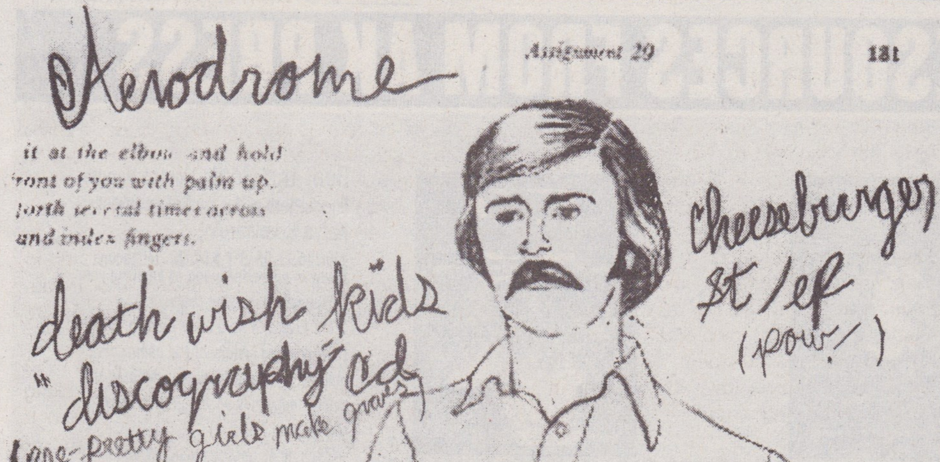

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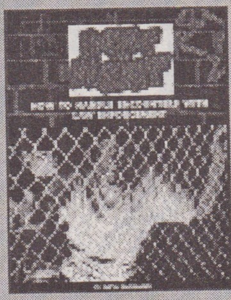

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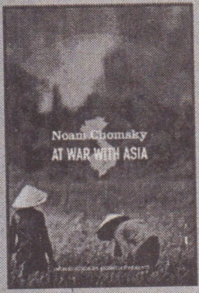

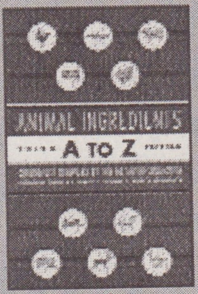

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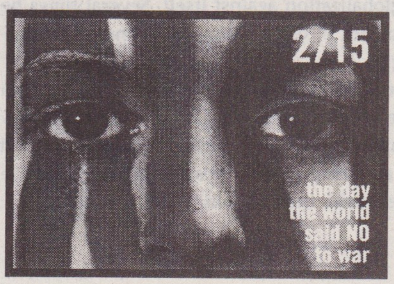


2/15: The Day the World Said No to War
Connie Koch
225 pages • $24.95
Hello (NYC)
Available from AK Press
674A 23rd Street
Oakland, CA 94612-1163

Where were you on February 15, 2003? More importantly, what were you doing? Picking up *2/15: The Day the World Said No to War* instantly reminded me that I was part of what this book beautifully captures. Though the city where I participated was not represented in 2/15, I was taken back there to the sounds of drums, the sights of banners waving in the gentle breezes, and the feelings of hope and inspiration generated by people coming together in peace, for peace.

2/15, conceived and created by Connie Koch/Hello (NYC) and published by AK Press, is a colorful, slick, thick, compact, and artfully edited coffee-table type book that documents an important day when an estimated 30 million people in over 900 cities spanning every continent demonstrated in unison, marking the biggest and greatest global peace demonstration in history. Though the book is mainly a collection of images from the February 15, 2003 marches and protests, images are also included from as early as September 11, 2002 to as late as June 2003, with a healthy dose from March 20, 2003, the day the war against Iraq started, as well as images of anti-war avant-garde art.

About a third of the way through the book, really getting into the boundless creative spirit of people coming together to demonstrate against war, I thought an image capturing just that in NYC on September 11, 2002, the first anniversary of the attacks on that city, would really drive the point of the book home. And it soon did, with a die-in on page 120.

There are several other standout photos collected here. The panoramic views capturing swathes of the tens of thousands of people assembled in Santiago de Chile, Diyarkbir, and Sydney, one million in London, and an estimated three million in Rome are all awe-inspiring. The occasional images of veterans pop out as if to add the important extra doses of credibility to the masses pleading for peace, most notably the image of a very old man who lived through the Spanish Civil War in 1936 whose banner said, "I was a martyr kid in the Spanish war in 1936 and suffered greatly and endured many dangers."

Also worthy of special note are the bold Ross Island, Antarctica protesters who were basically forced to demonstrate naked with a textless banner unfurled across their torsos that cost at least one participant his job, the several straight-up getting naked for peace shots, and my personal favorite, the grinning granny sporting a "Fuck Your War" sticker on her overcoat.

And it's not just an arty picture book. The introduction by Arun Gandhi, grandson of Mahatma Gandhi and founder and president of the M. K. Gandhi Institute for Nonviolence, sets the tone for the reader's experience with the reminder that "we must be the change we wish to see in the world. It has to begin with each one of us." Also included throughout the book's roughly 225 pages are selected quotes from such notables as Michael Moore, Camille Paglia, Tim Robbins, Arundhati Roy, Susan Sontag, Thabo Mbeki, Kofi Annan, and Leo Tolstoy. And what book with political activist appeal would be complete without two cents from Noam Chomsky? Certainly not this one, where Chomsky chips in with an inspiring afterword.

A token few of the selected quotes, however, came off as awkward and seemingly misplaced critical reflection. Had there been more, it would have made more sense, but to include, for example, a picture showing how the movement is used to sell products like women's underwear here and a lone statement by a young Iraqi citizen supporting invasive action there are more suited for a Barbara Kruger book or a Paul Berman essay, respectively. Not to say that I disagree with the content of either the picture or statement, they just, along with a few random others, interrupted the flow of the book with too brief, tangential attempts to raise important issues while the whole of the book was committed to collecting and documenting a particular movement's message from a particular period of time.

Halfway through the book, I was hit with a wave of despair and hopelessness, because in spite of all the worldwide, creative, passionate resistance, war was not thwarted. Thanks to the statements by Leslie Cagan and David Cortright, and Chomsky's afterword, I was able to still come away with my original feelings of hope and inspiration that this movement will grow and remain determined to bring lasting change to the failings of representative democracy and militarism, and to undermine illegitimate power and authority.

—Jessica Mills

Stolen Sharpie Revolution
Alex Wrekk
Second Edition
124 pages • $4.00
Microcosm Publishing
PO Box 14332
Portland, OR 97293

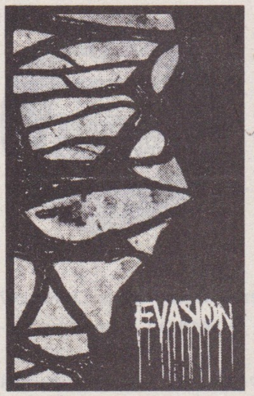
This is the second edition of the widely popular zine resource guide by Alex Wrekk. This time it features a soft cover book format instead the standard saddle stitched booklet of the previous incarnation. Put out by the fine folks over at Microcosm Publishing, this is a must-have for anyone interested in the art, creation, and distribution of DIY publishing.

There are also some simple illustrations throughout the zine, which aren't credited to anyone, so I assume they are Alex's. And you may never use white backgrounds again after the wonders of the inside of a security envelope are revealed.

The second edition covers literally everything you need to know about zine making. From arty printing techniques, to copy machine tricks (though you'll have to look elsewhere for scams), to various alternatives to photocopying for the high volume zine. You can also find the handy "Tips and Specs" of the USPS for those of you still paying for first class mail to ship everything.

For $4 you really can't go wrong with this. I certainly plan to pick it up and read it more often than I flip over any 7"s I've gotten in the past few years.

—Josh Stein



Evasion • Anonymous
280 pages • $6.00
CrimethInc • PO Box 1963
Olympia, WA 98507

The revised edition of Evasion—the ever-popular (is it?) book of squatting, scams, and travels—falls short of capturing the sprit of DIY. This book of scam-artist folklore bills itself as revolutionary, yet it barely passes as readable. The bulky book is comprised of published and unpublished stories from the zine Evasion. Throughout the autobiographical trip down memory lane a conversational tone prevails, full of exclamation points, shouts, and gestures. The unfortunate style of writing through each day, a chronological "then this happened, then after that, and then I..." is employed throughout the book. A tour diary without the band; a day planner with adjectives...

Past reviews of *Evasion* (see *MRR* #226) have touched on the privilege of being a healthy white kid that the main "character" utilizes to live a life of crime, poverty, and freedom. But what disturbed me more than this, more than the poor writing skills and the continued typos (even though this is the fourth revision of the book), is the reliance on major corporations to propel the stories.

As I read through each scenario of traveling and scamming, I was continually taken to Wal-Mart, to shopping malls, to convienence stores: I was trapped in retail hell! What kind of happy, sane person wants to be at Wal-Mart every day, even if you are getting everything for free? There is the same frenzied tone in the pages of Evasion as one gets in the pages of a coupon mailer. There is an intoxicating aroma of plastic bags, paper receipts—of getting a deal—wafting through these tales.

As each day unfolded I felt, along with the character, the daunting task of freedom. Sure, there is no work to go to, but you sure have to work at getting all that free stuff.

Evasion screams of zealotry—there is a near-cultish fervor surrounding the fanaticism with which this character embodies to live a life of no money. Passages show him wracked with guilt about wanting a video game or paying for a meal. What Evasion lacks is humility and integrity thrown in with the bragging and showmanship of the life of the contemporary hobo.

Although there is an endnote in the back of the book that mentions how these stories are not a blueprint, but merely a guide of what is possible through a life different from the one American society shoves down our throats, the sentiment feels like a legal disclaimer. The revised Evasion is a rip-off: a rip-off of my time and a rip-off of better zines that have already told these stories in a much less dogmatic fashion.
—Sara Double-Ears

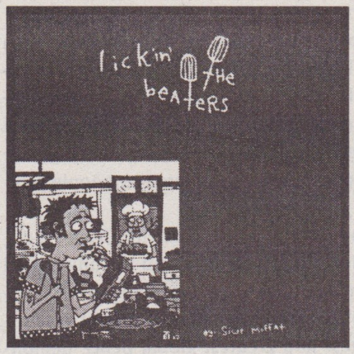
The Spirit of Terrorism: New Edition
Jean Baudrillard
Translated by Chris Turner
105 pages • $13.00
Verso • 180 Varick Street
New York, NY 10014-4604
www.versobooks.com

Jean Baudrillard is touted as one of the most important postmodern theorists. Originally released in 2002, this edition of his essays "The Spirit of Terrorism" and "Requiem for the Two Towers" was repackaged with the additional essays "Hypotheses on Terrorism" and "Violence of the Global". This is a far more academic read than I am normally willing to read for pleasure, but at a slim 105 pages, it goes by rather quickly. The jacket design from Slab is very catching, with imagery of people fleeing the collapsing towers, but in block abstract forms.

There were quite a few times while reading this when I wondered whether it was Baudrillard's metaphors or Turner's translations that were throwing me for a loop. I had to read each essay at least twice to feel like I had a good grasp of what Baudrillard was trying to say. Whether this says more about my intelligence or the writer's approach, I don't know.

One of the Baudrillard's most interesting ideas was that WWIII indeed already happened: it was the cold war, and now we are in the midst of WWIV, which is a reaction of globalization against itself. Several times he alludes to the fact that the atrocities of 9-11 were a plot of the US government, but never states it outright.

The language throughout each essay is difficult to summarize, or even to quote in context, so if these ideas intrigue you, or you want to know what postmodernists are thinking about the causes, implications, and after-effects of 9-11, terrorism as a response to western culture, and the general downward spiral of the world, then certainly read this book.
—Joshua Stein



Lickin' the Beaters: Low Fat Vegan Desserts
Siue Moffat
96 pages • $12.00
3584 John Street
Vineland ON L0R 2E0 • Canada
beaterlicker@yahoo.com

When I first got this cookbook I was excited about the prospect of worthwhile lowfat vegan desserts and knew that a complete review had to include actually making some recipes. So logically the next thing I did was to lose the book. Moving and a packing mishap meant that it did not see the light of day until just in time to get it into this issue, so to Siue and everyone else, I apologize for the long delay.

The first impression made by this cookbook is that it is cute. The cartoon that adorns the front elicits a chuckle, exactly as it should. The rest of the illustrations throughout the book are a nice touch; a far better choice than the full-color photographs of perfect desserts that no human could possibly recreate that you find in your average cookbook, and bit more slightly than the sketchy black and white drawings that most cooking zines use. There is an index to the illustrators' work in the back, and each got to contribute a recipe, which says to me that their collaboration on the project was just as appreciated as the author's, and contributes to the overall good look and feel of the book. It has a glossy cover and ISBN number, but I will not feed fire into that debate here—just something to note.

The most important aspects of a cookbook, outside of whether or not the recipes are any good, are organization and layout. Beaters' style is simple and useful. After the acknowledgments (where Raggedy Annarchy, the greatest baking zine ever written, is given its props), and warm little hello, there are some helpful tips on vegan desserts that (except for the one about eggs in cakes) are all pretty accurate and useful. Then there is the page about ingredients that is a combination of both 101-level information and slightly more in-depth stuff. Specifically, the paragraph on sugar contains a lot of good information, but it probably could have been laid out a little clearer.

Next come two indexes, one titled "Old Favorites," where you will find fudge brownies, pies, and chocolate pudding, and the second ambitiously labeled "New Tasty Treats," that boasts Chocolate Turtle Truffle Torte, something called Springerles, and Mango-Peach Dessert Soup, as just a few of the book's many offerings. In the back of the book is the author and illustrator info as well as an index that lists both names of desserts and individual ingredients. So if you want to see everything in the book made with carob, it will quickly direct you to pages with those recipes. This is a

useful tool, and I can't tell you how many small cookbooks have absolutely worthless indices.

I have to tell you that I am not all that excited by the idea of low-fat recipes. I believe that desserts should be sticky and greasy and sweet, because that's why we eat them. The author posits that you can indulge more often and not feel guilty if you eat healthier, low-fat treats. Since guilt has never been a problem for me I don't subscribe to that school of thought, but I suppose there isn't necessarily anything really wrong with a dessert being good for you too. In the end, how they taste is what matters, so on to the good stuff.

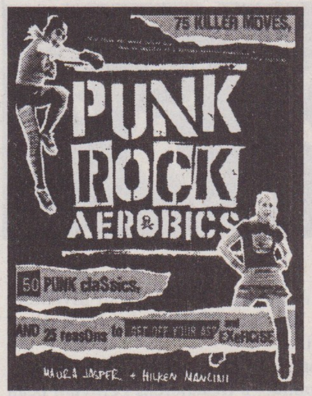
I decided I would make a simple classic as well as one of the unique tasty treats. I have had intense pudding cravings lately, so I chose Chocolate Pudding as the classic dessert and initially chose the Banana-Coconut cake as my ambitious selection. This was problematic, as it required brown rice flour, something I don't normally keep in my kitchen. There are a handful of these ingredients that are regularly used (kamut, barley, spelt, demererra sugar, just to name a few) that are used with fair frequency in this book, so this is one of those cookbooks that assume you have everything you need to make a dessert simply because the title is straightforward. I purposely wanted to see what I could create using what was already in my pantry (and being a vegan baker for a living, I have a pretty well stocked pantry) so I moved on to Oatmeal Spice Cake with Coconut Topping.

An important thing to note is that for the purposes of this review I did not alter anything in the recipes. All quantities and methods of cooking were followed exactly as written.

Chocolate Pudding (page 44) is straightforward. You have to remember going in that this is one of those recipes that is going to require 5 to 15 minutes of constant stirring, so you can't just dump in all the ingredients and walk away. The directions are fairly clear. I wasn't sure exactly when I should put the ingredients on the heat and she offers up a pretty large window of 5-10 minutes to let the pudding simmer but doesn't give any explanation as to what the cook is looking for and how one would determine that 5 minutes has been enough time or not. I opted to split the difference and let it simmer for seven minutes. The same is true of how much margarine to add—the recipe says 1-3 teaspoons, so I used two. When it was done cooking I transferred it to a glass bowl and put it in the fridge. At this point things looked good. It smelled and tasted like chocolate pudding, with an appropriate consistency, considering it was still warm. About two and a half hours later it was refrigerator temperature and definitely pudding. I like mine a little firmer than this came out, but that can be easily remedied with a longer boiling time or a little more cornstarch or less milk. I could see splitting a cake and putting it between the layers, or using it for the alternative frozen popsicle recipe she offers, reminiscent of jello pudding pops. All in all, my craving for chocolate pudding was satisfied.

On to the cake. Oatmeal Spice Cake with Coconut Topping (page 60). I have to say I am not a big fan of coconut, but something about the combination of oatmeal, coconut, and cinnamon sounded wonderful. This is a recipe she adapted from Raggedy Anarchy's Guide to Vegan Baking and the Universe, so as far as I was concerned she was starting from a tough place. Raggedy Anarchy is the bible of vegan baking for me, and it is ambitious to adapt one of its recipes to lowfat (since Raggedy Annarchy is anything but low-fat) and still be true to it. The recipe is simple and straightforward, which is nice quality to take from Raggedy Annarchy. You don't even have to separate wet and dry, just dump everything into a bowl and mix. She saves those who don't own electric mixers by mentioning that you can probably do this with a whisk. While I agree that you probably can, save the nine bucks and go buy an electric hand mixer! It makes a difference and opens up great possibilities in both baking and cooking. Anyway, I mixed, poured, and baked, and within in twenty minutes the kitchen smelled great, and another twenty minutes later I definitely had cake. This recipe had two steps. Once the cake was complete, I added a coconut. Brown sugar, and margarine mix to it while it was hot, and then set it under the broiler for a few minutes. I had a suspicion that the cake by itself would be yummy, so I forked a small piece out of the pan before I continued. Hot, it is a simple, delicious spice cake, the kind you would serve with tea or fruit. Once smothered it is greasy, just a little bit gooey, and everything a desert should be. Raggedy Annarchy would be proud.

So this book can be marked as a win in the vegan sweets column. I could see how punks could find the $14 cover price a little steep, but the 77 recipes are worth their weight in good vegan chocolate at least. Siue Moffat holds true to the spirit of the good vegan zines before her, and while she may have chosen a different production style, the recipes did not suffer from it one bit.
—Ariel Celeste



Punk Rock Aerobics
Maura Jasper and Hilken Mancini
208 pages • $17.95
Da Capo Press
11 Cambridge Center
Cambridge, MA 02142

Punk Rock Aerobics, a seeming over-extension of the mass proliferation of punk into every nook and cranny of our lives, is not the brainchild of some Nike suit and tie nodding his head to Blink 182, or a post-Hot Topic spandex ploy. In fact, its beginnings were as humble and homegrown as punk was itself, its founders Maura Jasper and Hilken Mancini and progenitors as true to their genre as the Band-Aids were in the movie *Almost Famous*. That is, they love the music first and foremost, true punkers and record collectors as they are, and the Aerobics concept is their expression of that.

I took part in PRA's first venture outside of their native Boston, when they did a one-off Aerobics class at CBGB's a coupla years ago. Mike Watt ex of the Minutemen was billed as the DJ, but he just leaned against the wall and smoked the whole time. The music rocked with the expected (Ramones, Stooges) and the unexpected (Television Personalities), we lifted bricks instead of weights, and hell, the whole thing really worked! It was not just a joke although we all laughed, but there was a real workout to be had and the music provided a perfect backdrop to the choreographed moves.

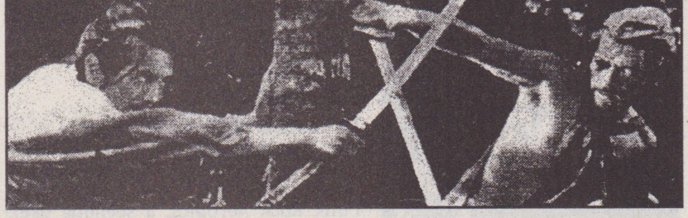
So, a book. A book? Why not a video, for chrissakes? Remember the *Preppie Handbook* from 1980? This book will join that book as an icon of American subculture. It's a perfect blend of humor, passion, and real honest to goodness information.

Jasper and Mancini are Boston punks. Aerobic moves like "La Reste" (a spoof on early Boston punkers La Peste), "Roadrunner" (the Modern Lovers tune), Unnatural Axe and Mono Leg ("presumably named for Boston fixture Jeff Connelly *aka* Monoman) are specific nods to their hometown, while they stretch punk to post-punk to the satisfaction of those musically well read by suggesting cardio routines to the likes of Swell Maps and the Pop Group. With a chance to speak their piece in this book, they recommend their favorite punk books, movies and records. Their tastemaking shows that they are totally old-school in the know and are not just any girly punk poseurs.

Da Capo Press first began doing reprints of jazz books, later getting into rock, then rock journalism, and now doing first runs of books, of which this is one. They're also to be commended for giving these punks an outlet for their fine work.
—Henry Yu

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



DOCUDRAMAS ON ICE

Whether as an adventure tale, a story of survival, or an inventory into the human soul, **Touching the Void** does everything right. It's a documentary, but it plays almost like a feature film.

In the summer of 1985, mountaineers Joe Simpson and Simon Yates prepared to climb the west face of Siula Grande, a treacherous Peruvian peak so technically challenging that no one had successfully scaled it. Ribbed with brittle ice and unstable glaciers, and topped with a thick coat of fine powder, it resists the efforts of the most experienced climbers.

But Simpson and Yates (played in reenactments by Brendan Mackay and Richard Hawking) are as much daredevils as mountain-climbers; they estimated a climb of only two days. And amazingly, thanks to clear weather and secure anchors in the ice, they actually managed to defeat the beast. It's an astonishing accomplishment that's never been matched.

As Simon warns in voice-over, nearly all of the problems in a climb happen on the descent—prophetic words. Blizzard conditions plant a thick layer of powder on the surface, and a misstep leaves MacDonald dangling like a puppet at the end of his friend's rope over an icy chasm. Yates is rapidly losing footing on the snow, and has only two choices: wait for fate to claim them both...or cut his friend's rope. He pulls out his Swiss army knife and cuts his friend loose.

Their story, which suddenly gains an almost Lear-like quality, has only begun. Free of his partner, Yates traces his way over a maze of melting glaciers. Eventually, he arrives at base camp—exhausted, his face sunken in a death mask, fingers black with frostbite. He only hopes his partner met with an easy death.

But unbeknownst to any human being, Joe is still alive. His fibula is cracked, and he's fallen deep into an ice cavern. With every movement, the broken bones grind together, and the pain is unbearable. He realizes he's probably a dead man.

His story of final survival is a thrilling, wrenching saga in which each step is like a challenge to his soul. In the narration, he says that he doesn't believe in a life after death, and so for him, defeat would mean certain annihilation.

Touching the Void achieves its own kind of greatness almost vicariously by exploring the outer limits of human perseverance pitted against nearly hopeless odds. As a result, the story gains incredible depth. Director Kevin MacDonald, who also directed One Day in September (about the terrorist capture of the 1972 Israeli Olympic team), stages scenes that seem strikingly real—even as the real-life adventurers talk on screen.

When you come to think on it, Director MacDonald's achievement is almost as daunting as Simpson's trek—creating a psychological drama through carefully staged and utterly convincing reenactments. It's thrilling on just about every level.

Another current documentary has less success. Smoking with a long cigarette holder and swilling bottles of Chivas Regal with his own gusto for living, Hunter S. Thompson almost seems as if he's trying to live up to his own reputation. **In Breakfast with Thompson**, director/editor Wayne Ewing tries to get past the writer's carefully maintained image to find the real man.

The documentary covers multiple plotlines of the writer's life in the late 90s, as mainstream recognition manifests in a feature film by Terry Gillian, galas at *Rolling Stone* magazine, a sold-out tribute, and a trumped-up charge for DUI that he's decided to contest. At times, it seems that everything is happening at ones, and the mischievous creator of "Gonzo journalism" apparently likes it that way.

His writing projects, including the famous *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, can be a combination of fact, fiction, and rumination, the prose filled with intense and unforgettable similes. His views are decidedly progressive; the *Fear and Loathing*... handle he's so famous for was minted after the assassination of JFK; much of his work (like his free-wheeling study on the George McGovern presidential campaign) deals with the world of politics.

So, we get book signings, arguments with film producers, sharp-tongued comments on cops, misfired pranks (like shooting off a fire-extinguisher in *Rolling Stone* editor Jan Wenner's office), and a lot of adoring fans and friends.

It's shot on digital video, a weirdly appropriate format to cover a man who's so spontaneous and uninhibited. Flanked by his two sons (also adoring), you get the feeling that Thompson inhabits his own carefully moderated world. When a member of the audience at a club challenges Thompson on a few points, the dissenter is quietly escorted of the premises.

The film is so scattered in its focus that it's sometimes hard to get to know Thompson as a human being. There are many scenes of the writer joking to friends, but when a screenwriter suggests incorporating animation into Terry Gilliam's feature film, he becomes almost wrathful. The mere idea of reducing his life's work to a "cartoon" infuriates him beyond reason. He clearly takes his work seriously—but the law's attitude is less complimentary.

"The only things I've been arrested for are for things I didn't do," he admits as a judge refuses to dismiss his DUI court case. As one of those rare Americans who actually chooses to exercise his freedoms, he's most impressive as a kind of iconic presence. He hasn't changed, hasn't sold out, and his literary reputation has only enlarged with time. **Breakfast with Hunter** may not be the most coherent document of the writer's life, but it's likely to delight his ardent fans.

Far better (and probably the greatest film of its kind every made), the re-release of **The Battle of Algiers** is worth waiting for—and seeking out.

In the mid-50s, France had all but lost its overseas dominions—a proud empire stripped of its territories through war. A last exception was Algeria, which was beginning to resent what some saw as a malignant foreign presence. The French were hardly a draconian influence, and like so many imperial powers before and since, they couldn't figure out what the problem really was until it was too late.

Director Gille Pontecorvo's incredible recreation of events owes much to an almost documentary feel, assisted by handheld camera and news-reel-type film stock. His camera spies on both sides of the conflict in their best and worst moments; sometimes you feel as if you're spying on revolution as it takes place before your eyes.

It's not accidental that **The Battle of Algiers** is said to be the Pentagon's favorite training film. Few documents, fact or fiction, bring you so close to a revolution-in-progress.

The feel of the film is something like Costa-Gavras's Z soaked in 50s neo-realism. And like any truly realist effort, one of its greatest virtues is its unwillingness to take sides. Algerian revolutionaries kill innocent people in cafes and stores to push the country toward independence, but these revolutionaries feel they answer to a higher cause. The French sometimes behave very poorly with displays of sanctioned violence and torture; but for the most part, their main interest seems is (in their minds) to restore order. Both sides clearly go too far—or maybe just far enough to make sure they can gain purchase on the slope of power.

Battle of Algiers is not only a great history lesson—it's a near-miracle of filmmaking. Working with limited resources, Pontecorvo recreates nearly a decade of history with penetrating detail. You almost feel at home in the circuitous back streets of Algiers, where paths crisscross to create an impenetrable barrier for the European occupiers. Cul-de-sacs dissolve into alleys where ramshackle houses may hide fatal traps.

Just as fascinating are the French attempts to destroy the loosely-bound revolutionary network. Each dissenter may know only two others in their group, and intelligence gathering turns out to be a daunting task.

Of course, it's almost impossible for the Algerian dissenters to compete against the resources and methods of the French. It's all the more amazing that they finally do. Long after all of the revolutionary cells have been jailed or killed, the people themselves begin to realize the range of their power. While the early revolutionaries attempted to force the hands of the French, their most important gift was a sense of national identity. Ultimately, revolution was won in the minds of the people, and that ultimately rendered the French arsenal powerless.

Comments? Email me at anywhichway@myway.com.

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

I saw the trailer for **The Battle Of Algiers** over ten times during the recent Noir Fest in San Francisco. I was expecting a similar reaction that the **Power and Terror: Noam Chomsky in Our Times** trailer received during last year's Noir fest, a couple of boos from the back. As shocking as that is in SF, it seems the large majority of people goes to the Noir fest to laugh at how people acted in the movies "back then". In fact, a girl sitting next to my boyfriend Michael asked him if he wasn't enjoying the movie because he wasn't laughing.

It could just be that none of these filmgoers had heard of **The Battle Of Algiers** so there wasn't that sudden urge of a verbal outburst. The trailer surely sells it to today's audience. "Banned in France in 1965. Screened by the Pentagon in 2003." The original US trailer for the film also advertised it as not having one piece of actual war footage because the film looked so authentic.

The Battle Of Algiers is an amazingly realistic looking film. It tells the story of the beginning of the Algerians' struggle for their independence from the French in 1954-1960. The city is segregated into the slums called the Casbah where the Arabs live and the European City where the French live. The film sets up the inequities between how each live as a way of possibly justifying what it is to come. However, the film manages to keep subjectivity by showing the both sides of the battle as human beings instead of institutions. We never see the French government leaders who are behind all this, only the people immediately involved in the struggle.

The film opens with a torture sequence. An older, very thin, very worn out man finally gives up the hiding spot of The National Liberation Front leader Ali la Pointe. The French army shows up at the small apartment where he and three others are hiding in a crawlspace. The film then flashes back to how it all came down to this.

The police picked up la Pointe after swindling some French people in a game of Three-Card Monte. While in jail he gets involved with The National Liberation Front after witnessing a political prisoner's beheading. When he is released he is told he is needed to kill a policeman. A woman will be at the scene with a gun in her basket. La Pointe is to take the gun shoot the policeman in the back, return the gun to the basket and leave. He shows up, gets the gun and points it in the policeman's face. When he goes to pull the trigger, the gun isn't loaded. Both he and the policeman are shocked. La Pointe pushes the policeman down and escapes.

La Pointe has passed his test and is allowed to meet the head of the NLF Saari Kader. The NLF begins their campaign to clean up the Casbah. They issue a statement: "Corruption and brutality have always been the most dangerous weapons of colonialism. The National Liberation Front calls all the people to struggle for their own physical and moral redemption—indispensable conditions for the reconquest of independence. Therefore beginning today, the clandestine authority of the NLF prohibits the following activities: gambling, the sale and usage of all types of drugs, the sale and usage of alcoholic beverages, prostitution and its solicitation. Transgressors will be punished. Habitual transgressors will be punished by death." The NLF enforces this statement. Hacene le Bonois is a Mafioso-type. He does not stop his activities after two warnings so la Pointe goes to him to take care of it.

The NLF moves on to the French targets by attacking the police and soldiers. The Casbah is then barricaded off from the rest of the city. Checkpoints are set up to check the papers of Arabs leaving and entering the Casbah. The police commissioner frustrated with the killing of his men decides to get some revenge by setting off a bomb in the Casbah. The blast blows up an apartment building. The Arabs sort through the rubble pulling out the dead bodies of women and children. NLF responds by placing bombs in the European City again killing women and children.

The bombing scenes are filmed with such an emotional force. The scenes show the victims before the explosion going about their lives, not knowing what is going to happen in a few minutes. People are talking, laughing, eating and dancing. Then the bomb explodes and people are crying and removing corpses from the rubble. The fact that this is happening to innocent people on both sides is not hidden from the viewer, as it would be in some Hollywood war movie. You are forced to make the decision of who is right when each is acting equally evil. Does the ends justify the means? Should so many innocent people be killed? I think you know the filmmaker's feeling, but he also presents all the facts for you to decide on your own.

I also like the way the leaders on each side are portrayed as having strengths and weaknesses. Colonel Mathieu, the French military man who is called in to squash the revolution, shows respect for the NLF. He understands what they are doing from a military viewpoint, yet like the NLF he is there to win. When asked by the press about torturing prisoners, he simply replies, "… I would now like to ask you a question: Should France remain in Algeria? If you answer 'yes,' then you must accept all the necessary consequences." He also expresses his frustration with the French press for their lack of support for the war.

NLF Saari Kader portrays himself as a righteous man fully dedicated to the revolution. Yet when he is trapped he gives himself up. Mathieu commends him for his decision telling him that he would have been disappointed if Kader let him blow him up. Kader surrendered to save the woman he was with, but is now viewed as a coward by himself and his enemy. When Ali is put in the similar situation, he doesn't have the lives of the others with him in mind. He is thinking about the revolution and the effect his death would have. It turns out la Pointe was right.

Then we turn to another type of revolution. **The Dreamers** is set in 1968 during the ouster of Henry Langlois from the Cinematheque Francais, its subsequent closing and the street riots that followed. Looking back, this may seem very excessive, but still find it nice to see that people would stand up for someone who was wrongfully fired. I can't imagine something like that happening today.

Matthew meets Isabelle during a protest at the Cinematheque. Isabelle has chained herself to the front the doors. Matthew is American and doesn't seem to know what is going on. This is intercut with actual footage from 1968 and new footage. Jean-Pierre Léaud, star of many Francois Truffaut films, plays himself reenacting what he was doing back then combined with newsreel footage of him at the time. It is nice to see him again, but it seems odd to show the now and then as the present.

Isabelle introduces Matthew to her twin brother Theo. The twins invite Matthew over to dinner where he meets their father a famous poet. Matthew manages to impress the father with some inane observation about the tablecloth and he is accepted as part of the family. The parents are leaving the next day for a month and Isabelle insists Mathew move out of his hotel to stay with them.

Bernardo Bertolucci the infamous director of **Last Tango in Paris** directs **The Dreamers** so you know the focus will be on sex. Like **Last Tango in Paris** the sex scene are unappealing. The twins have a very close bond, one that does not seem to make sense to only child Matthew. They sleep together, naked. They bathe together. They are also very competitive, as well as very jealous.

Isabelle and Theo love the cinema. They hold contests between each other where they act out parts from movies and if the other can't guess it, he/ she must do what the winner demands. When Theo fails to recognize Marlene Dietrich from **Blonde Venus**, Isabelle orders him to masturbate to his picture of Greta Garbo. He does it and Matthew is shock. Later Isabelle loses and Theo orders her to have sex with Matthew in front of him. Matthew tries to refuse, but is coaxed into it by Isabelle. It is the first time for Isabelle as is revealed by each of the boys putting their hands between her legs and retrieving them covered in blood. It's not exactly the hottest sex scene ever, but it gets the creepiness of the situation across easily.

The highlight of **The Dreamers** is when the discussion turns to film. The true delight Isabelle, Theo and Matthew feel toward the cinema is inspirational. Things aren't the same these days. Films don't generally speak to you. They are something you watch for entertainment. Bertolucci intersperses the discussion with clips from the actual films. In one scene Isabelle wants to try to beat the time of the trio in Godard's **Band of Outsiders** running through the Lovre. As they run through the Lovre, it is interspersed with the original film. I wish there were more of the scenes in the film though I bet the constant barrage might overshadow the film.

The last selection for this month is the **Movieside Film Festival** DVD. There are 20 short films on this DVD from varying styles. There are a bunch of music video-style pieces which although well done don't really appeal to me. I tend to lean more toward the ones with a story.

Knuckleface Jones is a strange film about a man with low self-esteem and the woman he loves who abuses him. It starts out with him being tied to up and her spitting in his face. She then takes off. He is left in the woods tied up. He begins his journey back home. A few people along the way offer him advice. When he comes to a cabin, the older man tells him the story of Knuckleface Jones, a man who all the women loved even though he ignored them. "You are Knuckleface Jones," the man tells him. He repeats it, "I am Knuckleface Jones." Yet, he goes back to the girl and she screws him over again.

I also enjoyed **Warplay**. This film played with the imagination of two kids playing war. Adrian and Toby are beginning a battle with some toy soldiers set up in a dirt field. Adrian's sister is making grenades with some rocks and sticks. As the war begins, we cut to what is going on in Adrian's imagination, an actual war. The toy figures turn into men. There are subtle things that stay the same to remind you that this is a boy's imagination. On the plastic tube that poses as a missile launcher is written "sianara" in a boy's handwriting. Adrian grabs a stick and it becomes a gun. When he shoots Toby he doesn't die and Adrian yells at him, "You're a cheater Toby."

Harry Knuckles is a trailer for an action film. I assume it doesn't exist, but if it does someone get me a copy. Harry Knuckles is a redneck James Bond who fights bad guys. The trailer shows a lot of fights and tells little story, but what else do we the people want from an action film? This movie needs to get made.

If you would like to get a copy of the **Movieside Film Festival** DVD they are available for $12 ppd. from Rusty Nails, 1400 W. Devon Ave. #409, Chicago, IL 60660, www.movieside.com.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o MRR PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. You can also reach me by e-mail at carolynmrr@juno.com

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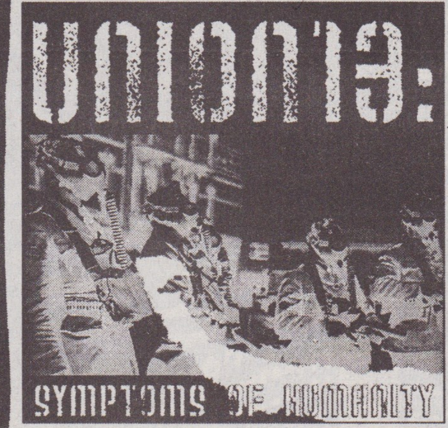

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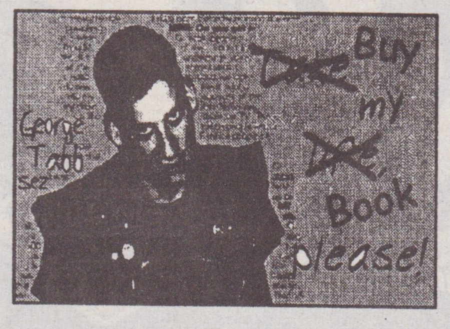

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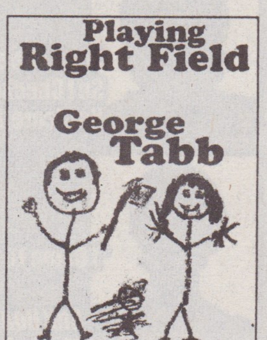

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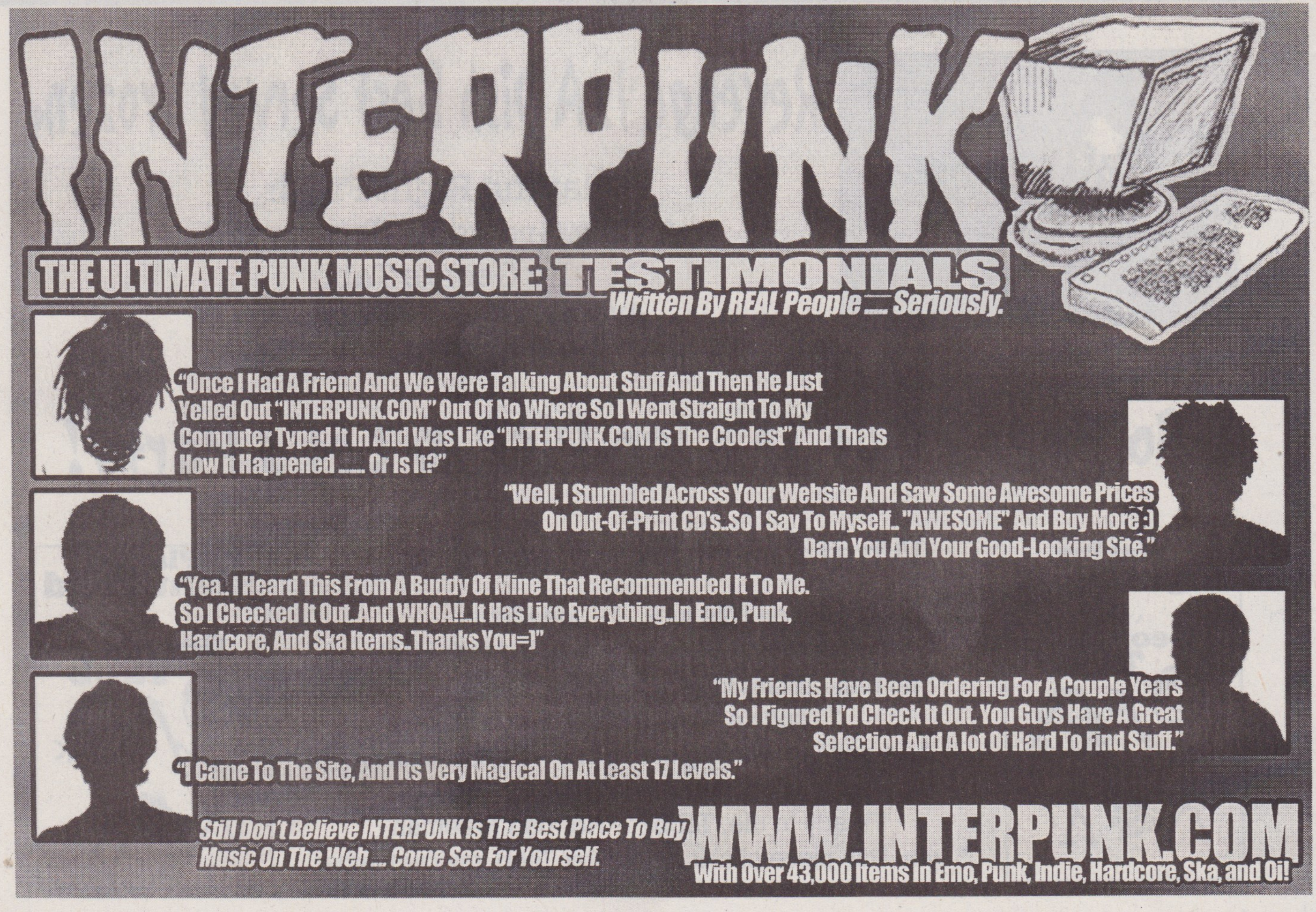
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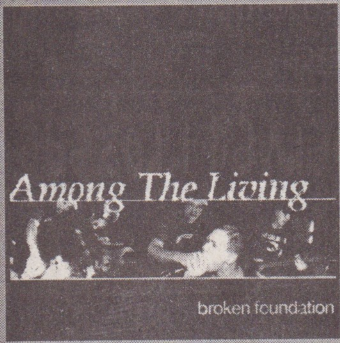
A.O.S. / HUMAN WASTE – split EP
A damn good pairing on this EP, burly-as-hell ripping hardcore on both sides. Hell, both bands even sound similar, although A.O.S. brings a bit more speed to the table. Both bands scream their little crusty heads off about domestic violence, over population, Christians and general lies and disgust with society. All packaged in some nice bleak artwork of a soldier shooting a woman holding a baby... I guess you should probably be able to guess what this sounds like on aesthetics alone. (NT)
(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

ÄÄRITILA – "…Ja Kaikki Kuitenkin, Päättyy Kuolemaan!" LP
Scandinavian supergroup ÄÄRITILA follow-up their killer EP with this perfect rager—when I say supergroup I mean it too. Really can you go wrong with a band made up of people from TOTALITÄR and RIISTETYT? Crushing riff-heavy onslaught that lays waste to everything in its path. Totally perfect blend of scorching raw hardcore and more mid-paced stomping punk rock. So good it just makes me want to smash my face into the wall over and over. Totally vicious. (MT)
(Partners In Crime, PO Box 11787, Portland, OR 97211)

ABSTAIN – "Discography" CD
A 52-track discography of devastating grindcore spanning 1995-'99. ABSTAIN don't play up the "wall of noise" sounds that a lot of grindcore bands do. The songs are clean, and have way more of an 80s American hardcore feel to them. They keep it short and fast...it's great. Fans of other S.O.A. records stuff won't be disappointed. (VH)
(SOA, Paolo Petralia, via Oderisi da gubbio 67/69, 00146, Roma, ITALY, www.soarecords.it)

ACROSTIX / CONTRAST ATTITUDE – split LP
Crust War brings you more face melting distort-o-rama Japanese crust mastery for you to obsess over. For their part, CONTRAST ATTITUDE, bring the noise—albeit slightly toned down from the paint-peeling, trebly, blown-out attack of their recent EP. Still committed the church of all things DIS—just not quite as chaotic and a more discernable tunefulness, without losing power. On the flip we have ACROSTIX, who seem to borrow heavily from the school of *Winter*-era AMEBIX, melded with the domineering ambiance of early KILLING JOKE (which is sort of what early AMEBIX was going for, right?). Heavy, but not in a metal sort of way, more oppressive and crushing. (MT)
(Crust War Overseas, PO Box 511, Whippany, NJ 07981-0511)

ADOLESCENTS – "Live at the House of Blues" CD/DVD
Back in the day before the *Blue* album came out, I saw these guys at the Mab with CHINA WHITE. It was one of the freshest and best punk sets I've ever seen. Suburban angst on a whole new level. Then came the *Blue* album and history was made. This DVD (CD version also included) is of the original line-up (minus Casey on drums) from a semi-recent show. This is way better than any of the reunion shows I saw with less original members. On this live set is mostly material from the first LP and the *Welcome to Reality* EP. Great sound and production, I'm really digging this nostalgic trip. (RL)
(Kung Fu, www.kungfurecords.com)



AKIMBO "Elephantine" – CD

Emo metal core. Slick, quick paced metal tinged chugga chugga 'core, gives way to slow epic build ups, with far away pretentious spoken vocals, which all comes together with crashing guitars, shrieks and pounding drums. Repeat eleven times. Zzzzzzzzz. (RR)

(Dopamine, PO Box 3221, Beverly, MA 01915)

ALTENBURG 76 / ATLAS LANZE – split EP

ALTENURG 76 comes through with a strange mix of blast beats, hardcore, punk and smidgen of emo. At times I liked it and other times I did not. ATLAS LANZE, on the other hand play super-fast hardcore with deep rumbling bass lines and growling vocals. Unfortunately it is really messy and not very good. (RC)

(Pleytegeyer Production. c/o Florian Geyer, Helnrich Von Kleist Str. 4, 14482 Potsdam, GERMANY)

ALTENBURG 76 / ATLAS LANZE -- split EP

ALTENBERG 76 drag and smash hardcore in a way that reminds me of the mighty, but completely under-rated, SOCIETY OF FRIENDS. The recording is a bit thin and lo-fi and while they'd be better suited by a good recording it doesn't hurt them that much. I like. ATLAS LANZE are thrashy and trashy hardcore, lo-fi crash and bash, at times reminding me of CROM—with punk replacing the metal. Sloppy and discordant, distorted.... HEY! I just saw in the lyrics that they have a song mentioning CROM—the God of Metal not the band but still...CROM!!! That gets a hell yeah! From me! Fans of bands away from the normal side of the hardcore scene should look this way. (WM)

(Stahlkonzerte, Stormstrafle 13, 15571 Potsdam, GERMANY)

ALTENBURG 76 – "Preussen Disneyland" EP

This makes me depressed, sitting here, watching the record spin round and round and just waiting for it all to be over. It has so many points stacked against it, from the sound clips opening *every* song, to the use of a wah-wah pedal in the first track to the fact that it reminds me of really cheesy metal most of the time. There are a few parts that shine out as some pretty decent fast hardcore/crossover but on the whole it fails to grab me. I had such high hopes for a record titled *Preussen Disneyland*. Who do I bill for the ten minutes of my life this record has wasted? (NT)

(Pleytegeyer Production. c/o Florian Geyer, Helnrich Von Kleist Str. 4, 14482 Potsdam, GERMANY)

AMITYVILLE WHORE – "Welcome to Sodom" CD

This is some freak show. These guys are really trying to push their chauvinist creep image with polished prison art and fucked up names. The WHOREs sound like some MENTORS circus act with toy keyboards dancing over gloomy grooves, and the lyrics are stupider than their name! I think these guys are in high school or living their twisted dreams. Wild stuff. (HM)

(Amityville Whore, http://amityvillewhore.tripod.com)

AMONG THE LIVING – "Broken Foundation" CD

If you love to mosh, AMONG THE LIVING's exploitation of double kick drums, obnoxiously clean guitar, breakdowns and more breakdowns might get you going... but I can't stand it. (VH)

(no address)

APERS – "The Wild and Savage" CD

One of my live regrets last year was not catching these Euros when they toured with the GROOVIE GHOULIES. This is a singles and outakes collection from these QUEERS, RAMONES, and SCREECHING WEASEL type folk. Twenty five tracks that will bring happiness to fans and nuevos alike. (RL)

(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, THE NETHERLANDS, www.the-apers.com)

ASS – LP

Minneapolis hardcore that seems to be heavily influenced by the early 90s East Bay hardcore of FILTH. The lyrics are thoughtful and political without being all preachy. My favorite song is "21," about keeping punk for the punks: "punk for profit makes me fucking sick/don't need their money don't need their booze/don't need this ID bullshit don't need their fucking rules keep punk for the fucking punks/punk belongs to the fucking punks not the fucking businessmen." I think that pretty much sums it up. "Sex Ed" is another awesome song about how schools use sex education to pigeonhole kids instead of letting them figure things out on their own. This is a really good record; I just don't understand how four intelligent and talented people couldn't come up with a better name than ASS. (DP)

(Ass, 2440 Lyndale Ave S, Minneapolis, MN 55045, assrecords@mail.com)

BABIES THREE – "The Luzhin Defence" CD

Upbeat, stop/start in-betweemo. Layered, melodic guitars with introspective spoken vocals give way to chugga chugga riffs and screaming. It sounds pretty good for this kind of thing. The only thing I don't understand is why anyone would put an instrumental cover of FUGAZI's "Merchandise" that becomes

"My Sharona" by the KNACK on their record. (AM)
(Geekscene, 5 Park Place, Margate, Kent, CT9 1LE, UNITED KINGDOM)

BACKSTABBERS INC. – "Kamikaze Missions" CD
Unbelievably loud, over-driven, and noisy, BACKSTABBERS INC. pound out fourteen punishing tracks of thick, dark, chaotic hardcore. Completely devastating. A TRAGEDY comparison is definitely called for, and yeah, maybe it's derivative. But this is totally kicking my ass. (VH)
(Trash Art!, PO Box 725, Providence, RI 02901, www.soundandculture.com)

BAMN – "Anywhere But Forward" 10"
No more acoustic guitars! You are not in SANTANA's backing band, you are in a punk band! That out of the way, we got some FROM ASHES RISE-type stuff that is pretty hit or miss. Parts of this album are real powerful and ripping but much of the music has that emoish, screamy, "lets see how many different parts we can cram into a song" thing that is becoming oh so popular. This makes me wish for the days of three-chord snarling punk rock. (NT)
(Not Enough, Mailbox 1013, Lilla Kungsgata 2, 41141 Göteborg, SWEDEN)

BANNER – "Your Murder Mixtape" CD
Ten songs of tough-guy, metallic, Victory-style hardcore. The vocals are totally vicious, which is great. Overall, pretty good for what it is, but this kind of HC is really not my thing. (VH)
(Blackout!, www.blackoutrecords.com)

BEFORE I HANG / HELLSTOMPER – split EP
I have to check to see if this isn't KILLDOZER. Both bands have a 70s rock style that sounds like it's a tad too slow at 45 RPM, and the Confederate images… oh, it's a Confederacy of Scum band and a band that oughta be a Scum band. With only 300 copies pressed, this split should sell itself. I bet it's catching a pretty penny on eBay in six months. (HM)
(Proud to be Idiot, PO Box 410325, San Francisco, CA 94141-0325, www.ptbi.8m.com)

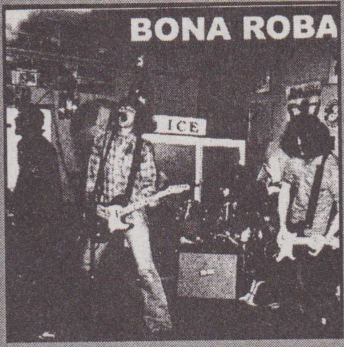
BIG MEAT – "Hells's Half Acre" CD
Taking one for the team here. Grunty-shout vocals over a vaguely metallic churn that sounds like someone still listens to TAD records on headphones, in super secret. 70s guitar riffs can be okay if yer referencing the right 70s riffs. They ain't. When is Man's Ruin coming back? (RW)
(Sit On My Two Faced Bitch)

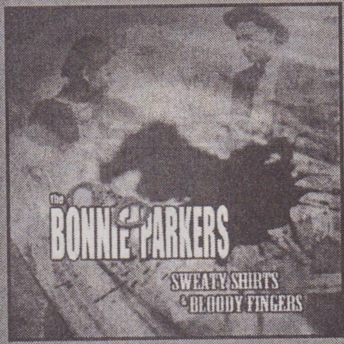
BIG WORLD – "Happy Birthday" CD
12 tracks of cranked up rock 'n' roll. I suspect they listen to a lot of AC/DC, wouldn't mind sounding like the DEAD BOYS. Nothing special. Kind of like SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS on 33 instead of 45. (RK)
(www.bigworldband.com)

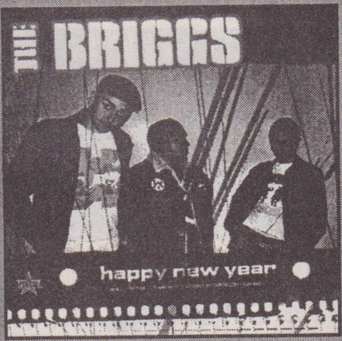
BLACK COUGAR SHOCK UNIT – CD
There's usually one or two releases a year that just leave me breathless. I have been staring at the screen with the disc on repeat play trying to sum up how great this is. If you're familiar with the awesome legacy of Florida punk then the ex-members tag may put you in the ballpark (PANTHRO UNITED 13, UNITAS, DISCOUNT, HOUSE ON FIRE etc). It's the kind of record that you would imagine No Idea putting out, the rough gravelly vocals, off kilter guitars and driving motherfucking ROCK. To me it sounds like the lost PANTHRO record with the unmistakable guitar licks of UNITAS. If you like No Idea stuff then you'll love this, hell, if you like any anthemic driving punk then you'll love this. Best release so far this year…I'm speechless…. (TB)
(Newest Industry, Unit 100, 61 Wellfield Road, Cardiff CF24 3DG, UNITED KINGDOM)

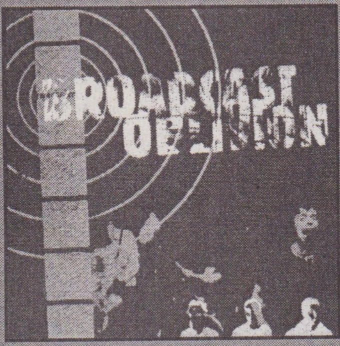
BLIGHT – "Take Notice" EP
Raw and intense crust from Washington state with dual screeching and monster vocals. Well thought-out and written lyrics about corporate greed, animal suffering, technology taking over society, and the working slave culture. Well received—this left my ears ringing. (SR)
(Aborted Society, PMB 1377, 1122 E. Pike St, Seattle, WA 98122-3934, www.abortedsociety.com)

BLOOD I BLEED – "Fried Horror" EP
The tunes here are raging fast blasts that have an almost HELLNATION quality to them. The thing is, everything sounds totally blown out and raw like a demo recording would. The music sounds blurry and the vocals sound somewhat hollow. Yet through it all, I can see a glimmer of hope. There is enough blistering rage here to catch my attention and hope for future releases from this band. (RC)
(Fast & Furious, Haedstrjitte 74 9008 St, Reduzum, THE NETHERLANDS, shantia666@yahoo.com)









BOBBYTEENS – "Cruisin' for a Bruisin" CD

Well, they've definitely changed their sound from their late 90s messy Superteem! era. Now Tina's vocal snarl is up front and nasty as all get out, and the overall sound has gone from garage to hard-harder glam pop with an almost early 80s *Killed by Death* punk feel to it. Thank god they haven't fallen into a rut, which makes my cheering for a local institution feel awright. In toto, this new one is as good as any LP they've done, and they've managed to "mature" their sound without, say, piling a bunch of trendy synth on top. Viva B-TEENS! (RW)

(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA, 98227)

BONA ROBA – "Cunnigham Park / The Slip"

I know less than nothing about BONA ROBA, aside from the fact that they've got plenty of hair to divide between 'em and they have a kinda close-to-the-ground sound that reminds me of Sympathy for the Record Industry bands from ten or eleven years ago. HUMPERS, perhaps. A little faster would be a little nicer, but BONA ROBA sound like legit dirtbags with axes to grind. (JH)

(Sonico, www.sonico.de)

BONECRUSHER – "The Good Life" 12"

I thought this band had broken up (why don't they drag their lazy asses up the coast?) but here they are again, new record, new material. BONECRUSHER are thee toughest sounding punk band around, forget all those Confederacy of Scum redneck fucks and mommy's little skinheads—these bad-ass city boys are the real deal (or so I like to think) and have been putting out solid punk for a long time. Anthemic and brutal at the same time, this is what it would sound like if POISON IDEA did a street punk record. Great blue-collar punk without the cheese. Four tracks—four kicks in the head. Highly recommended. (AD)

(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

BONNIE PARKERS – "Sweaty Shirts and Bloody Fingers" CD

The first song is a good straightforward RAMONES style (but slower) song about hating everyone. I have a problem with how the vocals were recorded on this song-they sound like they are recorded over the music and sometimes drown it out kind of like karaoke. The rest of the disc has more of a garage (not lo-fi though) feel to it. The songs are all well-written and well- played—I don't want to yank it out of the player and stomp it to pieces like I do some CDs, but the raw energy I need to keep me interested is not always there. (DP)

(Umberto D'Agostino, Via F. DE Vico 7, 00142 Rome, ITALY)

BROADCAST OBLIVION – "Her Arsenal / We Burn Away"

These guys have a later HUSKER DU thing going on. Definitely a *Warehouse* sound although not quite up to the HUSKERS. These guys could develop into something great with their pop sensibility. (RL)

(Burn Burn Burn, 4040 Woodland Park Ave. N. Suite #4, Seattle, WA 98103, broadcastoblivion@yahoo.com)

BROKEN BOTTLES – "Not Pretty" 12"

Southern California maintains it tight monopoly in all that is the snotty, vile, obnoxious smacked up eyeliner punk .Six tracks of nasal tinted attitude from this foursome blending the angst drenched pop punk of SCREECHING WEASEL with the ugly snitched up posturing of THE STITCHES. Songs that will have you humming all the way to yer local friendly crack house and back. Two thumbs up, and if they were figure skaters, a perfect ten. (SD)

(Finger, 2931 W. Central Ave, Unit D, Santa Ana, CA 92704, www.fingerrecords.com)

BROKEN HEROES / TOUGHSKINS – split EP

Fuck yes! Headache Records has a smashing success of a split EP for you skins and punks! Those veteran New Jersey skinheads, BROKEN HEROES lead the cavalry charge with "Smashing Hippies" —BROKEN HEROES really don't like these "lice infected, filthy, ugly bastards." Next up you get "Held Back," a good song. On side "B" you will hear Southern California skinhead stalwarts TOUGHSKINS. These guys always put on a good show as witnessed recently when they opened for the TEMPLARS. The TOUGHSKINS crash your party with two excellent tunes, "Payback" and "Never Did Anything Right." This EP is very good! Order yours today! (BR)

(Headache, PO Box 204, Midland Park, New Jersey 07432, www.headacherecords.com)

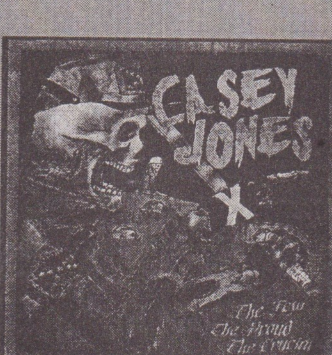
BUMP-N-UGLIES – "Kings of the Rock N Wrestling World" CD

The lyrics and graphics tell a story of the crazy life of a wrestler. Cool. The music sounds of boring old Punkcore records style punk. Perhaps these men of the squared circle will go to Boston and kick

some poseur street punk ass! Suplex!!! (JA)
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA. 19125)

CALL SIGN COBRA – "I Wanna Sell Out" EP

These weirdoes sound like some 70s rock with a heavy dose of ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT. The Frazetta cover, Bob Seger picture and SAXON "S" are mimicked with wisecrack lyrics poking fun at 70s rock. Pretty awesome eight-song 12" with complementary CDR of the record. Wacky in a subtle way. (HM)
(Not Bad World Industries, PO Box 371292, Denver, CO 80237, www.notbadrecords.com)



CASEY JONES – "The Few, the Proud, the Crucial" CD

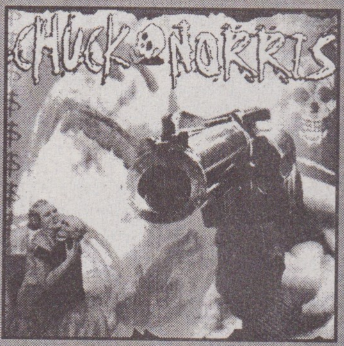
Just when I thought all the good straight edge motifs had been used up, CASEY JONES comes along with a Civil War/skeleton approach for their cover art. I'm still not sure it works, but nonetheless I'm looking at an X'ed up skeleton civil war soldier with a clenched sabre and a crucial pointed (skinless) finger. I can only assume that this band is from the South considering the fact that they chose to make these straight edge warriors part of the Confederacy and not the Union. Despite the silly artwork and title, the music turned out to be some pretty seriously produced straight edge metal-tinged melodic hardcore. Lots of octaves, breakdowns, and back ups chants, and it's all done very well. Fans of COMEBACK KID or WITH HONOR should look into this faster than you can say "the South lost sucka!" (CC)
(no address)

CATHOLIC BOYS – "Psychic Voodoo Mind Control" CD

The CATHOLIC BOYS are real *bona fide* children in heat, buzzing through two-minute tunes with the kind of hellbent intensity I don't hear enough of in these dark days. Jumper-cables-to-the-nipples level. Rock 'n' roll for those without dates. Lyrically they're all about the teenage monsters on rampages, hate attractions, and self-inflicted chemical lobotomies—good plan. I'd call 'em a Midwestern TEENGENERATE infused with a quirked-out American *Star Trek* sensibility, with enough youthful moxie to push 'em over the ledge into "classic." *Psychic Voodoo Mind Control* receives the Russel Streiner Living Dead Seal of Approval. (JH)
(Trick Knee, PO Box 12714, Green Bay, WI 54307-2714)

CAUSE – "Cause and Effect" EP

This Japanese three-piece plays three fast, high-pitched screamy, but mediocre hardcore songs on this EP. Why do people keep playing this style of hardcore year after year for decades? The same choruses, the same verses, the same breakdown type things. There are ample guitar solos and a few parts that remind me of MOTORHEAD. For some reason, I want to say this comes off like a less distorted NINE SHOCKS TERROR. They sing in Japanese (I think, for the most part anyway) and that makes me happy. (ZM)
(Juke Box Record 404 Green House Kichi 30-30-10 Chiyoda Naka-Ku Nagoya-City Aichi 460012 Japan, www.jukebox052.com)



CHUCK NORRIS – "Poder Jovem" EP

Raging, fast thrash with more than a little of the power-violence style circle pitting and stage-diving straight out of Brazil. The recording is thick and loud and captures well the distortion and fury. Fourteen songs at 45 speed over two sides means fans of fast thrash and faster thrash would like. (WM)
(www.chuck-norris.cjb.net)

CIRCLE TAKES THE SQUARE – LP

I love it when bands have really distinct artwork, where you always remember the name of the band in association with the artwork, even if you've never heard the band. Such is the case with CIRCLE TAKES THE SQUARE. I'm not the best at describing artwork, but its really intricate pen and ink stuff that makes me think of *Where the Wild Things Are*. Anyways, as for the music, CIRCLE TAKES THE SQUARE sounds a bit to me like MAJORITY RULE, but with alternating male/female vocals, and a bit more variety to their formula. There are a lot of "soft parts," and at times the male singer sounds like a bit like Connor Obrest (of BRIGHT EYES). Ironically, I actually find this stuff a little more interesting than what usually follows. For the better part of the record, the music is pretty standard technical "screamo" sounding stuff, something you would expect to be put out by Robotic Empire or Hyperrealist. Again, I am most captivated by the artwork. (SP)
(Hyperrealist, www.hyperrealist.com)

COÄCCION – "Invertabrado" CD

Dark, burly war-crust from the border-town of Tijuana, Mexico, recorded in the Burnt Ramen Studios (bet you thought they only had live gigs there) by Greg Wilkinson of BRAINOIL and LANA DAGALES fame. A thick wall of fast crust-riffs, vocals in Spanish, ultra-doom crush, three young men dressed in all black. Fans of all things heavy and gnarled like KONTROVERS, ACURSED, the city of

Portland, Oregon, or the country of Sweden. The booklet is thick with the lyrics in Spanish and translated to English. A cool patch came with the CD for quick sew action to your grubby pants. (WM)
(First Blood Family, P.O. Box 1766, Madison, WI 53701)

COCK SPARRER – "Back Home" 2xLP

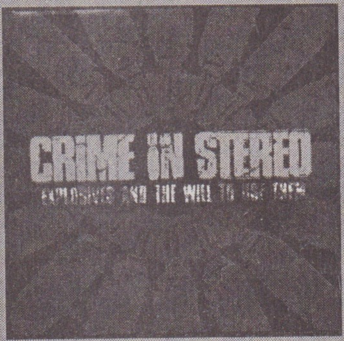
I'd be a fool to even attempt an introduction to this East London institution, because if you ain't hip to these legendary chirpy cockneys then there's definitely no hope for the kids. A band that's been plying their SLADE meets SMALL FACES meets the PISTOLS take on punk rock since 1975, witnessing their fair share of boot boy free-for-alls, inner-city strife and a slew of in-scene bickering. Rising above, never been dragged down and maintaining a standard that was unprecedented in such a fickle genre. Recorded live at the last Holidays in the Sun (and as rumor has it the very last COCK SPARRER show) Morecambe, England last year. The quality befitting one of the best live acts ever, taking in 23 tunes not missing any of those familiar classics. Due to the quality and the historical point in this bands career this is definitely a live LP not just for the ardent collector but also for every fan of one of the scenes finest (SD)
(Knock Out, www.knock-out.de)

COKES – "First Album" CD

Yet another Japanese "white tie" band with a power pop CD (wrong format guys!). The songs are great sing-along poppers that show a marked BEATLES via PROTEX (they cover "Don't Ring Me Up" by the latter) influence that really flies. "Sea is My Heart" is a total winner, with occasionally off-key vocals that put a weird edge on the proceedings. The only negative is the overly compressed Japanese recording style, which I am told results from the incredibly cramped conditions in the typical studio. Caveats aside, this sucker will put a smile on the face of any self-respecting RAYDIOS or RADIO SHANGHAI enthusiast. (RW)
(Wizzard In Vinyl, Daichi Shida Bldg., 7-16-15 Nishi Shinjuku, Shinjuku, Tokyo 160-0023, JAPAN)

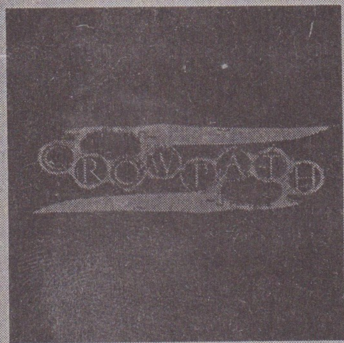
COMPLETE CONTROL – "Vicious Ones" EP

I'm loving this, the blurb compares them to a bunch of old UK bands but I'm hearing more of an influence from newer US bands like the KRAYS and the BODIES as well as the old US hardcore gear of the TOXIC REASONS. Catchy, sing-a-long but still punk as fuck…just how I like it. Can't wait for the LP. (TB)
(Slab-O-Wax, PO Box 461082, San Antonio, TX 78246)



CORTEGE – "Young Soul Rebels" EP

…hmmm…. French CLASH…. well, side one is anyway…reggae-style CLASH…with thick polish on the production….!!!! The two cuts on the flip are more Oi!…French Oi!…. sung in French…..!!!! Not bad really, not bad at all….!!!! However, the guitars are a little too heavy…sounds like they may be using those dreaded Marshal half-stacks…..!!!!! My second bitch is about the cover art……generic "tattoo flash art" is way over done and NOT COOL!!!!! My real concern here though is about the size and strength of their cocks!!! Is this band packing the standard "oi boy issue" or do they sport the Rocco size un-cut French two by four????? THE FANS WANT TO KNOW!!!! I can't speak any English but I like French and Greek!!!! (SW)
(Bords De Seine)



CREAM ABDUL BABAR / KYLESA – split LP

This is the vinyl edition of the CD that was released last year. It was great then, it's great now. CREAM ABDUL BABAR are as heavy as ever and their style of noise rock is thick and suffocating, textured with burly intensity like a redneck hopped up on murder in the big city. Fans of the UNSANE or -(16)- should take note. KYLESA's side is my favorite song, in four parts, from them yet; one side-long piece that alternates between crushing riff annihilation, steamroller driven rhythms, soaring atmospheric doom to quiet feedback noise and creeping sounds, dark ambient interludes. Downright epic. Fans of ISIS or NEUROSIS would really like this. Comes on gold vinyl and with a poster. (WM)
(At A Loss, PO Box 582, Eastlake, CO 80614-0582, www.atalossrecordings.com)

CRIME IN STEREO – "Explosives and the Will to Use Them" CD

In their most intense moments, this is CARRY ON with more octave chords, and less straight edge and, *ewww*, autotune on the vocals. But most of the time, this sounds very much like a band like STRIKE ANYWHERE, KID DYNAMITE, or maybe DBS with a hardcore edge. Unfortunately, I don't think they're adding to the genre of melodic punk/hardcore. This is not very memorable, except in songs like "Warning: Perfect Sideburns Do Not Make You Dangerous" with lines like "I don't think you're fooling anyone but you…I've got explosives for every single one of you." Lyrically, there is a lot of gold on this record. Otherwise, maybe not. (WR)
(Blackout!, www.blackoutrecords.com)

CROWPATH – "Old Cuts and Blunt Knives" CD

Ripping, roaring intensity, scorched metallic hardcore in the vein of BOTCH or COALESCE or CONVERGE. CROWPATH employ suffocating volume coupled with raw, innovative riffs, crushing heavy bass and a ferocious drummer—these guys should be popular with the kids. This CD is a collection of previously released tracks from as far back as 1999 (remember when you used to party like it was that year?) and a couple of songs from an upcoming release. Those of you into this style probably already have this. (WM)

(Robotic Empire, PO Box 4211, Richmond, VA 23220, www.roboticempire.com)

DAMAGE DEPOSIT – "Straight to the Bottom" EP

If you've heard this band's first EP then you know what to expect from this Minneapolis hardcore outfit. For those who aren't familiar, imagine TEAR IT UP or WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? with more of a youth crew influence. Once again, Felix's lyrics either have me smiling with approval or scratching my head saying "huh?" Take a look at the great lyrics to "Make the Skynyrd Stop": "Flush this redneck bullshit like a stinking turd. Bringing down the mallet if you yell Freebird." (that line alone has Robert Collins pulling at his beard in dismay). But then there is the song about drag racing straight edge kids called "Rager X." "You gotta drive hard and you gotta drive fast. Straight drivers finish first, sucka MCs finish last." Say what?? (CC)

(Havoc)

DAY AT THE FAIR – "The Prelude" CD

Tuneful pop punk with emo stylings. Strong material on this five song CD EP. Similar to ALKALINE TRIO and TAKING BACK SUNDAY. Not for you mohawkers but fans of this sound will enjoy this New Jersey band. (RL)

(Springman, PO Box 2043, Cupertino, CA 95015, www.adayatthefair.com)

DEAD & BURIED – "The Company I Keep" CD

Thick, heavy duty, chugga chugga hardcore with way too much double kick drum and vomit inducing metal guitar leads. Nine songs... cheesy and ridiculous. A complete waste of time. (VH)

(Spook City, PO Box 34891, Philadelphia, PA 19101)

DEADFALL – "Destroyed by Your Own Device" LP

Quietly the Bay Area has developed yet another batch of awesome hardcore bands. Leading the way is San Francisco's own DEADFALL The thing about DEADFALL is they don't try to do anything new, they just play straight-ahead, classic hardcore with more then a little nod to the Midwest and Boston area circa '83. It may not be the most original thing, but who cares when it kicks ass this hard. If you like your hardcore with emotion, anger and power then you will like DEADFALL!!!! (JF)

(Six Weeks)

THE DEAD HATE THE LIVING – "Take That, World!" EP

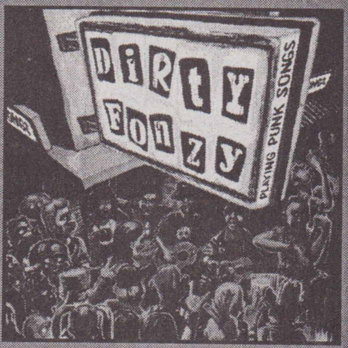
Yeah, take that, world! The dead hate the living!! Funny. Some people don't like bands with stupid crazy names but sometimes you just can't help but laugh at the absurdity of it, and besides most of the good names (but not all of them yet) have been taken, so what can you do? You could put this on and think, hmmm, not bad, not bad. They remind me of KYLESA in style and delivery. Thick, chunky rhythms and sweeping distortion, the multiple vocals and lady singer, the crust-inspired attack, all of it leads to a good record in nice packaging that's worth your couple bucks, if you're so inclined. (WM)

(Limbless, 409 NE San Rafael Unit #301, Portland, Oregon 97212, www.limbless.cjb.net)

DEADLY SNAKES – "I Can't Sleep at Night" 2xEP

I can totally appreciate what these guys are up to: record roots-conscious rock 'n' roll with decent, intelligent production and attempt to add some complexity to the sound without going glam, or whatever. Well, they do it as well as anyone, and even bring off one of the toughest tricks in the trade; adding horns that reference soul without sounding at all cheesy. (RW)

(In the Red, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050)



DESTRUCTION UNIT – "Self Destruction of a Man" LP

This is the synth-punk project from Ryan Wong, Jay Reatard and Alicja of the LOST SOUNDS. Art damaged punk that sounds very much like *erm*...LOST SOUNDS. DESTRUCTION UNIT may be a bit more ferocious and busy than the aforementioned band. If you like that band you will want this, if you like me have had enough, you won't. Nice milky colored vinyl. (RR)

(Empty PO Box 12301, Portland, OR 97211)

DEXATEENS – CD

Bluesy, slide-guitar ditties—every bit as shocking as skull-splitting grindcore played at twice normal volume. The DEXATEENS duct-tape bluegrass pickin' with strutting rock riffs to produce a result that

sounds not unlike early 70s STONES (listen to "Elrod" for confirmation). I'm not opposed to it—one-time BIG BOY Tim Kerr has his mitts on this project, and his involvement works as a reliable endorsement. Far too wide-open-plains big-country rock for the greasers, too rough around the edges for alt-country cruisers, the DEXATEENS are good listening for admirers of the MIDNIGHT THUNDER EXPRESS bands of the like. (JH)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227, www.estrus.com)

DEUSENJAEGER – "Las Palmas OK" LP
This German band reminds me quite a bit of bands like MANIFESTO JUKEBOX or ENDSTAND's more recent records. They show a good amount of HUSKER DU influence, except they are much less fierce, and with a heavier, more polished production. Lots of open chords, but also octave chords on top of that, giving them a more "emo" sound. The singer has a very low voice, which is hard to compare to anything. Lyrics are all in German, but they sent translations and I'm sorry to say that I think they probably lost a lot in translation. Nice, simple layout on this. A good record. (WR)
(My Ruin, c/o Rosi, PO Box 3107, 49021, Osnabruck, GERMANY, www.myruin.de)

DIE LAST – "Medicine" CD
Overwrought melodic Polish emo. Kind of like KNAPSACK meets SAMIAM, in their less tuneful moments. It's all in Polish, so I don't understand a world of it (though I have a sneaking suspicion they might be Zionist bastards!). Judging by the stellar production and packaging, they certainly ain't poverty stricken Polish punks. (RK)
(Trujaca Fala, www.trujacafala.com)

DIRTY FONZY – "Playing Punk Songs" CD
DIRTY FONZY...I wonder if that's the same as a "Dirty Sanchez?" These guys are either from France or Quebec (I went to their website and I still can't figure it out) and play enjoyable catchy upbeat punk with a horn section and carefree attitude. Nothing groundbreaking or that original, this is well played and enjoyable nonetheless. (AD)
(mail@dirtyfonzy.com)

DISASTER STRIKES – "Anthrax on the Dance Floor" CD
It's really hard to pin this band down musically. One of the vocalists sounds a lot like Dan O'Mahoney on the 411 LP. So imagine four songs of Dan O' speaking/screaming over politically focused hardcore that at times sounds like later BLACK FLAG, and at other times sounds like the ROLLINS BAND. It sounds better than I am describing it, I promise. (CC)
(www.disasterstrikes.net)

DISKONTO – "We Are the People Our Parents Warned Us About" LP
I've always been a DISKONTO fan (really, from like age six months on—before they were even a band), but I don't think I've ever heard them sound so fucking good. This 23-track ripper just fucking smokes. It's just got this totally go-for-broke relentlessness to it—from the vocals to the drums to the unexpected rock 'n' roll breakdowns. 23 tracks of high-quality, high-octane Swedish hardcore. Could this be DISKONTO's apex release, their finest hour? Could be, as it will be hard for them to top this—totally intense shit here. (MT)
(Six Weeks)

THE DIVISIVE – "Dust Under the Carpet" EP
Sounding like GOOD RIDDANCE *Operation Phoenix* era, Finland's DIVISIVE play hardcore with serious melodic undertones. Unfortunately why their sound is decent the songs tend to fall a little flat and as a result this record is likely to cause sleep. At least the attempt to get some rest is an international endeavor. (JF)
(Divisive c/o Renko, Kirkkotie 7, 63300 Alavus, FINLAND)

DOMESTIK DOKTRIN – "Sepakat Untuk Tidak Sepakat" EP
Fucking insane trash from Indonesia. Whoa! Super speedy, tons of great breaks, intense and crazy dual vocals spewing out lyrics both in English and in Bahasa. This is their first release on vinyl. It's always interesting to hear what is happening internationally. It's all too easy to get stuck in our own little bubble so check out this excellent release! (SR)
(625)

EIGHTY SIX – "Army of Cats" CD
These guys are English? This is total Midwestern quasi-scream emo-indie-type stuff. I never hear this sound outta the UK, well; I'm not trying that hard, but still. I'm sure these guys are unique in their immediate area. They do this JAWBREAKER-ish stuff well, not my cuppa, but UK fans looking for homegrown should check 'em out. (RW)
(Bombed Out, PO Box 17, Leeds, LS8 1UP, UNITED KINGDOM, www.bombedout.com)

ENSALADILL RUSA – "Coleopteros" CD
In my dotage, I've managed to master a modicum of tolerance for forced hysteria, but when it's combined with (unconsciously) jazzy emo-art-spazz I suffer a serious breakdown in composure. Thanks a lot guys, now I'm back on the meds. (RW)
(www.ozonokids.com)

THE EVAPORATORS – "Ripple Rock" LP + EP
Oh man, this shit is genius! Everyone's favorite Human Serviette Nardwuar fronts this hysterical blast of punk rock humor. These guys lay down a bunch of tracks that pull together influences from old school garage to current power pop. The thing that really stands out here are the endless catchy hooks and Nardwuar's unique nasally vocals. Oh, and of course with songs like "Addicted to Cheese" and "(I've Got) Icicles on My Testicles" you truly cannot go wrong. There are even a few of Nardwuar's interviews on this record. Hell, it even says that this release is also available as an 8-track tape! (You do remember what that is, don't you?) As an added bonus, this release also includes an EP by Nardwuar's other band THEE DUBLINS. So do yourself a big favor and check this one out at immediately. (RC)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092, www.alternativetentacles.com)

EXIT HIPPIES / TANTRUM – split 12"
On their side of the split EXIT HIPPIES plow through track after track of raw, primitive, and inept hardcore—it's all cymbals and guitar with snarly vocals, with the bass almost nowhere to be found. It's okay, but not the best I've heard of this style. On the flip we have TANTRUM who sound like WRETCHED if WRETCHED had a drummer that could actually play—distorted chaotic and powerful punk that takes its cues from the Italian masters (NEGAZIONE, INDEGESTI etc). Worth it for the chaos that is the TANTRUM side. (MT)
(New Smell, www.yo.rim.or.jp/~chapmans)

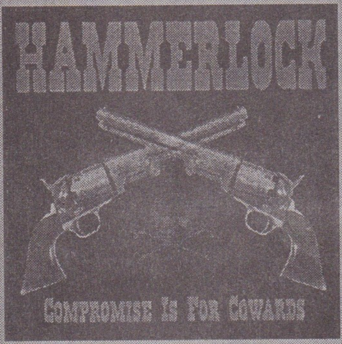
THE FAITHFULL – "Our Own Heroes" CD
These guys come on FUGAZI like with the vocals and dense intros. Then it gets more JAWBREAKER kick-in-the-fuzz. But somehow still sound kinda pop punk. Maybe brooding pop punk with attitude. Not nearly on the FUGAZI/JAWBREAKER level and ultimately a pop punk disc, this does work for me with its interesting blend. (RL)
(Reason Y, 747 Barnett Street #4, Altanta, GA 30306, www.thefaithfull.com)

FANNY ALGER – "Great Big Huge Company Inc. Ltd. Unltd." CD
The punchy drums help define FANNY'S power pop corporate genius. The heavily reverbed vocals have the sass of the SURF PUNKS and at times the music is right there too. If the SURF PUNKS became obsessed with corporate themes, they would've sounded like this. Pretty cool disc. (HM)
(Mope Multi-Media PO Box 2125, Mount Vernon, WA 98273, www.fannyalger.com)

FIFTH HOUR HERO / SAINT CATHERINES – split EP
Two bands from Canaduh, eh? Okay, eh. Well, FIFTH HOUR HERO are No Idea records vets, which pretty much guarantees this record won't be a stinky turd. And what do you know? FIFTH HOUR HERO delivers two delightful melodious punk rock treats for your ears—similar in the vein of female-vocaled bands like DISCOUNT or SAMUEL. Good, eh. On the flipside, the SAINT CATHERINES from Montreal get a little more gruff. I dig these guys, they've got this sort of PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS meets a more-pissed HOT WATER MUSIC feel. They put out an LP earlier this year that's worth checking out too. Thumbs up, eh. If I had one of those little orange Fisher Price portable record players I'd strap it to my bike rack and ride around town listening to this record while drinking Elsinore beer. (AS)
(1-2-3-4 Go!, 420 Wall St. #206, Seattle, WA. 98121, www.1234gorecords.com)

FLOWERS IN THE ATTIC/ROMA DELENDA EST – split EP
On the A-side, FLOWERS IN THE ATTIC play fierce, slowish emotive hardcore (though there are enough good fast parts for sure) with intensely screamed female (I'm pretty sure) vocals. Their tracks build up and then slow down again and build up again. Perhaps I am being a little generous, but sometimes this band has MOHINDER's chaos and UNION OF URANUS' drawn out drive, though they lack both bands political expression. Still, I like it. On the flip side, the bassy, gruff-sounding 'core of ROMA DELENDA EST starts. And quite quickly stops and goes into this really weird spacey guitar interlude. This becomes routine. What a quirky band! Sometimes it sounds like !!! and sometimes it sounds like CONVERGE! This is a worthy 7" from these nine New Yorkers. (ZM)
(McCarthyism. 7209 25th Ave Hyattsville, MD 20783-2752)

THE FUCK YEAHS – "Good Time" EP
The FUCK YEAHS are pretty fucking awesome. There's a raucous energy and frantic pace through



"Ritalin," "Earth vs. the Flying Saucers." "Pogo Your Eyes Out," "I Don't Wanna," and "Trouble" that only lets up fittingly enough, for "Zombie." It's on pink vinyl with a pink sleeve, so keep your eyes peeled, collector nerds! (DP)
(Learning Curve)

FUCKED UP – "Epics In Minutes" CD
Okay, let's face some facts, FUCKED UP are perfect. Everyone of their releases is a perfect slice of piss'n'vinegar fueled snarling, stomping punk rock; each record a vicious, relentless blast of rage. Seriously. Listening to this band makes me feel the same way I did at age twelve and hearing BLACK FLAG or the mighty POISON IDEA for the first time—and when the first strands of "The Police" or "Baiting The Public" comes roaring out of my speakers—fuck, words can barely even describe it—like your whole world is just blown apart. Simple, raw, unbridled rage against a world filled with shit. Fuck. This CD compiles their previous EP releases for those of you who value convenience and mass consumption—plus tracks off a radio show and their demo. I remain in awe of this band. (MT)
(Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

GAINER – "You Say It Like It's a Bad Thing" CD
Decent-sounding melodic hardcore, in the vein of SENSEFIELD, TEXAS IS THE REASON, or SHADES APART. That's not my kind of thing at all, but I know people who lap this stuff up, and this sounds as good as or better than the stuff I've heard round their houses. So pick this up if that's your thing. Actually this is really growing on me. (AM)
(Bent Rail Foundation, PO Box 2283, Birmingham, AL 35201, www.bentrail.com)

GET FUCKED – "Inside the 8lb. Dorm Fire" 10"
So I heard the deal with this band is they were active in the early/mid 90s, but never released anything and then got back together last year to record their old songs. Maybe it's just a rumor. But anyway, GET FUCKED definitely has the spastic SWING KIDS thing going on, but heavier and with distorted screamy vocals that make me think of MAKARA. There are no lyrics. What's that you say? I don't sound very enthusiastic? It's true: I'm tired of this style. (ZM)
(Level-Plane P.O. Box 7826 Charlottesville, VA 22906)

THE GRILLERS – "Soundwaves and Sunsets" CD
Eight (unfortunately) long tracks of screamo metallic emo. Certainly well played and produced. But, really, a bunch of meandering nonsense. Oh well. (RK)
(Smeardrink, www.thegrillers.com)

HAIRCUT – "Chronique D'un Militaire" EP
So *after* I stopped rolling around on the floor laughing because of their band name, I dropped the needle and was delighted to find this to be a cut above the normal plodding French oi faire. In fact, there are moments where when there's a definite TEMPLARS influence shining through—especially in the vocal delivery. It's still a bit too slow, but cranking the pitch adjustment on the ol' Technics SL-1200 turntable quickly brings it to an enjoyable pace. The track "I Spend My Time," with its tale of being jobless, drinking and fighting is the stand out. This is certainly better than any other French oi record I've heard in some time and besides the band is named HAIRCUT!! (MT)
(Bords De Seine, BP 85, 75561 Paris CX12, FRANCE, www.bordsdeseine.fr.st)

HAMMERLOCK – "Compromise is for Cowards" CD
Another installment of Southern rock from San Francisco's very own Confederacy of Scum darlings. It's the usual good time rockin' fare with songs about driving, drinking and killin'. I couldn't give two fucks about these good 'ole boys waving the confederate flag churning out their version of punk rock LYNRD SKYNRD. I will give HAMMERLOCK their due though, they are much more listenable then ANTISEEN or LIMECELL…just a little too redneck for this commie pinko. (TB)
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

HAMMERLOCK – "Compromise is for Cowards" CD
Fuck yes! Travis, Liza, and Mikey have hewed out an impressive American scum-punk country album for you bad human beings. This new material takes the energy of early BLACK FLAG or MOTORHEAD and hitches it to the wagon that DAVID ALLAN COE and MERLE HAGGARD rode in on. The lyrics of these songs bristle with real anger not seen in many punk bands today. Read the words to "Hate is Not a Crime": "I won't swallow your happy pill/ I am not your brother/I don't see things you way/ I'm a fighter not a lover/You ain't sewing my mouth shut/I got news for you motherfucker/Hate is not a crime/Here comes the hate police with the thought police close behind/ It don't matter what they do/I ain't ever gonna change my mind". Yes! Songs like "Hate is Not a Crime", "Second Home", 'Oldest Friend", "I Thought I Was an Outlaw", "Never Slow Down", "Forty Pounds" and "Government Worker" will take their place in American music lore as national treasures long after most punk bands have been forgotten. HAMMERLOCK is happy to be included with Confederacy of Scum

royalty, ANTiSEEN and LIMECELL! (BR)
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

HARKONEN – "Dancing"- CD

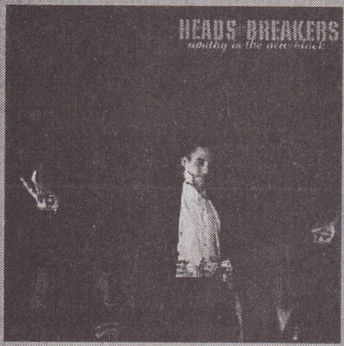
Slick sounding "new" metal, post hardcore or whatever it's being called these days. Jack Endino's production is crystal clear, crashing guitars collide with spoken and shouted vocals and the drums thunder on in perfect time behind them. These guys can really play I guess, but who cares? Not me anyways. Not even the SCRATCH ACID cover did it for me. Five songs. (RR)
(Initial, PO Box 17131, Louisville, KY 40217)

HATED PRINCIPLES / CHACHI ON ACID – split EP

Long running (1981) HATED PRINCIPLES offer up three noisy distorted overblown rippers. One mid tempo fuzzed out rocker sandwiched between two sloppy as fuck hardcore scorchers. Not groundbreaking or terribly original, just good old hardcore thrash. CHACHI ON ACID from Ontario sound like an old school Nardcore band. Catchy, snotty, dumb (I mean that as a compliment) punk rock. Funny and witty lyrics about the benefits of coffee, straight edge drinking parties, and Taco Bell. Good fun. Pretty neat little DIY record this is. It's limited to 300 copies. I love the record label name. (RR)
(D.Yerself. In PO Box 34, Listowel, Ontario, N4W 3H2 CANADA)

HEAD HITS CONCRETE – "Hope, Fear and the Terror of Dreams" EP

Holy! This is the first time I've heard this group and I'm consumed by the total in-fuckin'-tensity of this Winnipegean unit of ultra-core damage. Fuck! The drummer is in constant attack mode, the singer is absolutely over-the-top terror, and the guitarist is a tweaking freaking six-string twister of nightmares and notes. Nuts to you! The closest I can get to describe this would be if the STRETCHHEADS were a wall of noise grind unit. I need to hear more of these rulers of my immediate universe! My pick of the month! Buy it then die! (WM)
(Intolerant Messiah, Box 6162, San Mateo, CA, www.intolerantmessiah.com)



HEADS VS. BREAKERS – "Apathy is the New Clack" CD

At first listen, this was just straight up KID DYNAMITE/LIFETIME with more riffing—could easily have been mistaken for either one. But as I got deeper on the album, all sorts of crappier influences showed up. This shit is so polished, it's like they've been raised on a steady diet of SAVES THE DAY, PENNYWISE, and maybe some YOUTH OF TODAY. Basically, it's fast melodic hardcore punk. At best they shows some JAWBREAKER influence. Sometimes this reminds me of The LAWRENCE ARMS. Doesn't do anything for me. (WR)
(no address)

HEROSHIMA / KGC – split EP

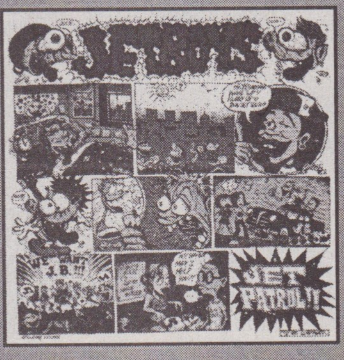
There's just something about the Spanish language and grindcore that goes so well together. Don't know what it is, I just like 'em together. Unfortunately, I can read only a bit of Spanish so I am at a loss with all that I try to read here. With that said, HEROSHIMA and KGC share a drummer, the style of grindcore, the language of Spanish, and this here little 7" black tasty vinyl. HEROSHIMA are the catchier of the two, with "bouncing melodies", a bit more of a pop-sense, if you'll allow me that description of grindcore? KGC (KUANDOSO GRACIANOS CONSUME) are more straightforward, fast and pummeling, violent. Not bad, brutal. (WM)
(Mindless Mutant, PO Box 35322, 08029 Barcelona, SPAIN, www.mindlessmutant.tk)

HIERONYMUS BOSCH – "Havin' Fun, Soundin' Good" CD

I started laughing out loud while I was listening to this terrible CD. I was imagining what someone might think if they happened to overhear what I was listening to. "Geez, I always thought Carolyn had good taste in music. I guess I was wrong." Then I was laughing at the cover. On the back cover the band poses with a surfboard and two women in bikinis. Yet, this is not a surf record even though the opening track is a surfy instrumental. It sounds like one of those late 80s bands who were trying to be "alternative," but had no reason to really think they were. The vocals are very annoying too. (CK)
(no address)

HOOFTPIJN – "VoorbŸ De J" CD

This band HURRY UP OFFENSE was playing at the Edinburgh Castle, and my pal Justin Mo Cheeks comes running outside to where we were already laughing about how intensely horrible they were. He asked "Do these guys even *listen* to music?". And I ask that question to myself quite often when reviewing for this here punk rag. HOOFTPIJN, from France, I think, sound something like if you brought together THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS, THE EVAPORATORS, some clown-ska band, and yes, maybe THE DICKIES (as they say in their "recipe for HOOFTPIJN") in the worst possible way. This band may as well be playing as the backing band for "Where In the World is Carmen San Diego?". In all seriousness, they're on the same musical plain as ROCKAPELLA. (WR)
(Tocado, www.HooFTPijN.nl)



HORROR – "First Blood Parts I And II" CD

For those who don't know, The HORROR are ex-VOORHEES, which should tell you a bit about what this like right there. Twenty-eight tracks in just under twenty-six minutes of speedy British hardcore heavily influenced by the classic NYHC model, though without the shitty mosh breakdowns. Would fit comfortably on a mix tape between *Victim In Pain*-era AGNOSTIC FRONT and some ANTIDOTE. Most, if not all, of this was previously released on the more appropriate format for hardcore punk, the vinyl record. (MT)
(Chainsaw Safety, PO Box 260318, Bellerose, NY 11426, www.chainsawsafetyrecords.com)

HUMAN SHIELD / SHOT ON SIGHT – split EP

HUMAN SHIELD plow through four songs of wall of crust fury. One vocalist, Cracka Killa, doing the low and high thing and, judging by the song titles and the names of the other members, the subject matter is anything but too serious (song title as additional evidence: "Steve Guttenberg, You Sick Fuck"). On the flip is SHOT ON SIGHT doing a far more straightforward punk hardcore than their record-mates. Fast paced and to the point, SHOT ON SIGHT, rip through two numbers confronting war and pollution - although I've no idea who Ashley Banfield is? Both groups dedicate their sides to their fallen friend, Jimmy Herrin. (WM)
(Evil Robenchi, 1625 Grant St., Salem, Oregon 97303)

THE HUSBANDS - "Daniel / You Need Hands"

One of my faves currently rockin' the San Francisco scene. THE HUSBANDS have a great primitive rock style that immediately makes me think of THE GORIES with some of the best female vocals around. Singer Sarah has an amazing voice that is deep, powerful and super sultry. Two original tunes on this 7" which makes me happy since they can really write great songs. These are unrequited love songs with a demanding, don't give me any bullshit attitude. Fantastic. (CK)
(Blue Bus, PO Box 31130, San Francisco, CA 94131)

I.F.G. – "Hellhound on My Trail" CD

Kind of a cross between the LUNACHICKS and CYCLE SLUTS FROM HELL with just a taste of TED NUGENT thrown in. Very hard rock that I enjoy live with a few beers in me but don't ever listen to at home. (DP)
(Outcast, 7095 Hollywood Blvd. #394, Hollywood, CA 90028, www.ifgla.com)

INSIDE RECESS – "Target" CD

DIY metal on metal (my new term for black-death metal played hardcore kids) hailing from the satanic blood-drenched insanity of Ohio. I get the feeling that this is a "let's have fun", complete piss-take on Metal on Metal as evidenced by such lyrics as "look grandma, look grandma/ souvenir tub, souvenir tub/ it's $4.75, it's $4.75/ Harry Potter, Harry Potter/ 'til the day I Fucking DIE! /...fucking Go!!!!!!!/ stop" from "The Day I Die." Hmmmm.... I don't get it?! Played well-enough and probably an evil-live show but for me it's too metal, too funny. Maybe it's your cup of blood? (WM)
(www.insiderecords.com)

IRON LUNG – "Life, Iron Lung, Death" LP

Fans won't be disappointed as IRON LUNG take it to a new level, pounding out twenty one tracks of punishing hardcore packed with unrelenting speed and brutality. Crazed, discordant, maniacal, and completely devastating. (VH)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413, www.625thrash.com)

I WALK THE LINE – "Badlands" LP

Wow. MANIFESTO JUKEBOX and WASTED folks doing something that sounds like a mix of both of those bands but with keyboards and some late 70s new wave sensibilities. I know it sounds shit, but it's fantastic, really catchy and melodic. Kinda like if you mixed LEATHERFACE, the CARS, COCK SPARRER and AGAINST ME… yeah I know it sounds ridiculous, but trust me, it's amazing. (TB)
(Combat Rock, PO Box 65, 11101 Rmk, FINLAND)

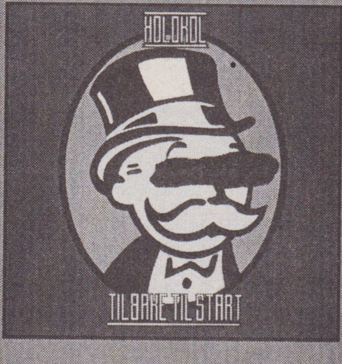
JET BOYS – "Jet Patrol!" CD

Buckle your seatbelts, . The JETBOYS are the long-standing dukes of Japanese pervo punk (to my mind, at least) and never fail to impress with their revved-up junkie rock and over-the-top graphic identity…a Japanese *Mad Magazine* punk combo with cool Johnny Thunders guitar licks and damn-the-torpedoes-full-speed-ahead attitude. "Squirrely," you could call 'em. No great departures from form here, just willfully stupid Ritalin rock for you hyperactive children with expense accounts. (JH)
(Discus, www2.ttcn.ne.jp/~jetboys)

THE KA-NIVES - "Weasel/ Dear Dad"

A trio of sad looking guys on the cover of this record. They look like they just got fired from one of

those fast food joints that hires anyone who comes along. That can only mean one thing, some pretty fun rocking inside. Ask Shane White, ugly=good. Musically THE KA-NIVES conjure up the soul of the STATICS. Rollicking, lo-fi rock and roll that will do you some good. (CK)
(Lance Rock, 370 Bruce Ave., Nanaimo, BC, Canada V9R 3Y1)



KEVIN K & THE REAL KOOL KATS – "Addiction" CD
I'm not quite sure if this is the fallow up to the amazing *Kiss of Death* LP that Lollipop also released last year or an older recording reissued or re-released. In any event, the REAL KOOL KATS continue to mix STIV BATORS' bubble gum. power pop hooks with a touch of early glam rock and a whole lot of JOHNNY THUDNERS worship. On a whole the album does not top *Kiss of Death* by any means, but for what it is, it's a darker, more rockin' record that I have no problem putting on when I'd rather hear about junkies and whores than feeling good and being in love. (BM)
(Lollipop, 7 Impasse Monsegur, 13016 Marseille, FRANCE, www.chez.com/lollipoprecords)

KILLER'S KISS – "Gotta Lotta Love / Backslider"
For a pleasant change, the slow track is the "killer" here, as the flip "Backslidin" exudes a drugged-out feel that evokes the final IGGY & THE STOOGES sessions, all fumes and attitude. Very tuff thing to pull off, so it must be an accident, and I'm all for accidents. The a-side is competent but my hair didn't lift, so…(RW)
(Blue Bus, PO Box 31130, San Francisco, CA 94131, www.bluebusrecordings.com)

KILLER SQUIRREL – "Self-Released (and Loving It)" CD
I'm guessing this is a one-man band, doing the bedroom-recording thing. Well, it ain't JANDEK, it's more like demos for a pop-punk label with indie leanings. Political lyrics, stark nasal vocals, and an honest attempt at immediacy in an apparent reaction to bland suburban surroundings. The solution my friend is to leave, get out, *flee*! This is a little premature to release as a record, should've stayed a CDr. (RW)
(Operation Phoenix , PO Box 13380, Mill Creek, WA, 98082)

KOCHISE – "Plus Dure Sera La Chute" 10"
My first impression here was LA FRACTION, and indeed, the female vocals are quite similar, but this is otherwise a different animal. With the addition of a complementary boy singer, the vocals have an interplay that sometimes calls CHUMBAWAMBA to mind, and music ranges from mid-tempo powerhouse to a faintly cinematic—think racy, red velvet French movie house... With the elaborate packaging, which includes a full-color booklet of lyrics and information, it's almost like this is some sort of radical punk opera—in a good way. The information, in four languages, includes a Book Your Own style guide to the French punk and political scene, and a number of other writings. This 10" was, all in all, an unexpected treat. (AC)
(Maloka, BP 536, 21014 Dijon Cedex, FRANCE)

KOLOKOL – "Tilbake Til Start" EP
Norway's KOLOKOL bring us six solid tracks of melodic guitar and gruff vocals buried under layers of fuzz and distortion. The sound of the record, production wise, is totally HUSKER DU. But the delivery is more like FUEL or HOT WATER MUSIC mixed with a modern emo-hardcore sound. The transitions from fast, straight-forward HC to catchy breakdowns sound great. I'm into it. (VH)
(Sjakk Matt Plater c/o Tarjei Moksnes, PO Box 7008, 0306, Oslo, NORWAY, sjakkmatt666@hotmail.com)

L'AMICO DI MARTUCCI / CEMENTERIO SHOW – split EP
Let's start out with this; this record plays at 45, not 33 as the labels may have you believe. Now to the good stuff, L'AMICO DI MARTUCCI lay down some fast thrashy hardcore jams that are along the same lines as their crucial 7" on 625 records. They borrow from all many different parts of the hardcore family (old DC hardcore, old Italian hardcore, modern thrash revivalists) and have made music the way punk is meant to be, slightly different then anything that has been played before. CEMENTERIO SHOW don't fair as well by my cruel hand, fast thrash that isn't all that memorable, not bad, but compared to the flip-side it's nothing to write home about. (NT)
(Thought Crime, c/o Thomas Franke, Boxhangener str.22, 10245 Berlin, GERMANY)

LANCASTERS – "Alexander & Gore" CD
Boring mediocre Oi!. Uninteresting and unorginal lyrics about "taking a stand," "the streets," "standing strong," and "throwing bottles." The same tired lyrics. (SR)
($10 ppd: Longshot, PMB #72, 302 Bedford Ave, Brooklyn, NY, 11211, www.longshotmusic.com)

LANCASTERS – "Alexander & Gore" CD
Hell Yes!! The LANCASTERS provide melodic Oi! with lyrics that are pertinent to the day-to-day life of working class people everywhere. The excellent vocals are supplied by Greg (ex-SUBWAY THUGS),

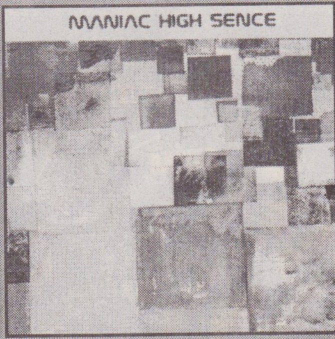
and the strong amalgam of superior guitars, powerful drumming and bass playing make for a very good CD!! Mike Jo and Longshot Records have another winner on their hands!! Skinheads and Punks should sample this product as soon as possible!! (BR)
(Longshot Recordss)

LAST VEGAS – "Lick 'Em and Leave 'Em" CD
This is Detroit influenced retro rock that at times crosses over the line from being punk to being a straight up KISS tribute. Lotsa MC5-style noodling and such, but after seeing "True Testimonial" tonight, I'll go home and forget I ever heard of LAST VEGAS. (DP)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317, www.gethip.com)

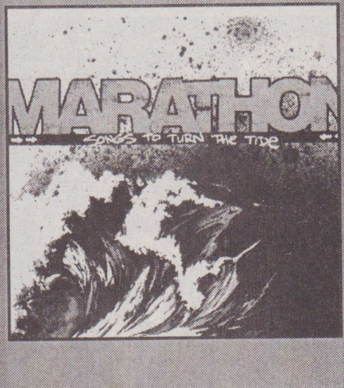
LOVEKILL – CD
These guys must have heard the HOT SNAKES. If not, they really should pick up their records because they are mysteriously aping their sound in a 75%-90% similar fashion. So, you get a moanin' vocal over slashing anthemic guitars and a tendency to briefly jam out a riff into exhaustion. Ya know, like the HOT SNAKES do. (RW)
(Requisite, PO Box 518, Cleveland, OH, 44107)

THE LURKING CORPSES – "23 Tales of Terror" CD
Yeah. MISFITS. Exactly. Good job. Wait! Sometimes it also sounds like MISFITS. Oh, I already said that… (JA)
(www.thelurkingcorpses.com)

MACHINE GUN ROMANTICS – "Cookies" EP
This three-piece (no bass) blurt there way through eleven songs of crazed fastcore from Houston, TX. Most of the tunes are blazing, but they break things up with some mid-tempo time changes. Everyone pitches in on vocals that range from deep and booming to throat grating shrill ones. If was still the mid-90s people would call this power-violence. So Fiesta Grande your ass over to a record store and pick this one up. (RC)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413, www.625thrash.com)



MANIAC HIGH SENSE – CD
Discography CD of this Japanese band that existed from '93 to '99, whom I've previously never heard. MANIAC HIGH SENSE played moderately hectic, yet still controlled mid-paced hardcore ala bands like JOHN HENRY WEST, SAWHORSE, or even at times HEROIN. Fairly straight forward, though with lots of interesting, angular and totally unexpected twists. Had I heard them circa 1994 I might have declared them my favorite band, well at least for a week or two. You can almost smell Mike Kirsch's beard fueled guitar wizardry's all over this. (MT)
(Juke Boxxx, 460-0012, 404 Green House, Kichi 3-30-10, Chiyoda Naka-Ku, Nagoya City, Aichi, JAPAN, jukebox@qa3.so-net.ne.jp)



MARATHON – "Songs to Turn the Tide" CD
MARATHON are walking a fine line between alternative rock and emo. I don't know, there's way too many bands like this around, and it's not a whole kick in the ass away from the shite on MTV. (Has anyone else noticed that the mainstream mall crap is starting to sound so bad these days that even BLINK 182 are starting to sound good?) So I will have to give this a thumbs down, it's too contrived, too wimpy, and they just seem to be trying too hard. I recommend taking large amounts of amphetamines and rethinking things. (AD)
(Red Leader, PO Box 20836, Park West Finance Station, New York, NY 10025)

MARRAUDERY – "We Are Rockstars" CD
Speedy one-dimensional hardcore from Russia, that sounds like a demo I would have heard in the late 80s. All the songs have the same tempo, the vocals are way back in the mix and the songs all sound the same. Sounds like something from one of those dodgy *Bullshit Detector* comps, only faster and shittier. (TB)
(Neuroempire, Shemetova T.N, PO Box 58, 123100 Moscow, RUSSIA)

MARTEN'S – LP
Japanese Oi! Not a weird Japanese version of street anthems, but just straight-ahead and typical. Plus, they do a Bob Marly cover and we all know what a sexist, homophobic religious zealot he was… (JA)
(902 Daiya Heights Daijuji !-4-2 Daijuji-Town, Okazaki-City Aichi 444-2134 JAPAN)

MASTER PLAN – "Colossus of Destiny" CD
This is a super group featuring Andy Shernoff of the DICTATORS, two members of the FLESHTONES and a member of the WAZXING POETS. For some of you that's enough, but for the rest of you just imagine the DICTATORS with out Handsome Dick. Some of you may enjoy it, I don't really mind,

but "What's Up With That" not featuring Dick just kinda leaves me flat. The rest of the songs are a-okay. (BM)
(Total Energy, POB 7112, Burbank CA, 91510, USA, www.alive-totalenergy.com)

MINETHIRTYSEVEN – "Minethirtyseven" CD
Five tracks of overproduced modern rock, kind of like WEEZER or other stuff that gets called emo. For the most part, it's just too sappy and syrupy for me. The last track has some edge and intensity to it, and if they were all like that, I'd probably be more into it. They sound as if their hearts are in the right place, and all the harmonies etc are on point. It's just not for me. (AM)
(www.minethirtyseven.com)

MISS ALEX WHITE & CHRIS PLAYBOY - "Young Monsters" EP
Some great stuff. More distortion please. Distorted guitars and distorted vocals. MISS ALEX WHITE has an amazing voice. It's deep and commanding. She belts out the vocals while strumming her guitar in a perfectly delicate, rhythmic way. I hear she is still a teenager so hopefully she'll work up the nerve to just go crazy. Let that punk out of the garage. CHRIS PLAYBOY provides a good solid drum beat. The music really builds in a similiar way to the CHEATER SLICKS. It's a great sound. Also check out Miss Alex's band HOT MACHINES. (CK)
(Missile X, 5912 North Washtenaw, Chicago, IL 60659)

MONSTERS –"Youth Against Nature" CD
A re-issue of the great 1995 MONSTERS album. Originally on Record Junkie and almost impossible to find in the US, it is now available on the LIGHTNING BEAT-MAN's own Voodoo Rhythm and only slightly easier to find. Yet, if you know what is good for you you will put every effort into getting a copy of this fantastic record. Having to search high and low for a record makes it sound oh so much better when you play it at full volume so your neighbors can enjoy it too. This is the album where they passed into what Beat-Man calls the Voodoo Primitive Rock'n'Roll Garage Punk Trash Area. That topped with Beat-Man's amazing, distinctive voice makes one cool record. There are some classic songs here too, "I Just Want To Die", "Go Away—Fuck Yourself", "Go Away Out Of My Brain", "I'm A Record Junkie" plus a great cover of TNT's "Züri Brönnt". I even hear the Monsters might finally make it to the US this year. I hope that's true. (CK)
(Voodoo Rhythm, info@voodoorhythm.com)

MOTORAMA – "No Bass Fidelity" LP
Hot stuff from these Italian punx! Basic all-girl garage that's tough and sexy without all the boy-voyeur-oriented gimmicks that annoy me. Equally as important, this is raw and to-the-point without being formulaic—there are plenty of twists and turns and squeals to keep you around. Hate to quote a label insert, but they do it justice with a SONICS meets SONIC YOUTH description. Yeow. (AC)
(Vida Loca, Casella Postale 17033, 00189 Roma Grottarossa, ITALY, www.vidalocarecords.com)

MY DISCO! – "Collapse of an Erratic Lung" EP
Wow. I've never reviewed a record from Australia before! This vinyl is fucking thick!! Right when the needle hit the wax, MY DISCO had me thinking of TWELVE HOUR TURN or TRUE FEEDBACK STORY. They pull it off quite well though, adding a few original twists to keep things interesting. All the tracks, for example, with their grooving bass lines almost certainly bring a bit of the MINUTEMEN to mind at certain points. The production on here is also quite nice. I wonder how hard it is for Australian bands to tour out of the "land down under"? (SP)
(GPO, Box 3341, Melbourne, 3001 Victoria, AUSTRALIA, www.crashingjets.com)

NAUSEA – "The Punk Terrorist Anthology Vol. 1" 2xLP
All of NAUSEA's vinyl recordings, minus ""Void" from the *Extinction* LP and "Smash Racism," but plus a few extras, on these two LPs. Great songs, like "Self Destruct," "Clutches," and my favorite, "Godless," are captured in all of their apocalyptic glory, reminding us that NAUSEA was a truly ground-breaking band. You can say they were the prototypical growly/screamy male/female peace-crust vocal team—powerful and explosive. This is a great collection, but the package suffers from the absence of any kind of exaplantory insert/lyric sheet, and the silkscreened burlap cover, while impressive, is a bit awkward and a bit much: silk-screened web addresses? Come on now. (AC)
(Black Noise/Hell Bent, www.hellbentrecords.com, www.nauseapunk.com)

NECRONOMITRON – CD
Some more of what I consider the Load Records "sound", though that me be a bit unfair. LIGHTNING BOLT very quickly comes to mind. Crazy upfront drumming and lots of guitar noodling, short jagged riffs, some classic rock stylings, and quick changes all done in manic "the worlds ending tomorrow so we need to cram all this stuff in" style. Occasionally the vocalist (s?) yelps in true metal falsetto style. Pretty entertaining, though I can't imagine too many repeated listens, after seven or so tracks it gets a little hard to differentiate between numbers (though the last track is astonishing.) (RR)
(Load, PO Box 35, Providence, RI 02901)

NICE VIEW – "Live Nice View" CD

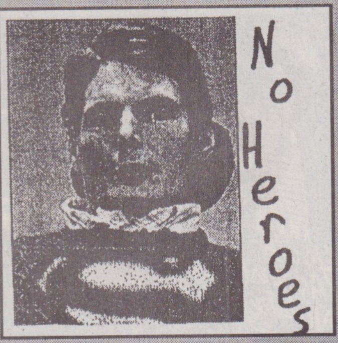
Excellent quality live recording of Japan's NICE VIEW captured in late 2002. They play super tight as though these songs were the core of their very being; a well-oiled power-violence styled fast-core band with a sound you could describe as SPAZZ meets WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? (The drummer's style and snare sound reminds me of MaxTwoFive). Ten songs in just over sixteen minutes, fast and furious. Recommended to fast-core fans the world over. (WM)
(Juke Boxxx, Zip Code 460-0012, 404 Green House, 3-30-10, Chiyoda Naka-ku, Nagoya City, Aichi, JAPAN)

NIGHT TERRORS – "The Hit / I Have (Night Terrors)"

A Wisconsin supergroup of sorts: a couple SAGGER members, one MISTREATER and a KILL-A-WATT handling the knob twisting. Pretty much exactly what you'd expect from this lot (assuming you are familiar with this scene). "The Hit" is half swampy, half *Killed By Death.* Since it has parenthesis and more groove/bile, the B-Side wins. On the always impressive Goodbye Boozy label. (MC)
(Goodbye Boozy, Via Villa Pompetti 147, 64020 S. Nicolo A Tordino, Teramo ITALY)

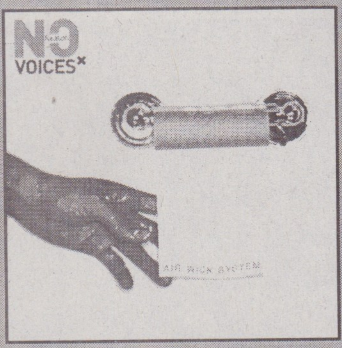
NOARMSNOLEGS – "The Sodomy of Sound" LP

Spastic, discordant, violent hardcore from PDX that brings together the chaotic early 90s gravity sound, the choppy, angular, abrasiveness of the BIRTHDAY PARTY, and a heavy dose of metal. The metal element of the record is tired... maybe it's just that I'm so fucking sick of metal hardcore in general, but over all this one sided four song LP is totally kicking my ass. The cynical, piss and vinegar fueled lyrics are great. The hand screened B-side and cover art is rad. No bullshit here... (VH)
(Limbless, 409 NE San Rafael, Unit 202, Portland, OR, 97212, www.limbless.cjb.net)



NO HEROES / THE CULPRITS – split EP

This ain't the latest hip sub genre here, just two bands playing good ole fucking punk rock and doing it quite well if I must say so myself. On the CULPRITS side we have "99 Dead," "Mullets and Miller Highlife permeate the air, Anticipation of Great White will soon become despair." Awesome song. NO HEROES hold their own with "Bury the Hatchet," "You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours, I'll scratch til I expose your spinal cord." This record ain't leaving the turntable for a while. (DP)
(Blind Spot, PMB 697, 539 SE 39th Ave., Portland, OR 97214)



NO REASON VOICES – "Air Wick System" EP

One side is an old school '77 midtempo ditty, and side two is an old reggae/ska style number. Weird combo, but both tunes are solid. I think the gravely, drone vocals are timeless. These guys are gonna be huge soon. (HM)
(Ball and Chain, c/o Boudrit Lionel, 78 rue de Gerland, 69007 Lyon FRANCE, http://perso.wanadoo.fr/noreasonvoices)

ORPHANS – "Everybody Loves You When You're Dead" CD

Have you ever been at a punk show in which you are blind drunk, rolling around on the floor screaming along words to songs you have never heard before as everyone is moving together in a big sweaty punk rock mess? This is the soundtrack for those Kodak moments. Female fronted snotty garage punk from SoCal that would have found a place on Dangerhouse records along side the AVENGERS. Better then their previous 7"s, which were both killer records. (NT)
(Unity Squad, PO Box 1235, Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

OUR TURN – "Step Aside" EP

Damn, it looks like *MRR*'s own Carl Cordova is up to some finger pointing and floor punching of his own, with the debut EP of his band OUR TURN. These guys have got the 88 youth crew style down pat. From the music, to the layout and lyrics, OUR TURN pays tribute to bands like UNITY and WIDE AWAKE. I mean check out these floor punch worthy lyrics. "No one has the power to bring you down. Swallow your pride and take the higher ground. Keep your fucking hood up and your fists down." My only problem with the release is the cover art. It is a basic photo of a train coming out of a tunnel. I am not sure what they were thinking there, but what about using a comical straight-edge cartoon or a photo of a sing along dog-pile and stick with the theme of the rest of the record. Regardless, this release rocks and they are bound to be coming soon to a Posi-Fest near you. (RC)
(Our Turn, 746 Baker Street, San Francisco, CA 94115; our_turn@hotmail.com)

OVER AND OUT – "Dying to Live" EP

This band is taking straight edge "to the grave". Oh, so dramatic, all shouted over metal riffs. How much you want to bet? I give you two years, then some equally boring and lifeless straight edge band will be writing about you guys and how disappointed in you they are. My favorite line is "I'll never know what it is like not to follow through on what I've said". I'll give you two years. Oh, if you're wondering what they sound like, they sound like AMERICAN NIGHTMARE. Cute white boys with Les Pauls,

wearing designer clothes, playing "chugga chugga" riffs. My diagnosis: NOT PUNK. (WR)
(Stab and Kill, PO Box 52084, Boston, MA 02205, www.stabandkill.com)

OXFORD COLLAPSE – "Some Wilderness" CD

From Brooklyn, but less retro or dance-influenced than some of their neighbors. Maybe a (slightly) more straightforward EX MODELS with some MISSION OF BURMA thrown in for good measure. Good shit. (AM)
(Kanine, www.kaninerecords.com)

PEKATRALATAK / URBAN BLIGHT – split LP

On one side we have French punx PEKATRALATAK, who pogo their way through eight tracks of quick paced anarcho-punk dedicated to punk's death. Lyrics are in French, are an onslaught against junkies, the tobacco industry, cops, and neo-liberalism, and their section of the thick booklet seems to present a critique of the seeming waning fiery independent spirit of punk. Sounds a bit like the bastard offspring of ANTHRAX and CRASS. On the flip we have URBAN BLIGHT, who proceed through their side with loud distorted to the gills guitars and vocals and is that a drum machine? Sounds like it to me, but I could be wrong… not quite as good as the flip. Lyrics dedicated to the spirit of rebellion, the sham of working for the weekend, the futility in voting and the silliness of car washes. PEKATRALATAK wins on this split. (MT)
(Maloka, BP 536, 21014 Dijon Cedex, FRANCE, maloka.distro.free.fr)

PERVS – "Pieces of You" EP

Total HUMPERS and NEW BOMB TURKS worship. Nothings wrong with it, just not my thing tonight. (BM)
(Wood Shampoo, PO Box 27801, Las Vegas, Nevada, 89126)

PHOTOGRAPH / DEATH OR EL DONNA – split EP

PHOTOGRAPH does an emo-ee pop punk thing almost like JAWBREAKER with some gal vocals in the backing. Decent for its one track. Reminds me of all those JAWBREAKER influenced bands in the 90s *a la* M BLANKET. DEATH OR EL DONNA is more aggressive but more pop too. Maybe No Idea-ish. Still in need of some fine-tuning though. (RL)
(Bent Rail Foundation, PO Box 2283, Birmingham, AL 35201, www.bentrail.com)

PIG DESTROYER – "Painter of Dead Girls" CD

Fast, hectic, wall of noise grind packed with techie guitar work. Completely blown-out, over-driven, and brutal. This CD compiles tracks from 1999-2003, including one hell of a STOOGES cover. (VH)
(Robotic Empire, PO Box 4211 Richmond, VA 23220, www.roboticempire.com)

PINK SPIDERS – "Are Taking Over!" CD

A great new band that dishes out the punk rock *a la* early ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT with a touch of the BRIEFS. This seems to be put out by the band but this could easily be on Dirtnap or Screaming Apple. So you better get the rare first pressing while you can. A young rocking band. (RL)
(www.thepinkspiders.com)

POP-O-PIES – "Pop-O-Anthology 1984-1993" CD

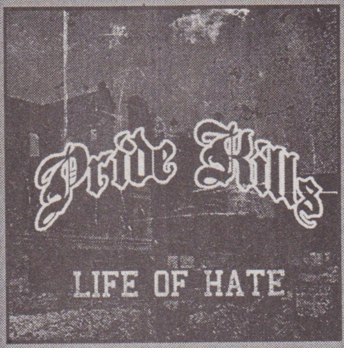
This local band was doing the funny art punk around here when college rock was considered out there. Not unlike the early DEAD MILKMEN funny stuff, this band's hit was an obnoxious version of "Truckin'." FLIPPER fans take note. My only gripe is that the first 415 Records EP isn't on this, but I'm sure that was a legal issue. Historical, entertaining, and funny. (RL)
(www.pop-o-pie.com)

PRIDE KILLS – "Life of Hate" CD

These gentlemen are so angry, it's scary. And I am sure that is their intention. They play Hardcore (not the punk kind, but the HATEBREED kind). Also they sound like MINOR THREAT and LOGICAL NONSENSE. However those bands were not only angry, but thoughtful and willing to put that anger to constructive, against The Man kinda ways. This is so disturbing to me. So disturbing, I cant' recommend wearing a dress to their gigs, unless you are a woman. And if you're a woman, I wouldn't go near them. Don't support shit like this. (JA)
(Carjacker, PO Box 331, Gallup, NM. 87305)

PROJECT HOPLESS / OFFENSIVE – split EP

OFFENSIVE is decent but didn't catch much of my attention with their three downshifted, muddled crust tunes with the ever so classic screechy vocals. PROJECT HOPELESS was definitely more impressive, delivering speedy, dirty hardcore with lyrics in both English and Swedish. They cover a VARUKERS song in Swedish, which was pretty cool to hear. (SR)
(Not Enough, c/o Oskar Petersson, Tycho Brahes gata 4, S-415 17 Gothenburg, SWEDEN, www.not-enough-records.cjb.net)



PUT-DOWNS – "No Worse Off" CD

Won two three four. Youthful and speedy stuff with the emphasis on plaintive melody and me-vs-the-world lyrics. I dig the tin-can production on *No Worse Off,* all trebly highs and clangin' guitars. The martial tempo on this one tends to undercut some of the melodies for me—tracks like "Devil's Music" or "Hard to Get" grab with their well-chosen hooks, but others truck by too fast for me to get a hold on 'em. Is there an artistic schism in the PUT-DOWNS? (JH)
(Super Secret, Po Box 1581, Austin, TX 78767, www.supersecretrecords.com)

R'N' R – LP

Many of the classic 80s Boston hardcore bands were ruined when they tried to add the rock to the hardcore; case in point SSD. DYS, FUs…. need I go on?? So when I heard about a bunch of kids from Mass. mixing AC/DC riffage with the hardcore I was more than skeptical. Gotta suck right??? Wrong. Where all those other turkeys went wrong is that they tried to become a rock band rather than just stealing the righteous riffage and adding it to their hardcore sound. These kids have done it right, its still total hardcore in the vocals but with huge AC/DC riffs. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't worried about the latest rock and metal trends creeping into hardcore (hey I lived through the late 80s…and it sucked) but this record is a monster…rock on! (TB)
(Manic Ride, PO Box 42593, PA 19101)

RADIO BEATS – "Blow You Up" EP

Skirt-chasers from West Virginia trapped in a beer-stained garage, bouncing off the walls and cranking it up loud. That's the RADIO BEATS. Side A focuses on hurting people with the band's overwhelming machismo, while Side B focuses on wooing potential sexual partners with overwhelming machismo. The cruddy recording is almost refreshing, but very telling of this band's SPACESHITS fixation. Features a tune co-written by *MRR*'s Bobby Manic…(MC)
(Big Neck, P.O. Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195)

RADIO ONE – CD

Have you seen that TV show *The O.C.?* I haven't. From *le Province d'Orange* RADIO ONE will please fans of the US BOMBS, DISCONTENT, BROKEN BOTTLES, SMUT PEDDLERS, and that whole 1977 *oh-look-at-me-I'm-so-wasted-I-just-don't-care-anymore* kind of LA bullshit decadent punk rock, Very catchy, hook laden, melodic tough punk with a CLASH influence, this is good—I'm just tiring of the pose. Where's my eyeliner, and my creepers, and my tattooed junkie stripper girlfriend? (AD)
(Disaster, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

RAINY DAY SAINTS – "Saturday's Haze" CD

Once again the fine folks at Get Hip deliver an above average record. It seems like every other month I'm getting something or other from those guys and I have yet to trash any of it. RDS is a one-man project on the power pop side of things. Fuzzed out guitars and basslines lay the groundwork for layered vocals and well-placed keyboards. This borders on really good 60s/70s throw back and well done mid-90s alternative (which I guess is kinda the same thing when you really think about it). Well worth a listen, especially during these sneaky sunny days where you tend to forget how miserable you really are. (BM)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317, www.gethip.com)

THE REAL LOSERS – "Go Nutzoid" EP

Wow—a fucking fuzz monster like I haven't heard in quite some time. I find this sort of thing never goes beyond the fuzz, but this one does. It's faster paced, it's noisy and it's loud. At the same time it's got punk rock, rather than 60s inspired, vocals and it's catchy as all fuck. If some late 70s English punk band had discovered the fuzz, this is what you would have gotten. Four tracks and none of them belonged on the cutting room floor. Plus Hot Dog is using her hands as a push up bra. Geez, does it get any better than that? I wanna be a loser. (KK)
(Wrench Recs., BCM Box 4049, London WC1N 3XX, UK, mail@wrench.org)

RIVETHEAD – "The Cheap Wine of Youth EP" 12"

Possibly named after (possibly) my favorite book RIVETHEAD, from Minneapolis, play great rough-yet-melodic punk; very much in the vein of SCREECHING WEASEL but without so much of the RAMONES influence, that is to say they play straight-up solid catchy punk rock with ample portions of bile and emotion in equal parts. I've been listening to a demo of these songs for a year now and I'm happy that a good label has stepped up to release their stuff. Youthful and energetic yet tough where it counts, this could be the soundtrack to your upcoming summer. Very good. (AD)
(Recess, PO Box 1666, San Pedro, CA 90733)

THE ROOLETTES – "Trouble Girl" CD

The ROOLETTES serve up some catchy power pop punk with plenty of noodling guitars. They talk some good smack and offer some serious sass. I guess it makes sense that they sorta remind me of the

BOBBYTEENS. A solid debut. (HM)
(Vinyl Japan, Hamada Bldg IF 4-7, 7-Chrome Nishi Shinjuku Shinjuku-Ku Tokyo, JAPAN, WWW.vinyljapan.com, www.roolettes.co.uk)

ROSEVALLEY PUNKROCKERS – "R&B = Kutmuziek" CD

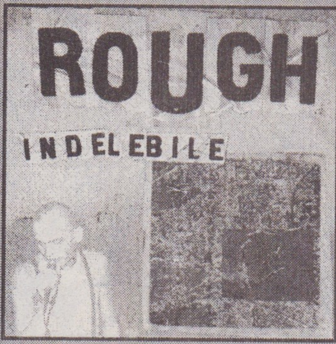
German (or possibly Austrian) drunk punk with dumb lyrics and vocals in both English and German. The music's fun and catchy, the singing's snotty, and they have a real drunken agro thing going...I guess it's not bad...just dumb. (AD)
(Tocado)

ROTARY BEGINNERS – LP

Ah, Japanese punk rock is anything as wonderful as this? Nope, didn't think so. ROTARY BEGINNERS sound like they would have been right at home with the LA/OC scene of the early 80s. If I would have to say their was a band they remind me of more then anything it would be a Japanese ADOLESCENTS. I can't understand the lyrics or the title of this record because it is all in Japanese, but I have to say this rocks. (JF)
(Soga, 66-6 Mukaiyama Ibo Toyota 470-0374, Aichi, JAPAN)

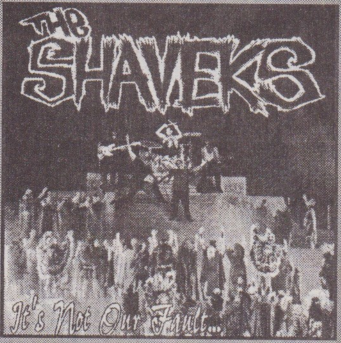
ROUGH – "Indelible" CD

A collection (EPs, comp tracks and live) from Italian (Turin) Oi!/skin chaps. All from the early 80s. ROUGH had that plodding UK Oi!(4-SKINS, CRIMINAL CLASS) sound down; together with the "we're not fascists, or communists, no politics, lets all just be skins and unite, and drink, and go to football" stance to match. Pretty rough (no pun intended) sounding, as you'd expect. I guess one for the collectors. The lyrics are thoughtfully translated for us non-Italian speakers. A nice touch, though poetry of the streets it ain't. (RK)
(SOA, www.soarecords.it)



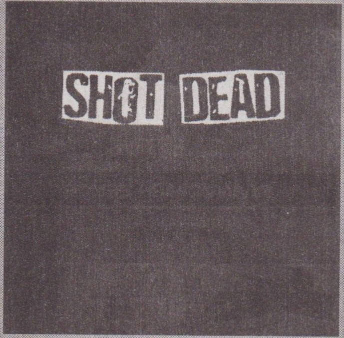
SHAVEKS – "It's Not Our Fault" CD

Four tunes, each of them edging up against the great cut-off point of three minutes. The SHAVEKS aren't hesitant to bring the tempo down a couple of ticks and let the inherent energy of the songs build…the well-written tunes don't hurt, either. It's hairy-knuckled stuff that reminds me of the early, effective ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN minus the predictability. Music for wide-open spaces. (JH)
(Vek, theshaveks@aol.com)



SHOT DEAD – "Nothing Special" EP

First impressions are a bitch, and to be honest I wasn't impressed with this record's aesthetics. But despite the lack of effort put into the layout, this record is pretty good. The lyrics focus a lot on personal issues with other people. The music is fast and dark, with spot on drumming. Definitely worth checking out. (CC)
(Moo Cow, 38 Carcit Circle, Belmont, MA 02478)



SICKNESS – "Just Shit" EP

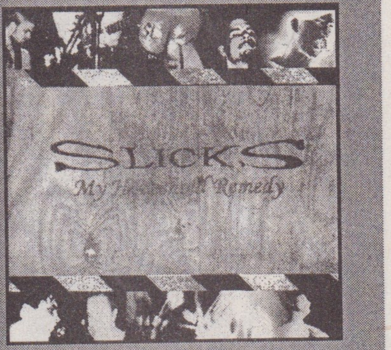
Pretty goddamn good slab of wax coming from these French d-beaters. A good mix between the more crusty d-beat sounds and the MOTORHEAD influenced jams ala INEPSY. Four originals and a cover of DOOM's "War Crimes" thrown in for good measure. This fine piece of wax also gets Negative Tom's award of the month for best lyrics with: "You sniff your good coke and you go scream some more ROCK'N'ROLL!" (NT)
(Chaotic Noise, dbeatbastard@yahoo.com)

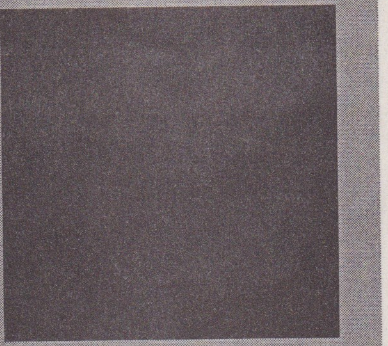
SLAPSHOT – "Digital Warfare" LP

Whoa, this isn't bad. For a band that hasn't recorded a full length in 7 years, this is actually pretty damn solid. Personally I never got farther than *Back On the Map*, but if you're a SLAPSHOT diehard hungry for those grumpy, sarcastic, over the top lyrics that only Choke can provide, then look no further. The picture disc treatment must of cost a fortune, because they couldn't afford a lyric sheet. Luckily, Choke's lyrics are pretty easy to make out. Take for example this soon-to-be classic line: "I could have had my kids at 21, but then I wouldn't had so much fun." Or this one on anti-tough guys: "Same old story, same old tale. Assholes like you belong in jail. 500 pounds is all you can do? My mother hit me harder than you." You tell 'em Choke. (CC)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

SLICKS – "My Household Remedy" EP

The SLICKS specialize in thrash that can be so insanely fast (as on the blistering "Vanishing Point") that the blistering lead breaks and vocals are almost an afterthought. Does justice to the Swedish powerhouses of the early 80s, with the trademark tightness and attention to good songwriting. The catchy riffing of "Rama Lama Ramhorn" makes it the highlight here, but all four songs rip. It's even great at 33RPM! Strongly recommended. (SS)
(Not Enough, Mailbox 1013, Lilla Kungsgata 2, 411 41 GBG, SWEDEN)





SODOMIZED BY MARCIA BRADY – "George Bush's Daughters Need Discipline" EP

One original, "George Bush's Daughters Need Discipline" is pre-ceded by seven covers of classic Florida punk and hardcore bands. NO FRAUD, ROACH MOTEL, DEATH, HATED YOUTH, FLAMING MIDGET, TOUGHSKINS and the almighty CHICKENHEAD get treatment. Great, raw, no fucking around old school sounding hardcore, The SODOMIZED BY MARCIA BRADY original fits right in with the covers. This copy is on colored vinyl. (RR)
($3 ppd in USA/ $5 elsewhere; Burrito, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

SOME GIRLS – "All My Friends Are Going Death" LP

This is a 15-song, one-sided album. It looks as if the lyrics are screened onto the other side of the record but it's pretty dark in here and I'm not going to strain my ageing peepers trying to make the words out. At least this way you can't read them as you listen, unless you've got two copies of the record. Anyway, it's on Three One G, so you might have some idea what to expect. It's slightly arty, spastic thrash/punk. Good catchy hardcore verses give way to chaotic parts. You know the drill. This is better than most. (AM)
(Three One G, PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177, www.threeoneg.com)

SPITFIREDOWN – "All I Ever Loved" CD

EDGE! XXX! I'M NAILED! OH NO! I'M BORED! "Would you cry for me, the way I cried for you?" …that's not core dude. (NT)
(Dead and Gone, 42 Glover Road, Totley, Sheffield, S17 4HN, UNITED KINGDOM)

STOPCOX – "How to Tell the Bad News" LP

Mid-paced German punk, sung in English (male and female vocals), with an anarcho-lyrical approach. Musically it sort of reminds me a bit of the LOST WORLD songs, though it's a bit more straightforward and not quite as melodic. Fairly good overall. (MT)
(grobi@stopcox.de)

THE STRUGGLE – "Hopeless Nights" EP

But, it's not really my fault bands like this exist. I refuse to take responsibility! Seriously though, this great punk. Fast, almost thrash mohawk summer hardcore. Good lyrics, if a bit silly. These guys are bored and drunk. Watch out! (JA)
(FNS, PO Box 1299, Boston, MA. 02130)

STUNTFACE – "The Incredible Unstoppable Titan of Terror" CD

At its best, this is catchy, melodic, but still heavy like DILLINGER 4. At it's worst, this is like a really mediocre RANCID meets BAD RELIGION. Lyrically, everything from the politics of war to dick jokes. This is kind of goofy—the cover shows a giant ghost-type thing making waste out of the downtown of some big city via lasers in his eyes. Maybe I am missing the point. I am always doing that. (WR)
(Good Clean Fun, 48 Cardigan Road, Haverfordwest, SA61 2QN, UNITED KINGDOM, www.goodcleanfunrecords.da.co.uk)

SUBURBAN REPTILES – "Razor Smile" EP

One of the better groups off the old *AK '79* New Zealand comp gets a pastel-pink EP of its very own, containing the hit "Coup d'Etat" along with some unreleased live stuff and outtakes. In keeping with the spirit of the times it's mid-tempo punk rock that bears some small resemblance to X-RAY SPEX (courtesy the saxophone and female vocs, though the 'REPTILES lack some of the 'SPEX studio polish). All four tracks here are tough and catchy p. rock with a art-school bare-bones quality that sets 'em apart from the pack. (JH)
(Raw Power, PO Box 7127, Wellesley St., Auckland, NEW ZEALAND, rawpower@paradise.net.nz)

SUNPOWER – "Total Control" EP

Fast, stripped down hardcore from Belgium. This four-piece barrel through eight politically charged tunes that touch on such topics like war, class struggle, and capitalism. And of course no record is complete without the ever so popular Orwellian-themed song titled "Total Control." This is not completely original, but it's still very musically competent. (CC)
(Still Holding On, c/o Xavier Lepage, 65 Au Long Pre, 4053 Embourg, BELGIUM)

SUZY Y LOS QUATTRO with TV SMITH – "What If? / New Church"

I always think it's pretty cool when a punk rock legend (TV Smith) hooks up with a relatively unknown, newer band (SUZY Y LOS QUATTRO). More often than not, it's unremarkable stuff. That is not the case here. This is the shit. It's equal parts 70s style punk rock and power pop, with a hint of new wave thrown in for good measure. It's catchy and it's got the switch off, male/female vocals that always make me go crazy. These cats hail from Barcelona and I suspect that this disc might be a bit difficult to find, but you owe to yourself to make the effort. (KK)
(No Tomorrow, APDO 1134, 12080 Castellon, SPAIN, www.notomorrowrecords.com)

SYZSLAK – "I Am Misery" EP

Techno metal meets metal meets DEAD AND GONE. Amazing poetry lyrics in the way of ASUNDER. Amidst the heaviness runs a punk rock spirit of total resistance. Fans of SICARII and CONSUME will like. I love. (JA)
(World Eater Records, PO Box 42728, Philadelphia, PA. 19101)

TARGET NEVADA – "Something Nasty" CD

Damaged metal-core that is dark-edged, violent thudding doom, with the acid-scorched vocals adding more dementia to their already somewhat off-kilter feel. Two songs clocking in at just over ten minutes. What I'd like to know is why the name TARGET NEVADA? (WM)
(Surprise Attack, www.surpriseattackrecords.com)

THEY FOUND MY NAKED CORPSE FACE DOWN IN THE SNOW – "Delta India…" EP

Okay, first of all, I have to say that that is *the most* over-the-top ridiculous band name I've *ever* heard. In fact, I can't bring myself to write it again in this review. The music on this EP is sloppy, sloppy mid-paced to fast hardcore with a bit of an emotional undertone (some quiet, melodic intros and off time drumming). Lyrics about tubercucolonial musings, bleeding, maiming vivisectionists (I think? That's my interpretation, but the "poetic" lyrics could mean something entirely different, I suppose) and obnoxiously long song titles. I'm a sucker for the silk screened packaging. (ZM)
(Grey Sky, www.greyskyrecords.com)

THRILLS – "N.A.F.I.T.C." LP

Finally! A glimpse at MERLE ALLIN's late 70s wankery! Sure, it's no "Cherrie Love Affair" or anything, but Boston's THRILLS are no slouches. The female vocals remind me of STARSHIP. Yes! Actually, I'm probably having too much fun with one…bye-bye. (MC)
(Bacchus Archives, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

TOYS THAT KILL – "Flys" EP

Rising from the ashes of once greats FYP, TOYS THAT KILL carry on the tradition of smart-ass no trend punk rock. Taking the sound of its original incarnation making it fuller, less nerd core and hitting the rock a little harder. Four self penned tracks with WIRE's classic "I Am the Fly" which complements the bands style perfectly. Along with DILLINGER FOUR a band which can claim to be 100% punk rock whilst shunning the black uniform, house in Portland and the obligatory DISCHARGE patch. (SD)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030, www.asianmanrecords.com)

TUNES FOR BEARS TO DANCE TO – "The Same Dream" EP

Grammar aside, when I read this name, I admit I rolled my eyes—but the music and lyrics and packaging and spirit won me over in the end. The sleeve is a manila envelope silk-screened with a road going through a forest and on one side all that remains are tree trunks. I prefer that any day over black and white pictures of war casualties and cops harassing protesters that disgrace so many politically charged records, though it has the same effect. Okay now if you got through that little tangent, TUNES FOR BEARS TO DANCE TO plays pretty standard emotional hardcore with multiple vocalists, dancey parts, and mellower head nodding parts. Fans of late nineties Midwestern and Gainesvillian hardcore like SPIRIT OF VERSAILLES or TWELVE HOUR TURN take note.
(Somberlain 8215 SW 152nd Ave. Apt. # 410 Miami, FL 33193)

TWENTY FOUR HOUR HELL – "Punkrock Lovesongs" CD

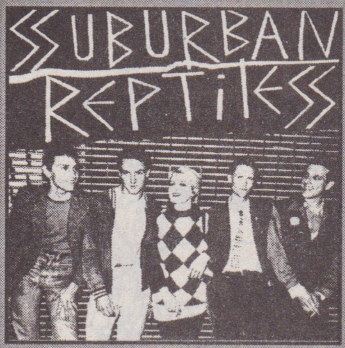
These brits sound very brit. The song title "Riot On My Own" tells you where these guys are coming from (RIP Joe!). '77 punk with a rock-n-roll bent. Think EDDIE & THE HOT RODS, the CLASH, and VIBRATORS done modern style. A good job by these well-schooled gents. (RL)
(Bug, www.bugrecords.tk)

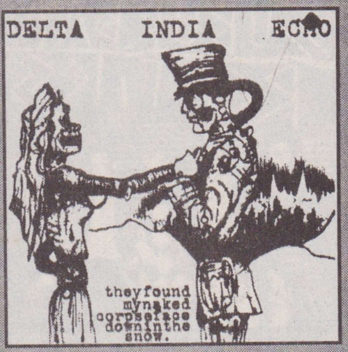
UK SUBS – "Another Kind of Blues" LP

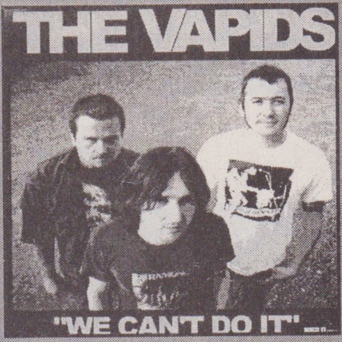
Beautiful exact repro of the first LP from '79 by UK legends who are still touring the DIY circuit and still putting out records a lot better than many of their peers. Charlie Harper is a British institution, and this LP is a great place to see where it all started. Fantastically catchy punk including some of the SUBS classics including "Stranglehold" and "CID." It's all good from front to back and worth shelling out for. In England every punk over 30 has actually been in the UK SUBS, in America every punk may not get that chance but they should at least have this LP (in fact the first 4 aren't half bad). One of the best punk LPs to come out of England!!!!! Mandatory!!!!! (TB)
(Get Back, Via Aretina, 25-50069 Siecie, ITALY)

UNDYING – "At History's End" LP

Harsh-throated, metal-core that is a bit too epic and grandiose for me. Every song feels like ten min-







utes too long with long, long solo melodies cutting loud over everything - where they lose me, yo—while the rhythm section chugga-chuggs endlessly and the double kick triggers sound like double kick triggers. The vocalist has got an intense voice and I would rather not meet him in a nightmare. Not for me, could be you? Released on Scorched Earth Policy in Germany/Europe or via... (WM)
(One Day Savior, PO Box 372, Williston Park, New York 11596-0372)

URBAN CHAOS – "Make An Irokez On Your Head" CD
More and more punk seems to be filtering out of Russia these days and working it's way over here—URBAN CHAOS come from Moscow and crank out fifteen tracks of fast paced melodic hardcore—think a more primitive and not so refined *Longest Line*-era NOFX (well, musically at least) with lyrics layered overtop in Russian. Fast paced, SoCal style hardcore with ska bits thrown in now and then. (MT)
(Neuroempire, c/o Shemetova T.N., PO Box 58, 123100 Moscow, RUSSIA)

THE VAPIDS – "We Can't Do It / Back to the Garage"
Two short blasts of RAMONES by-way-of SCREECHING WEASEL punk rock. Meatier than a vegan's fart and snotty as hell, these crazy Canucks show their allegiances with a belter of a GROOVIE GHOULIES cover, and fans of chronically catchy punk should take note, this is the best this band has sounded yet. Limited on yellow wax. (AD)
(Route 13, 1109 Prospect Ave., Wilmington, DE 19809)

VERONICA LIPGLOSS & THE EVIL EYES – "Unicorn Song" CDEP
Three tracks of difficult-to-digest uneasy listening that touches base with LENE LOVICH, SUBURBAN LAWNS and too many drugged-out evenings at the video arcade. VERONICA LIPGLOSS & THE EVIL EYES are hectic new wave based around martial one-two-one-two beats, disembodied female voices, reverb, and an all-encompassing aura of mystery. "Unicorn Song" is a harsh introduction to their artistic approach; "Down by the River" is a creepy and catchy torch song urging the listener into treacherous waters (which in San Francisco there are plenty of); "Wild Ones" shows us the door with a swift kick in the pants. Watch for the EVIL EYES: I know I wanna hear more out of 'em. (JH)
(Cochon, 1036-A Cole St., San Francisco, CA 94117, www.cochonrecords.com)

VICE DOLLS – "Die Trying" CD
This CD has a parental advisory sticker and promo shots on it. "Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws." None of you need to know what this sounds like to not get this CD. However, I feel obligated to talk about the music a little bit. Yelled by a woman named Carrie, the vocals are shrill and high pitched and, quite honestly, hard to enjoy. She doesn't have a bad voice; that style of singing is just irritating. The music is pretty upbeat and poppy with out of place tough-guy breakdowns. (ZM)
(Crosscheck, P.O. Box 39439 Los Angeles, CA 90039)

VINCEBUS ERUPTUM – CD
Heavy, sludgy loud and abrasive metal-y sounds from this five piece, Monster drumming, repetitive guitars, low-end rumblings and sore throat vocals. "Hand of Doomish" the 1st track almost has a black metal feel to it. Song two asks "Who Farted?" endlessly before answering "You Did." Sort of brings to mind some of the old AmRep releases, in spirit and production at least. The BRAINBOMBS come to mind. Looks like a Norwegian black metal record. Intriguing, though I'm not sure I get it. (RR)
(Load, PO Box 35, Providence, RI 02901)

WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES – "Superiority Complex" CD
Top notch street punk a la GC5 and the punk side of the DROPKICK MURPHYS. Dig them chants for background vocals. Most of this genre is more miss than hit for me these days, but these Canadian guys come on so strong from the get go you gotta just sing-along and pogo. Damn!
(Longshot, PMB #72, 302 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11211, www.wnheroes.com)

WHERE EAGLES DARE – "To Come from Nowhere" CD
This band is just *way* too all over the place. The clean guitar parts, piano parts, and clap tracks have to leave immediately (and that was only on the first two songs). I am struggling to find nice things to say about this. These kids seem really sincere, and you can tell that everyone in the band can play their instruments, but I just can't get into this at all. Epic, "modern hardcore," in the worst sense of the word. (CC)
(New Day Rising, PO Box 1383, Miller Place, NY 11764)

WORDS THAT BURN – "Spawning Ground for Hatred" CD
Brutal metallic crust from ex-REMISSION folks. Fast as fuck with strangled screaming/big scary bear trade-off vocals and vicious apocalyptic lyrics. Nearest comparison? ENT meets STATE OF FEAR. A little much for me, but the black clad hordes will eat this up. (TB)
(Crimes against humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702)

YAGE – "Anders Leben!?" LP

YAGE, a German band, plays "emotional" sounding hardcore with lots of melody worked in. Plenty of changes in dynamics and odd rhythms, which reminds me of TWELVE HOUR TURN or A MINOR FOREST. When they get to their heavier parts, I could group them with bands like PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS or YAPHET KOTTO, though this band is more mid-tempo most of the time. Personally, this is not my thing. I can't dig on these bands that take punk so seriously and include long essays with their LPs describing punk as a "sub-cultural attempt to question the living conditions, to oppose them and to abolish them." We all get to overanalyzing punk sometimes, but although this is a well-thought out essay, it is really kind of a buzz-kill. Kudos to them for putting so much effort into the booklet, though. Really, this is a good LP for the band, just not my thing. (WR)
(Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116)

ZUMM ZUMM – "Gerald Bronson" CD

I love ZUMM ZUMM! This is the second CD I've reviewed from this Athens, GA band, and I'm so glad. This is kind of all over the place music-wise, but there is a common thread of dissatisfaction with capitalism, nationalism and TV delivered in a style kind of like the FOUR EYES, NARDS or any other band on the old Secret Center label. Imagine that, you can have political punk without all the crust. I have to say that "Reel Around the Television Executives," a take-off of a SMITHS song, is one of the best I've heard in a while. It's packaged in a little gatefold with a with a homemade sleeve and silk-screened cover, and with all the computer generated product out there, that just makes me feel all warm and fuzzy. (DP)
($5 ppd; Shake, We Got the Beets, Katie Gasperec, 480 Nacaochee Avenue, Athens, GA 30601)

V/A – "Bay Area Thrash – Devastation!" 2xEP

The sleeve says the SF Bay area has been lucky when it comes to bands, and for those who don't live here, this double EP offers convincing evidence. Most of this material here is in a thrash/HC vein. Highlights: DESOLATION's "Hiding Like Cowards" has an amazing TERVEET KADET feel, while THIS IS MY FIST's "Jesus Plus Nothing" is fast punk with gritty female vocals and catchy guitar riffs – a real jewel. DEADFALL recalls the intensity of early MDC. With their dual screamed vocals and stop-on-a dime thrash, UZI SUICIDE comes off as one of the more distinctive sounds here, though it's hard not to fall in love with BRUTAL DEATH's three-second classics. Surprisingly strong and consistent—I can almost guarantee you'll love it. (SS)
(625, PO Box 42342, San Francisco, CA 94142)

V/A – "Beach Blvd." LP

One of the better-ever Los Angeles compilations sees the sunlight again, and music-lovers worldwide can be grateful for it. Originally released around 1980, at the time when LA punk rock had spread from its Hollywood breeding grounds and taken hold in suburbs, beach towns, and juvenile detention facilities throughout the region. Features a bunch of must-hear tracks from the late RIK L RIK (storming through recycled tunes from his one-time band NEGATIVE TREND, recorded elsewhere), dayglo beach kids the CROWD ("Modern Machine", "Trix are for Kids" are included here), and the simple-minded teeny-boppers the SIMPLETONES. Anyone remotely interested in SoCal *Rodney on the Roq*-style sounds oughtta go for it. Last one to the beach is a rotten egg—don't forget the sunscreen. (JH)
(Get Back)

V/A – "Coincidence or Consequence" EP

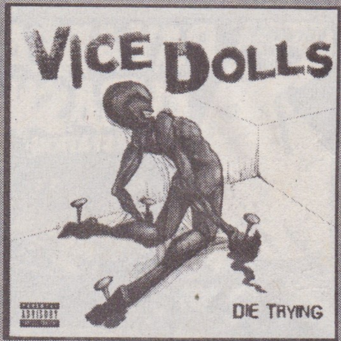
Yipes! Here you have a six-band compilation of Boston area bands, STN, the UNSEEN, LAPID RAGS, SOCIAL INSECURITY, DAY LATE DOLLAR SHORT and the FREEZE, each doing one song. The record appears to have been recorded in 1997. The sound quality is mediocre as are some of the bands. The two stand-out bands are STN and the UNSEEN. This compilation is not necessary unless you saw these guys live, while you were quite drunk, and have fond memories. (BR)
(Alienated, PO Box 1395, North Eastham, Massachusetts 02651-1395)

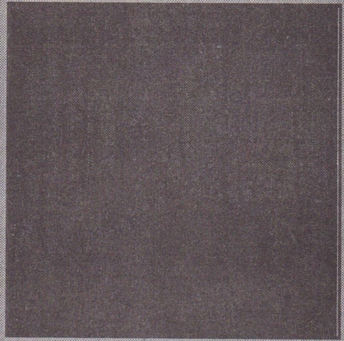
V/A – "Happy Hour and 4:20" CD

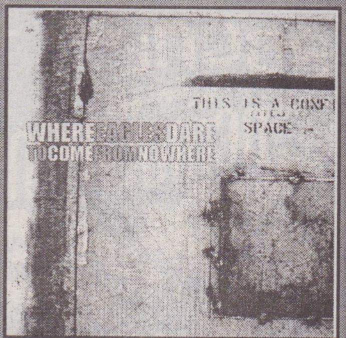
A split CD featuring STRIKE OUT and NO REDEMMING SOCIAL VALUE doing five songs apiece. SO, from Japan, play energetic, fuzzed-out mid-tempo HC. Good stuff, but it's a rough transition into NO REDEMMING SOCIAL VALUE, whose songs drag and drag. The fast parts are a bore, and the breakdowns make me feel embarrassed. . If you ever feel like making a joke of NYHC, this is a good place to start... If it weren't for the two bands alternating songs on this CD, *so* would be worth listening to again. But the NO REDEMMING SOCIAL VALUE isn't going anywhere besides straight to the dump. (VH)
(Juke Boxxx, 2003 JB-015, 460-0012 404, Green House, 3-30-10, Chiyoda Naka-ku, Nagoya City Aichi, JAPAN)

V/A – "Hodge Podge & Barrage, Vol. 4" CD

Fond memories of this label's previous volume from the late 90s, which had a great last-gasp REG-







ISTRATORS track on it, among many other fine arteests. I'm actually gonna chew up space listing the crew on this round: INTERNATIONAL ROBOT, RIVALS (twice), FM KNIVES, SWEET J.A.P. (twice), TEENAGE CONFIDENTIAL (twice), TYRADES, YOUNG PARISIANS (twice), HOREHOUNDS, FIFI & THE MACH 3, HIPBONE SLIM & THE KNEE TREMBLERS, ASTRO BABYS, EAST SIDE SUICIDE, TEXAS TAXIS, REDS and a band with a Japanese name. TYRADES track is off the Broken Rekids LP (sob!) but the FM KNIVES (RIP) track rules, and the other standouts are Japan's YOUNG PARISIANS with their really dum take on Marc Bolan and the NY DOLLS, the TEXAS TAXIS with a tuff non-surf instrumental (!), and the SWEET J.A.P. tracks which have a lot more melody than their recent LP shows. Of course, the REDS track is a fantastic example of the proper way to channel the 'Back From the Grave' feel into the 21st century. So class, this is a really useful garage/punk/whatever comp with 18 out of 20 tracks exclusive, and thusly worth yer ducats. (RW)
(1+2 , via Nice & Neat: http://www.geocities.com/hideonnr/mailorder.html)

V/A – "Ride the Rockin' Rocket" CD

This CD is a few years old but since no one's really seen it on this side of the pond, what the heck. All Japanese fast garage-styled punk from COASTERSRIDE, KEEN MONKEY WORK, LOOKALIKES, THUNDERBALL, OGRESS and the GIMMIES, with multiple tracks from each band. It was great to hear these older KEEN MONKEY WORK tracks, which are pretty similar in feel to their amazing recent TEENGENERATE-channeling efforts. COASTERSRIDE had a great fast 7" on the Savage label in 1998 or so, these tracks are totally in that vein. Anyone on the fence about the GIMMIES should get this; these are great sing-alike chunky punk. The surprise is OGRESS; with a name like that the mind conjures liberty spikes in Shinjuku but they are instead fem-fronted fast-n-tuff punk that sounds a lot like the newest BOBBYTEENS record. This is a great wave-garage comp without a crappy track. Try Nice 'N Neat mailorder in the USA. (RW)
(Tinstar, 2-3-23 Central Bldg., Kabuki-cho, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

V/A – "Russian Punk Cannonade, Vol. 4" CD

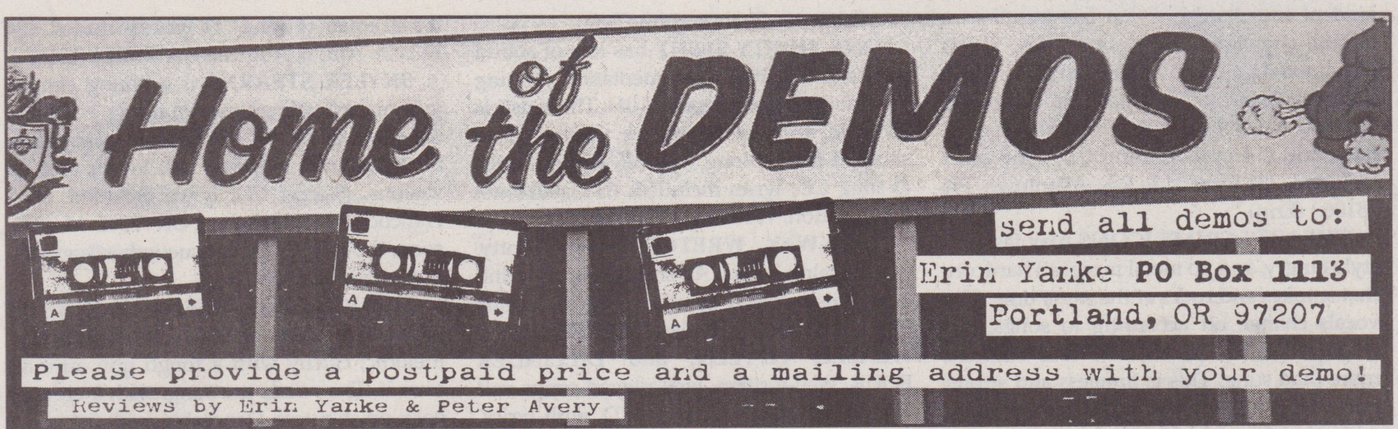
I guess if this is volume four, and it has 22 bands and 33 tracks, punk is alive and kicking in Russia. All the bands sing in Russian, and many have the names in that Russian script/alphabet one can't read. Some of the bands who's names are at least in English include 7 TEEN, ORGASM NOSTRADAMUSA, VIBRATOR, CHAOS THEORY, RED ARMY and PARTY OF ANARCHY. All the tracks are of the faster, speedy, largely pogo '77 and UK '82 variety. I'm guessing most of 'em really love the EXPLOITED. Many of the tracks (according to the sleevenotes) are taken from full lengths. So there you go. A whole world of punk awaits. (RK)
(NeuroEmpire, empire@rambler.ru)

V/A – "So Cal Thrash Demolition" EP

Does exactly what it says on the tin. Contains songs from some of the ripest young talent in the LA hardcore scene. LOW THREAT PROFILE, OUT OF VOGUE, FIND HIM AND KILL HIM, YOUTH RIOT, BURN YOUR BRIDGES, HIT ME BACK, APATHETIC YOUTH, and HARRY BALZAGNA & THE TEENY WEENIES all show up on here. Another no-brainer from 625. (AM)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

V/A – "To the Bitter End" CD

As the subtext to this comp's title ("International Punk Hardcore Compilation") suggests, this is a melodic anarchopunk comp, heavy on the punk. The highlights include two of the Canadian band AK47's ska/reggae influenced tracks yelling, "we'll fight back anyway that we know how!" and the Irish folk influenced band MUTINY from Australia who tell the tale of a police strike and riot that too place in 1929. Overall though, most of the bands sounded more or less like a less produced NOFX, which I can't say floated my boat. Another thing I noticed is that while this comp is indeed international, with bands from Oceania, South America, Western and Eastern Europe, Israel, and Japan, the overwhelming language communicated was in English. I wish that weren't the case. And it's copyrighted?! It is a cool project worth supporting nonetheless. (ZM)
(Vinehill, P.O. Box 36131 San Jose, CA 95158)



AVORZA is a techno metal electronic mix, with screamo vocals. One song features an alarm clock as lead instrument. Samples and backwards tape playing add to the texture. (5-song CD, no lyrics included. 49 Eagle St. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11222.) (Erin)

BOB URH AND THE BARE BONES play mostly acoustic, slightly angsty Lou Reed-influenced low-key rock. Not really dark, not wild and loose, it features organ or harmonica to get rootsy on you. (2-song CD, no lyrics included. 6735 Ridge Blvd. #1M, Brooklyn, NY 11220.) (Erin)

COMPRESSION mixes up post-punk angst, catchy and not overbearing keyboards, and solid songs with a late 60s production sensibilities. The vocals are affected, and kind of crooned. It's mostly mid-tempo. They play a great mix of pop and pain. (19-song CD, no lyrics included. 5278 The Toledo, Long Beach, CA 90803.) (Erin)

COOTERFINGER, the one man recording project, just broke up with his girlfriend, and tells us about it in a lowdown and lo-fi kind of way. Equal parts rockabilly and THE STOOGES, with a whole extra handful of bitter. (5-song CD, lyrics included. PO Box 924, Blue Ridge, GA 30513.) (Erin)

DARK LION plays a sort of minimalist punk. There is a basic early 90s riot girl (I forgot how you are supposed to spell it) sound going on, but the music is much more thrashy and hardcore. Most of the songs are pretty catchy and the sound quality isn't that great, but not bad. "You've made top notch on my hit list...we salute you with an AK 47." That's pretty tough. (6-song CD, with lyrics, The Bad Lands, 806 East Belmont St., Pensacola,FL 32501, letswritedarklion @yahoo.com) (Pete)

DEAD RADICAL musically thrashes it up with only the tiniest titch of slower parts mixed in. The drums come through really nicely on the mix. The singer sounds like Nic from THE YAH MOS when he was really feeling it. ($4 ppd. 6-song CD, no lyrics included. 120 Davis St., Scranton, PA 18505.) (Erin)

DEATH TO DOGMA has straightforward anger and speed to its hardcore. It's more of the buzzing guitar style than the metal-influenced, dark, and deep stuff that's today's norm. The vocals are usually shouted by one guy, with a chorus of buddies to back him up. ($2 ppd. or trade. 4-song CD, lyrics included. PO Box 82172, Las Vegas, NV 891180-2172.) (Pete)

EAT SHIT AND DIE is mostly straightforward power violence, with occasional bursts of spazzing out. Fast and furious, with main vocals that are screamed/shouted, and a backup guy who is more guttural. ($1 ppd. 8-song CD, lyrics included. Also comes in cassette form. 1160 Timbercrest, Youngstown, OH 44505.) (Erin)

EMBASSY is not the EMBASSY of emo fame. Instead they are trying to be the next BLINK 182. The music sounds like FACE TO FACE and frankly, it has come to the point where I can't tell when a band plays this style of music or not. And frankly, I don't care. (6-song CD, with lyrics, with no place to call home, www.embassyrock.com). (Pete)

THE FREAKIES play straight-up rock and roll. Mid to uptempo songs, three chords, and somewhat snotty vocals. The recording is OK, but the songs have been done many times over. (12-song CD, no lyrics, http://thefreakies.netfirms.com) (Pete)

FUNKTIFINO play a range of punk styles. Some of the songs have really full, aggressive punk sound that borders on hardcore (the first song is a hardcore song and is by far their best). Others have a pop punk feel and aren't nearly as good. This is really well recorded and doesn't sound like a demo. (8-song CD, with lyrics, Fuktifino@hotmail.com) (Pete)

GIANT HAYSTACKS have a live CD here called *C'mon Wee Man.* It has 9 songs (all pretty short) from an on-air performance at KZSU radio station. The sound isn't bad for a live recording, but it's not as good as you would think you would get from a radio show, either. If you like their 7", then this might be worth picking up. If you've never heard them, then it sounds kind of like a mix between late 70s British punk and the MINUTEMEN. "How We Lost the War" is such a good song. (9-song CD, with lyrics, PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609, www.gianthaystacks.com) (Pete)

IN THE WAKE OF THE PLAGUE comes at us again with their third demo! They play on the line between thrash and metal, with tempo changes from thrashing to lurching dance moves. The vocals are comprised of dark and deep screams, a little more in the background this time than their previous tapes. The guitar is front and center here, powerfully driving things along. Just as solid as ever. BLACK FLAG cover, too. (3-song cassette, no lyric sheet. 548 Broderick St., San Francisco, CA 94117.) (Erin)

Sorry to **INVERTED** and **THE TENNESSEE BLACK PLAGUE** but all cassettes get reviewed with the demos. I'm also sorry to say that these recording really are demo quality. TTBP plays some basic hardcore songs that are a bit sloppy. They also do some electronic music intermittent chaotic mess parts, in the style of BLACK DICE. INVERTED happens to be a much better band. Again they play a basic style of hardcore, similar to the early DISCHORD sound. Unfortunately the dubbing of the tapes was horrible and the whole thing is muddy and the sound level constantly fluctuates. (7-song cassette, no lyrics, $2 ppd from Anecephaly, 401 S. Sycamore St., Genoa, IL, adaminverted@hotmail.com) (Pete)

KIROTTU is following in the footsteps of the Finnish hardcore tradition, and, though I'm not an expert in that sub-genre, they sound pretty close to me. Mid-tempo for hardcore, driving, and pissed, with short moments of guitar solos thrown in. The guttural singing vocals provide the icing for the cake. (Education corner: their name means "cursed" or "damned" in Finnish). ($2 ppd. or trade. 6-song cassette, no lyrics included. PO Box 696, Carisle, MA 01741.) (Erin)

KNEE DEEP IN SHIT has a ton of thrashy hardcore songs on this disc. Straightforward songs with lots of blast beats and slower mosh parts. There are a couple of electronic songs that sound like hardcore versions of the Mario Brothers song. The first 17 tracks here have the best stuff. After that the sound quality really drops off. Not new, but not bad. (34-song CD, with lyrics, Zach Howard, 5726 Sussex Ct., Troy, MI 48098, zac7777777@hotmail.com) (Pete)

NEGATIVE STOMACH plays jagged post punk, complemented with blasts of the

kind of emo hardcore that last less than a minute and have clever song titles. Vocals are shouted, and sometimes have a screaming edge to them. Hard to hear the guitar, but you never know, they might not even have one. ($4 ppd. 18-song CD, lyric sheet included. 781 Brookside Rd., Allentown, PA 18106.) (Erin)

THE NEW CRIME ICONS play fast, 80s style (angry, and no metal in sight!) hardcore that smokes and rocks at the same time. The vocals change off according to songs, but mostly they're spitfire fast and shouted more than sung. This is timeless and strong punk, with lots of "fuck you's" to sing along with, too! (4-song cassette, lyrics included. 7649 S. Indian Lake Dr., Vicksburg, MI 49097.) (Erin)

NIKMAT OLALIM mixes melodic punk with a couple different kinds of hardcore, changing tempos and styles but flowing into the next part well, instead of just herky jerky. The vocals are sung with some shouting, depending on the background music. The feel of the demo, though, is like the DEAD KENNEDY'S: catchy, smart, and overwhelmingly educational. My favorite of the month. ($5. 11-song CD, great lyric booklet. 7 Ben Azarya St., Tel-Aviv 68023, Israel,.boshetrecs@yahoo.com) (Erin)

THE NIGHTMARES start off with an a cappella moody horror song, but quickly move into varied territory that sounds like they're exploring the same musical ground THE PIXIES did. They have varied tempos and cultural influences through the indie rock filter, with a solid rhythm section keeping it all together, and vocals shared by an ethereal female singer and a guy with a plain singing style. ($3 ppd. 13-song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 705, Sacramento, CA 95812.) (Erin)

NUNCHUCK BASTARDS mix up their mid-tempo melodic punk with ska and reggae influences. The vocals are half classic, snotty-toned sung and half shouted, depending on the singer. The production is pretty clean, with vocals really up front, as to clearly understand their lyrics without a lyric sheet. So, because of that, I must comment that I don't think it's the "bitches" and the "one-night stand girls" who are killing punk rock. Isn't it "the boys in the band" who are the pricks acting like rock stars, assuming the ladies are only there to get laid? Isn't that attitude more detrimental to punk rock? (8-song CD, no lyric sheet. PO Box 184, Halltown, WV 25423.) (Erin)

MISSOURI LOVES COMPANY has a CD of BLOOD BROTHERS-style rock hardcore. The main vocalist is trying pretty hard to sound like Ian from THE NATION. The music is somewhat catchy and fairly complicated. Choppy parts with clean guitar mix with more driving and melodic parts. Again check out the BLOOD BROTHERS comparison. Oh post-hardcore, what will I do with you? (7-song CD, with lyrics, missourilovesyou@yahoo.com) (Pete)

ONE THIRTY EIGHT has lots of sound effects and a little instrumentation creating eerie audio plays of zombie life. The music is acoustic, and the vocals are whispered or shouted from a long way off. Gothics only. (3-song CD, lyrics included. 63 Castletown Rd., London, W14 9HG, UK)

PARKWAY WRETCH plays snotty, poppy punk songs. As snotty, poppy punk goes, this is pretty good. It sort of sounds like a mix between SCREECHING WEASEL, FIFTEEN, and DILLINGER FOUR. Well-written, well-played songs and a good recording. (19-song CD, with lyrics, Billy, 4630 E Thomas #C1, Phoenix, AZ 85018,IHATERECORDS_MAIL@yahoo.com) (Pete)

PERSONKRETS 3:1 plays straightforward dark thrash with a sore-throat-screaming vocalist, mixed with parts that have a hint of melody, but are mostly somber. They also add flourishes of the traditional Swedish hardcore school. It's an engaging and driving recording. (8-song CD, lyrics included. Geografigrand 12 B, 90732 Umea, Sweden.) (Erin)

PRE SKOOL DROPOUTS play sloppy and lo-fi 3-chord punk with lots of pauses. The vocals are sung with a halting style. Although juvenile in subject matter, this sounds like the music of those true to themselves, not trying to bite anyone else's style...punk rock! ($2 and a self-addressed stamped envelope. 2-song cassette, no lyrics. 485 Snowy View Rd., Laramie, WY 82070.) (Erin)

THE PLUGUGLIES play melodic and mid-tempo, for the most part, although sometimes they speed it up to a real hoedown pace. The main singer is gruff but really sings, and the other one has some classic snotty tones. This has great balance between sweet and tough, and reminds me of the East Bay heyday. It also feels really heartfelt. Recommended. (42 ppd. 11-song CD, no lyrics included. 531 Alabama Ave, Etowah, TN 37331.) (Erin)

PUSHER is a pop punk band from Malaysian. They do the QUEERS/ SCREECHING WEASEL thing on vocals with music that is more along the lines of something like FACE TO FACE. Their cover of "Should I Stay or Should I Go" and the reggae song at the end are a bit suspect. The rest of the songs aren't that bad as long as you can handle snotty vocals for 7-songs. (7-song CD, with lyrics, Ahmad, No. 401, Blok 17, Seksyen 8 40000 Shah Alam, Selangor, Malaysia, wawszer@yahoo.com) (Pete)

SICLID describe themselves at "trailer metal." What that sounds like, according to the style of this demo, is a mix of hard rock licks and song structure with a punk rock pace to the songs, and over the top wanking solo's included. There are a variety of vocal styles going on here, but I guess there are some crossroads at their trailer park where it's all equal. (4-song CD, lyrics included. 804 Ellis St. Apt. B, Augusta GA 30901.) (Erin)

SKYLER STEARNS is a young earnest guy on acoustic guitar, sounding a lot like the early AGAINST ME without percussion. Songs are half political, half lovely, and all zealous. (9-song CD, lyrics included. 4935 Hancock Ave. NE, Salem, OR 97305. Moving soon, though, so try wetcucumber@newdisorder.com) (Erin)

SLAUGHTERHOUSE 57 plays traditional street punk style. It's mid-tempo and melodic; catchy with a tough guy aura all over it. The vocals are sung, with a crew of back-up shouters. Danceable, with fist in the air parts for punctuation in most of the songs. (11-song CD, no lyrics included. 6 Gardner St, Brighton, BN1 1UP, UK) (Erin)

STANDARD UNION plays street punk and their vocalist does a great impression of the guy from RANCID. In fact, the thing sounds like the first RANCID record. What's this, they even cover a RANCID song. I would hate to be unfair, so this is not a total rip off. It is a bit more oi, with lots of chanting in the background. The sound quality and the recording are great for a demo. (12-song CD, with lyrics, 65 Tyne Ave., Kilburn, SA 5084, clumsden@bold.net.au) (Pete)

UP SCUMBAG has a CD that has the songs from their two previous releases. They play a kind of poppy gutter kid punk. The stuff is very basic and old but the music for the song "American Poor" is based on the music from *King of the Hill* and it is pretty cool. Isn't there a RANCID song called "Dope Sick Girl"? (20-song CD, no lyrics, Alex, 7634 Madden Ln., Fishers, IN 46038, upscumbagpunk@aol.com) (Pete)

VOICE YOUR OPINIONS rips it up the traditional no frills hardcore way, tough and angry, while oozing unity and care in their lyrics. The pace is regular fast, and the songs include some breakdowns, shouted vocals, and group yelling backups. (6-song cassette, lyrics included. 1925 Ginger St. #222, Oxnard, CA 93036.) (Erin)

VOMIT SAUCE is a one-man four-track project. Mainly features an acoustic guitar, and the guy singing in a sort of spoken way, with the other 2 tracks for harmonica and clap tracks. ($3 ppd. 6-song CD, no lyrics. Comes with the latest issue of his fanzine, though, *One Of Us*. 1081 14th Ave. SE, Apt. B, Minneapolis, MN 55414.) (Erin)

THE WIFELY DUTIES are a slow-paced acoustic band with pretty vocals. Their instrumentation paints a clear picture of their sound: guitar, bass, and drums represent along with banjos, accordion, and harmonica. The songs flow into one another with comments from the band, giving it a live feel. ($1 ppd. 10-song cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 21530, 1424 Commercial Dr., Vancouver BC V5L 5G2, Canada.) (Erin)

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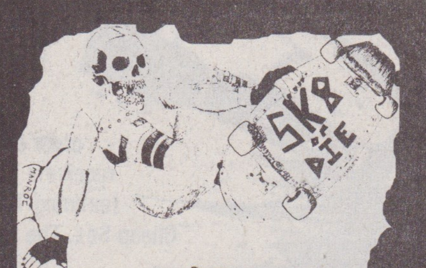

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ZINES

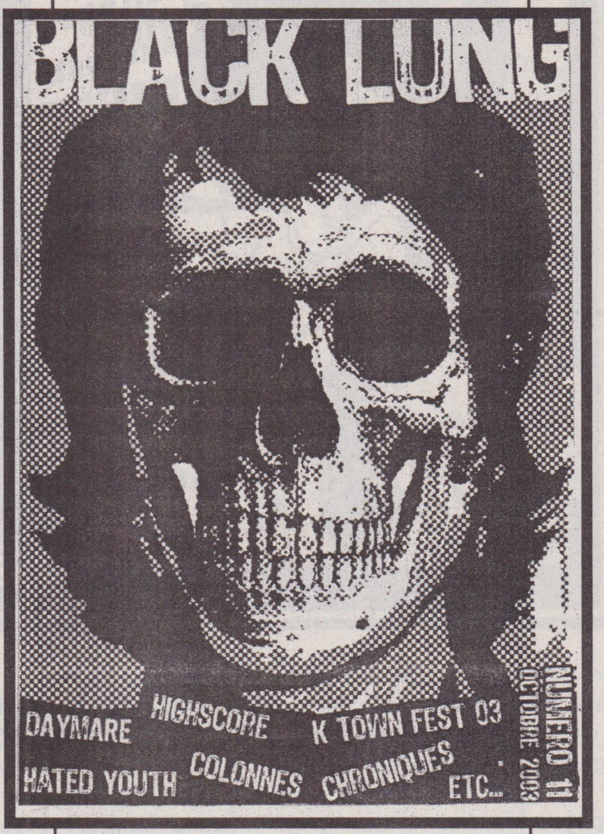
Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (JB) Julia Booz Ullrey, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (BD) Ben Ditch, (SD) Sara Double-Ears, (MF) Maree Faygo, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (CJ) Chloe Jensen, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JP) Joshua Peach, (CR) Casey Ress, (MT) Mike Thorn

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

BLACK LUNG #11 / $4
11 x 8 - copied - 36 pgs - French
This fanzine will appeal to those in the hardcore punk scene who enjoy a good doze of anarchy. Included in this issue are interviews with Daymare, Highscore, and Hated Youth. Also included is a report on the Danish punk festival held in K-town. There are also some columns and some record reviews. This fanzine is definitely worth checking out. (HH)
Alex Simon / 57 Avenue du Gal Morand / 91600 Savigny / Orge / France
blacklung77@hotmail.com

CASTRATION RITE #3 / free, trade
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 62 pgs
A personal zine of sorts, with most of the writing centering on the theme of winter. Dan tells stories of biking in the rain, wandering late at night, and friendships past; it sounds depressing, but the style of his writing is whimsical enough that it all balances out into a good read. The biggest downfall is the layout: it seemed pretty at first, but after the first thirty pages I started to get tired of the same old lacy backgrounds and sterile computer font. But the graphics and writing are nice enough to ignore that uncomfortable lingering word-processor feeling. (CJ)
Dan C / 40 Glen Ave / Ottawa, ON / K1S 2Z7 / Canada
castration_rite_zine@yahoo.ca

CHINMUSIC #6 / $4
8.5 x 11 - printed - 52 pgs
I won't even offer any protest to those who feel that sports, athletics, and the competition that it involves are wholly corrupt and with no redeeming merit. I too enjoyed the cold sharp shock of an overgrown jock punching me about the head whilst laughing and calling into question my worth as a human who did not participate in sports. And yes, discovering punk and politics made my disdain grow even more for sports and jocks. But as the years go on, I have discovered that there is no inherent dichotomy between baseball and punk. *Chinmusic*



demonstrates neatly how the two can coexist quite nicely. This issue contains plenty of baseball writing—from baseball cards, to Cedar Cedeno, to a Ben Weasel penned attack on the bloated monstrosity that is *Field of Dreams*. It's all balanced nicely with interviews with The Rubber City Devils and The Weirdos and a good collection of reviews. The triumvirate is achieved, however, with the article fondly recalling getting shitfaced before heading to The 'Stick, while singing Pogues songs...badly. Beer, baseball, music, perfection achieved. (CR)
PO Box 225029 / San Francisco, CA 94122
www.chinmusic.net

CLAMOR #25 / $4.50
8.25 x 11 - printed - 66 pgs
In the "death issue," *Clamor* examines the concept of death from every conceivable angle, from the insides of a Texas execution chamber to a Tibetan sky burial on a remote Chinese hillside to a Tlingit "village of bones" to the epidemic of murders targeted at teenage girls in Juarez, Mexico. An educational aspect is introduced with information on modern funerals (did you know you can send your ashes into space for a mere thousand bucks?), suicide, and the life-threatening consequences of global warming. The truth is, pretty much every article in this zine was solid, if not great, so don't let the steep cover price dissuade you. (CJ)
PO Box 20128 / Toledo, OH 43610
www.clamormagazine.org

DAYBREAK #4, Jan. '04 / $1, free to prisoners
11 x 17 - printed - 12 pgs
This free (in MN) paper is subtitled "Midwestern anarchist hellraisin..." but it's more like 1/3 informative, 1/3 good time, and 1/3 fucking shit up in the streets, rural Wisconsin, or wherever. There are reflections on living anti-authoritarian when the society that formed you isn't, the recent Miami protests, private funding for public cameras, and legal and international news updates. For fun there's apocalyptic weather forecasts, housing for yuppies, a crossword, DIY maple tapping, etc. Other reports focus on police abuses, the lack

of health care and how to try to get some without paying, and the amazing victory by Potawatomi and Ojibwe tribes and their allies over Exxon and BHP Billiton (the world's largest mining company) at the Crandon mine site in Wisconsin. Minneapolis seems to be blessed with worthwhile projects like one. (JM)
PO Box 14007 / Minneapolis, MN 55414

DIG IT! #30 / $6
11 x 8 - printed - 48 pgs - French
One can only say great things about this cool punk fanzine from France. This issue includes interviews with Pleasure Beach, Larsen Empire, The Hellacopters, and Johnny Cash's ghost. Also included are lots of new record reviews and punk gossip. There are also lots of cool visuals. Nothing but a fun read, dig it! (HH)
C/O Armadillo / 32 rue Pharaon / 31000 Toulouse / France
www.chez.com/digitfanzine

DON'T HAVE A COW #2 / $3 or trade for food zines
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 68 pgs
This is quite a confection (sorry, but I had to throw one cooking analogy in here somewhere, and it could have been worse). *Don't Have A Cow* is crammed with vegan recipes I haven't had the time or ingredients to try yet, but I was intrigued by ideas like Tetrazzini, Tempeh Paprikash, and Basque Stew. The adventurous recipes are well-tested and carefully assembled. *Cow*'s layout is cook-friendly, with plenty of space for spilling soy sauce and making notes, and while there's no *Soy Not Oi*-style soundtrack, every page is topped off by a vegan-appropriate quote or kitchen tip. In addition to 25 pages of recipes, from breakfast to dessert, *Don't Have A Cow* includes about forty pages of engaging commentary about the ethics and practical concerns of being vegan and vegetarian. These include thoughts on raw food diets, hunting, nutrition, and the history of diet, among other things. I bristled at certain recurring ideas, particularly at the direct parallel drawn between the oppression of people (women, people of color) and the oppression of animals—the unexamined notion of "speciesism." Still, *Cow*'s open attitude, as evidenced by the editor's willingness to revisit his mistakes and to print letters, made me more inclined to send one than to chuck this out the window. I was most impressed by the article entitled "Surviving Holidays with Meat Eaters." This was an uncannily accurate description of this awkward ritual, down to the way meat eaters "challenge" you for kicks. Here's the editor's sage advice: "Do not engage in a debate or even a polite discussion about vegetarianism with meat-eating loved ones. You will lose...You will lose because you care about your opinion and nobody else at the table has even really thought about why they eat meat; all they care about is a fun debate. You will lose because turkey 'tastes good!'" Sound familiar? Send away for this nutritious and useful recipe zine—you won't be disappointed. (AC)
John Johnson / PO Box 8145 / Reno, NV 89507

DUDE #1-3 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 10 pgs
There is an intriguing quality to these crude caricatures of Andrew Savage and his friends and teachers. The jokes are slightly funny, if not overused. His fear of girls is understandable, yet baffling. Something is slightly off here, which makes this comic just slightly interesting. (SD)
Andrew Savage / 430 Hanover Ln / Irving, TX 75062

THE EAST VILLAGE INKY #22 / $2
5.5 x 4.25 - copied - 40 pgs
There is a point, when one does a zine with a theme, where the writing and style can being to feel rote and formulaic. I've reviewed this zine a number of times and this time around it is a bit underdone. Stories of lice infestation, many lifted from previous issues of *EVI*, make up over half of the issue, followed by recipes. It is as cute as always, but seemed hurriedly put together and sloppy. (SD)
Ayun Halliday / PO Box 22754 / Brooklyn, NY 11202

EVERYTHING YOU HATE #1 / 50p
8.5 x 11 - printed - 28 pgs
Well what do you expect? Just kidding. I don't care about anything in this zine, but that doesn't make it bad. It consists entirely of reviews of shows, like: Penelope Pistoff, Hot Hot Heat, Zombina and the Skeletones, Wreckless Eric, The Cordettes, We Start Fires and some other stuff. I don't get it. If you aren't funny, then why write show reviews? This reminds me of *The Trouble With Normal*, only it isn't even making an relevant connections between the bands and the experience of seeing the bands. (JB)
eyhfanzine@yahoo.co.uk

FINDING DATURA #2 / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8 - copied - 40 pgs
The layout is boring and the type is kind of large—the same content could've been in half the pages. Fans of the Von Dooms (sic, it's only one guy) and the Dresden Dolls (they're hyped in throwaway MA periodicals Boston and the Noise, more of a warning sign than an endorsement to me) might want to see it, as this issue is mostly interviews with these two projects, particularly the latter. Some reviews and ads finish it up. It can be read for free on the internet. (JM)
Rob Monroe / 512 Lincoln Way W / Mishawaka, IN 46544 www.findingdatura.cjb.net

FRACTURE # 25 / free in UK / $?
8.5 x 11 - printed - 138 pgs
So this zine is Britain's "answer to *MRR*," well…I guess. They do have the same style in terms of layout and composition, tons of interviews, music and zine reviews. Y'know, all that typical music zine type stuff. I personally thought that as a zine, they talk about themselves too much, but then I found out that this is the last issue, so I'll overlook that. Interviews with Black Cougar Shock Unit, Four Letter Word, and Blocko, to name but a few. I think *Fracture* has a good mix of local British punk coverage and US stuff. It serves its cause well as a national punk rock fanzine and it's kinda sad that it won't be around any longer. Oh yeah, just one more thing: comparing Skot's voice on the Blank Fight record to Tim Armstrong! What the fuck? (BD)
Unit 100 / 61 Wellfield Road / Cardiff / CF24 3DG / United Kingdom

GREEN ANARCHY #15 / $4 US / $5 Canada / $6 Europe / $7 World
8.5 x 11 - printed - 74 pgs
Whoa, *Green Anarchy* has changed formats—gone is the tabloid newsprint and in its place rides this new beast—glossy cover, fancy, though almost over font'd layout. Honestly it makes reading this propaganda rag much easier to digest. For the unfamiliar, *Green Anarchy* is "an anti-civilization journal of theory and action," and while I'm not totally into their primitivism approach, I don enjoy reading their writings because beneath some of the thick layers of rhetoric, there are some very well constructed critiques of modern society, as well as the "activist" scene. I particularly enjoyed the recap of the FTAA protests in Miami—using it as launching pad to discuss the validity of such protests and tactics—as well as the discussion of Anarchism as not being Leftism. What really hit home was the brutal review of *Slug & Lettuce*, which was used as a launching pad to criticize how stagnant and non-threatening punk has become, its element of danger and being on the cutting edge, replaced by cuddly, granola, feel good politics—a frustration I definitely feel. Always interesting read. (MT)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

HANS BANABAS TRUG! #1 / $4
11 x 8 - copied - 52 pgs - German
This fanzine is put out by an anarchist collective with worldwide contributors, This issue has a couple of interviews including the bands Pascow and Spanking The Monkey, There are also plenty of articles, including a Croatian scene report. There are no record reviews or ads, but there is a good gig listing of bands touring Germany. (HH)
Mic Schiffner / Bertram Str 2 / 51103 Koln / Germany

IZU GIROA #4 / $5
11 x 8 - printed - 40 pgs - Basque
I would describe this fanzine as worth having for anyone's collection. In this issue are interviews with the bands Cocknoose, Antiseen, Raw Power, Two Man Advantage, Disfear, Thee Suckin' Dicks, and Fuerza de Lucha. There are also lots of good new record reviews. Definitely this fanzine is punk rock. (HH)
PO Box 10216 / 48007 Bilbao / Basque Country / Spain
izugiroa@hotmail.com

IZU GIROA #5 / $5
11 x 8 - printed - 48 pgs - Basque
This is another interesting issue of a cool fanzine from Basqueland. Included in this issue are interviews with the bands Powder Monkeys, Anal Babes, Fun People, Buzzcocks, The Briefs, and Iggy. Also included are some cool record reviews. The language may not be accessible to most people, but this is definitely a cool punk fanzine. (HH)
PO Box 10216 / 48007 Bilbao / Basque Country / Spain
izugiroa@hotmail.com

LULULAND #3 / #4 / $3
8.5 x 4.5 - copied - 96 pgs
Finally, something totally fresh and different. *Lululand* ups the ante of the personal zine, without ever addressing the reader and still divulging all, attacking the "personal is political" with a self-consciousness that undermines wide experience. Primarily one has to understand that these issues come as a set, nicely presented with a paper ribbon tying them together. The next issue of importance to recognize is that this neat little zine is half zine, half screenplay—as the editor calls it, "zineplay." In #3, the protagonist of the film starts "fucking shit up" by messing with office people in elevators and writing funny shit on stickers like "comes with 10% more tits!" to put on toys in the store she works at. But the story feels unfinished somehow. I was extremely let down to realize after finishing the somewhat confusing screenplay in #3 to turn it over and read the zine half, realizing it was exactly the same content with a few minor add ins and edits. What the fuck, right? The same thing twice? Well, #4 has different parts per zine and parts per play. She starts getting into having anonymous crushes and hanging out with the ex-boyfriend and wondering if Asian girls taste different than white girls. My favorite part is the "Binge Fuck-Up Manifesto," which seethingly presents a view of who the fuck-ups are, with lines such as "we find refuge in asinine films about young people, pseudo-erudite writers, or the ever-popular bottom of the glass. Whatever the end result or if the story has a lot more coming, *Lululand* has a lot to offer and revives the possibilities of what a zine can be. (JB)
PO Box 356 / Van Nuys, CA 91408-0356

MEDIA WHORE #3 / $2
5.75 x 8 - copied - 34 pgs
The theme of this issue is DIY, and Randie takes the acronym to heart, giving readers not only articles on existing women-powered DIY projects (such as Kill Rock Stars, Venus Magazine, and the UK's Women's Radio Group), but also the resources, instructions, and motivation to go out and start their own record label/zine/creative endeavor. She even gives step-by-step instructions for writing and self-publishing your own book. Fuck yeah. (CJ)
37 Home St. / Malden, MA 02148

MISHAP #16 / $3 or trade, free to prisoners
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 80 pgs
Ryan covers a lot of ground in this issue, pulling you right along to last year's Zine Symposium, the Break the Chains prison conference, and porches across the Pacific Northwest. I'd never picked up *Mishap* before, and was pleased to find a long, thoughtful read. Ryan is a self-conscious punk who lives an examined life—you know, the kind worth living. We feel the double edges of his sensitive nature as he takes things too much to heart and worries too much, but also as he really struggles to make the right choices—to minimize harm, to help and understand people, and to be a better person. This zine isn't much to look at, but it made me proud to think of this complicated inner life evolving under a grimy, gangly exterior. That's us in a nutshell, no? Or at least it reassured me that for every flashy poser, there's an awkward misfit who does prison work and reads challenging books. Ryan describes it more succinctly when he writes, "I'm only half-joking when I say that *Mishap* is too personal for the politicals and too punk political for the personal zines." But I thought it was great. Here are some things I haven't seen nearly enough of (especially from boys) and my heart warmed to find: the dismantling of the false, manipulative "PC"/"anti-PC" dichotomy, an unwillingness to abandon punk despite its shortcomings, an unwillingness to ignore those shortcomings, the embracing of international punk in a non-tokenizing way, and book reviews! Here's what Ryan has to say about leaving punk: "When those caring, kick-ass people that make punk what it is at its best leave, I am saddened. They leave because there are too many macho boys. Too much white-skinned ignorance. Too much bluster and not enough active political and social movement...Don't go. I know that may not be an option when punk itself becomes an oppressive place for you...When punk has become a country club that doesn't let you in and tries to push you away. I wish I could create a punk scene for the outcasts of the outsiders. You'd be welcome." Thanks, Ryan, and you're welcome. (AC)
PO Box 5841 / Eugene, OR 97405
mishapzine@yahoo.com

MURDER CONTEST #2 / $?
8.5 x 11.5 - copied - 60 pgs
It is nice to see a hardcore music zine that has some thought going on, along with all the band interviews and record reviews. The editors seem to be part of a thriving scene happening in the UK right now. Most of the bands covered in this are of the short, fast, loud variety. Somewhat the standard music zine in design, but very well put together. It's always good to see plenty of decent photos with the band interviews. Killer Black Flag center spread. Interviews are with Annihilation Time, Cut the Shit, R'N'R, Break it Up, Insurance Risk, Street Trash, Voorhees, and Justice. (JP)
43 Harold View / Hyde Park / Leeds / LS6 1PP / UK
murdercontestzine@hotmail.com

NEUS SUBJEX # 59 / free
8.5 x 11 folded - copied - 1 pg
This is the same little one-page zine I reviewed last month. It has local news, a couple of columns, and a few record reviews. I think it's kinda neat. A short read, but worthwhile. This issue pays homage to a friend, Mark Hughes, who recently passed away. (BD)
PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH 45018 – 0051

NO 13 #? / $4
8.5 x 11 - printed - 28 pgs
Boston Punx! The best and worst of Boston punk and hardcore in '03, interviews with Prisoner 13, Twenty to One, the Freeze and more. There are reviews, some all right columns, so...yeah, if you're into the Boston dude core, maybe you'll find this interesting. A little skimpy for four bucks, but then it does have an awesome pullout collage of da fukn punx fuk'n sht up. (BD)
FNS Publishing / PO Box 1299 / Boston, MA / 02130

NOTES ON BABY MAKING #1 / $1
5.5 x 8 - copied - 8 pgs
Kind of misnamed, this pamphlet argues that women should work for revolution instead of having kids. I can't imagine that anyone holding the naïve (straw woman) attitudes the writer (a mother herself) attacks would be swayed from them by a pamphlet. Anyone wanting information on this subject would be better off spending a dollar on a bus ride to the library than sending it here. (JM)
Overground Distribution / PO Box 1661 / Pensacola, FL 32591
www.overground.info

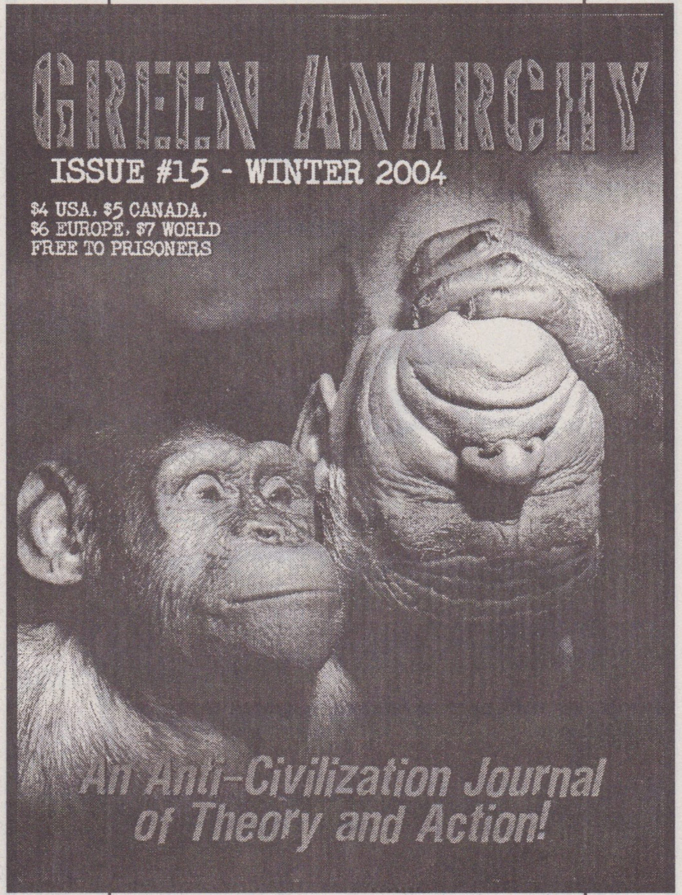
NOTHING ZINE #2 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 24 pgs
Cut and paste punk explosion featuring interviews with The Briefs, Distillers, and F-Minus. Also included are music

reviews, comics, word puzzles, and a poem. I wish that the photography feature had been more just that, a feature of the photos. Next time, please use half or full-page photos for things like this, instead of just thumbnails. (JP)
8560 Vineyard Ave #507 / Rancho Cucamonga, CA 91701
nothingzine@hotmail.com

PUNK SHOCKER #11 / £1.50 UK / $4 world
5.5 x 8.5 - printed - 72 pgs
Sadly the final issue of this UK zine which I'm just seeing for the first time—suck cause *Punk Shocker* is a pretty top notch publication. Great and really in-depth interviews with Poison Idea, Icons Of Filth, Sensa Yuma, and The Gits, plus mountains of fairly knowledgeable reviews, writings about punk's decline (but done in a constructive manner) and mine comes with a Poison Idea postcard. Hopefully this won't be the end of Andy Shocker's writing career. (MT)
PO Box ITA / Newcastle Upon Tyne / NE 99 1TA / England

RIPCORE #2 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 48 pgs - Spanish
Here's what the editors were listening to when they put this hot little number together: Misfits, Germs, Bulimia Banquet, HHH, DRI, etc. *Ripcore* does a lot of 80s worship, interviewing skate punk zine *Local Chaos* and Iron Cross, and featuring a special report on Finnish 80s hardcore. Other flashbacks include notes on Deviated Instinct, a British Peaceville band, and Fratricide (Canada '86) among others. The editors' excitement about digging up these treasures is contagious. A no-nonsense, skulls-n-crossbones, cut-n-paste layout tops it off. (AC)
Agustin Croxatto / Aranguren 584 Piso 1 CP (1405)
B.S.A.S. CAP.FED. / Argentina

SCENERY #17 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 60 pgs
Always a favorite—part existential, part sociological, but neither in a dry or disconnected way. Mike does an excellent job of articulating the thoughts that roll around one's mind. Whether it is the subtle nuances of moments, the dissection of social interactions, or the question of responsibility as a person living in the belly of the beast, subjects such as these are examined in the writing and artwork often found in these pages. This issue veers slightly from its usual methods, being built up by many contributions from other folks. I really enjoyed the comics and the writing in this volume. The reports from Nepal and Palestine were interesting and intense. The complimentary humans he finds as collaborators really strengthen the overall whole. High



quality with screenprinted cover—get it today. (JP)
Mike / PO Box 28226 / Providence, RI 02908

SONGS ABOUT GHOSTS #2 / $1 or stamp and trade
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 72 pgs
Winding and wavering through memory and contemplation of knowing people at all if you know them once, or if you always know them if you knew them for a brief time, *Songs About Ghosts* is a tale that touches on the rawness of human contact and leaves you wondering if its worth it to keep in touch. The graphic intention is beautiful and the story weaves back and forth through years, tumbling to a painful conclusion that all fits together nicely. (JB)
PMB #5, 302 Bedford Ave / Brooklyn, NY 11211
songsaboutghosts@hotmail.com

STACK UP! #1 / free/trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 18 pgs
In this short but sweet (and silly) zine, Ian interviews Craigums of What Happens Next? fame, Vancouver's Fun 100, and Nathan of Hactivist.com. The questions he asks are endearing but not self-indulgent, which makes the interviews turn out to be both interesting and funny. The record reviews and the layout are okay, but nothing special—the interviews are really the best part of *Stack Up!* (CJ)
Ian Flowers / 984 Oasis Dr / Concord, CA 94518

STRAIGHT SOB #6 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 32 pgs
The confusing thing about this zine is that it has all of these band pictures that have seemingly nothing to do with the rest of the zine, which is in fact, gasp! A personal zine. I liked it. Mark is a really good, descriptive writer. He talks a bunch about farming, politics, bike rides, and punk rock living in the tradition of the better-known zines that we all grew up on. There's some stuff in here about the WTO protests in Cancun, some book reviews, all very DIY. It's even printed on hemp paper, by god! (BD)
Mike / 63 Highland Rd / Hackettstown, NJ 07840

STREET THEATER #6 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 38 pgs
This Midwestern skate zine features a drunken road trip diary, plenty of skate and graffiti photos, interviews with BJ Morrill, Stacy Lowery, and Useless Wooden Toys, and some of the editor's own writings on drunken blackouts, tagging, and evolution. Most of it is pretty tolerable, but the road trip diary (complete with pictures of girls they met in bars, captioned "DRUNK GIRLS!") is just stupid. Save your money. (CJ)
3045 Harriet Ave S #2 / Minneapolis, MN 55408

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #170 / $2 or trade
6 x 8 - printed - 28 pgs - Finnish
Another monthly installment of this long running Finnish punk zine, which despite

being in a language that most *MRR* readers cannot understand, provides a nice look into the Finnish scene. Especially for those of you trying to keep track of all the new records coming out. Features on Positive Bastards, Vuk, plus record reviews, zine reviews and the like. (MT)
PO Box 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland
www.punkinfinland.net/tv

UNNIHILISTIC #1 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
Uh, this comic is pretentious and not good and kinda offensive. I don't care if you're making fun of people who are assholes, having a character called Judy McTits is just plain unfunny. The drawings in this short book of comics are OK, but the lame plot lines and go-nowhere stories make me wanna throw it across the kitchen, which is what I did when I finished reading it. (SD)
529 5th St #2B / Brooklyn, NY 11215

VERBICIDE #10 / $3.95
8.5 x 11.5 - printed - 64 pgs
Verbicide is suffering a bit of a split personality. At its essence, it is a literary publication bolstered with a few band interviews and record reviews. I get frustrated by zines like this that seem to be spreading their resources too thin. I want to tell them to either be a music magazine or a writer's magazine, pick one. There are zines out there then do a good job of covering different aspects of art and culture, this one doesn't. Most of the bands covered in here tend to be on the more commercial end of punk/indie music. I question whether or not the sole purpose of music in this magazine is to create revenue through larger indie label's full-page ads. (JP)
Scissor Press / 32 Alfred Street / New Haven, CT 06512

VOICES WAKE US #9 / $1
8.5 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs
Funny, the first thing in this zine is a testimonial about how Void is total genius, and, after I finished reading it I came over to my friends' house where two of my favorite ladies were discussing how big their matching Void tattoos are gonna be, and where, and whether they should be filled in or not. Highly relevant, no? I can dig that shit. Then there's another lengthy review of Youth of Today's work, which according to editor Ben, is "STANDING HARD!" Then there is an interview with Lebenden Toten. I laughed all through this interview, because all the responses are individual through snail mail and not a conversation. It rules: "What the fuck is wrong with the punk scene that you are expected to be some guitar virtuoso before you can start a band? Are people so used to polished shit that a raw untalented band is such a shock? Give me a

fucking break!" Then there's some more stuff like reviews, also funny, which round out this zine to be basically great. (JB)
5290 Lerner Hall / New York, NY 10027

WALKED IN LINE #21 / $6
11 x 8 - printed - 40 pgs - French
This fanzine has plenty of interviews with bands that may not be known in the USA, but they are definitely punk. Included in this issue are the bands The Pavers, Woolworthy, Kanzen, Scumbucket, and the Flying Donuts. There are also record reviews, some columns, and a free CD comp that features 27 bands. (HH)
BP 04 / 60840 Breuil Le Sec / France
www.wilrecords.com

WALKED IN LINE #22 / $6
11 x 8 - printed - 40 pgs - French
This latest issue of this fanzine from France has interviews with the bands Gogol et la Horde, Bomb Factory, Malkovich, Bosstuneage, Dicky Bird, and Killing Joke. Also included are plenty of new record reviews, and a free CD that features 26 bands. This fanzine appears to be the extension of Le Rock Store. Nevertheless it seems pretty cool. (HH)
BP 04 / 60840 Breuil Le Sec / France
www.wilrecords.com

WE'RE GONNA FIGHT #6 / 2 Europe, $3 North America
5.5 x 8 - copied - 40 pgs
Remember *International Straight Edge Bulletin*? *We're Gonna Fight* picks up where the *International Straight Edge Bulletin* left off, dealing with the French and Pacific-Asian scenes, interviewing FPO (Macedonia) and Rancidos (Italy), and including plenty of worldwide punk/hc/oi reviews. This is totally packed with info, including the editor's ideas on Islam, which he's been studying as he is soon to marry an Indonesian woman. I'll be interested in hearing how this works out; "don't battle with monsters cuz you might end up one," Nietzsche warned. Sometimes the editor uses French grammar constructions in English sentences, leading to unclear meanings, but to write in English at all is a big favor to me. Globally minded anarchist (sXe) punks should mail their euros right away. The editor also publishes a smaller, four page newsletter. The first issue features Cita Attieksme (Latvia), French news and reviews. (JM)
8 Cours Gambetta / 69007 Lyon / France

ZINE WORLD #20 / $4
8.5 x 11 - printed - 63 pgs
Here you get simple zine reviews without having to wade through all those pesky band interviews or record reviews. All zines, all the time. OK, there are a few articles, but pertaining to zines, oh, and a news section, and letters, and some ads, but mostly zine world is just a good old-fashioned magazine of zine reviews. (SD)
PO Box 330156 / Murfreesboro, TN 37133

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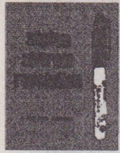

Stolen Sharpie Revolution is a book about zines, culture, arts, and how-to guide for DIY crafts. $4 ppd

Urban Hermitt: The Flow Chronicles book is a queer hip-hop novel from a beat poet "figuring it all out." $9

Things are Meaning Less is a new anthology book by **Al Burian** (Burn Collector, Milemarker) compiling comics published in the mid-late '90s. $8ppd.

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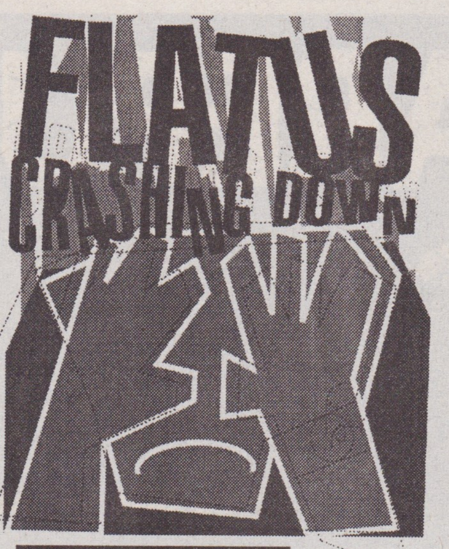

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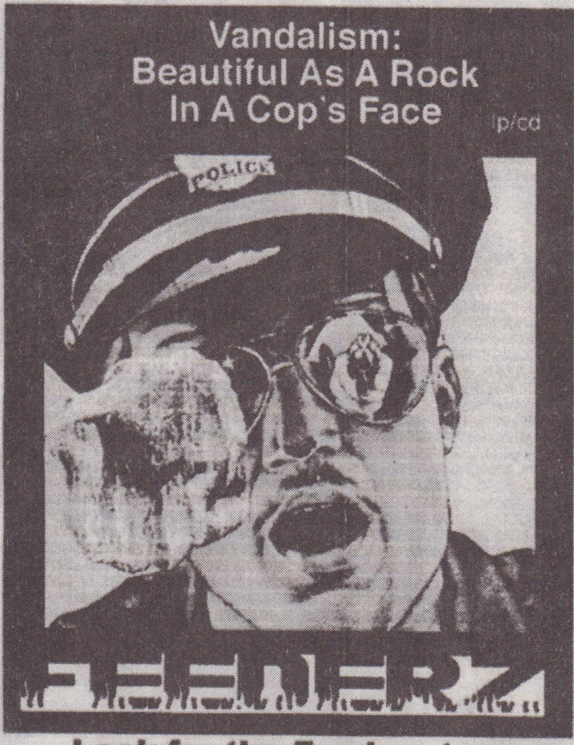

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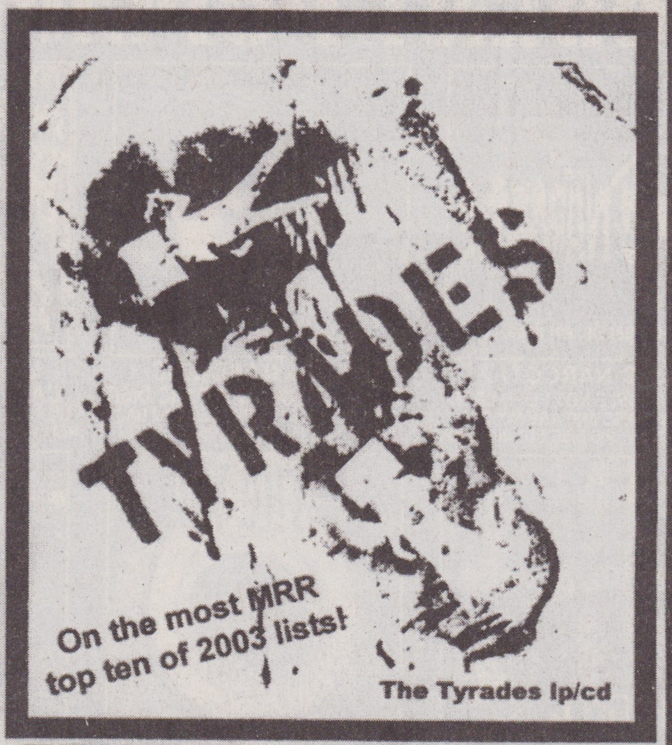

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